


△ THE △
LYCEUM GUIDE

TUTTLE.



Onah Musselman



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THE LYCEUM GUIDE

A COLLECTION OF

Music, Golden Chain Recitations, Memory Gems,

CHORAL RESPONSES, FUNERAL SERVICES, PROGRAMS FOR SESSIONS
PARLIAMENTARY RULES.

CONTAINING INSTRUCTIONS FOR ORGANIZING AND CONDUCTING
LYCEUMS, FOR PHYSICAL CULTURE, CALISTHENICS,
MARCHING, BANNERS, BADGES, STANDARDS,
THE BAND OF MERCY, ETC.

COMPILED FOR

The Use of Progressive Lyceums and Societies

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

SEVENTH EDITION.

1906

PUBLISHED BY HUDSON TUTTLE & Co.

CHICAGO, ILL.

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1893.

Introduction.

THE Lyceum is an adaptation of the spiritual system of education to our material conditions. Andrew Jackson Davis, the gifted seer, while in an illuminated state, saw one of these Summerland schools in session, and being impressed with its superiority over those prevailing here, wrote and published a Manual, and started the first Lyceum at New York in 1863. Subsequently, in 1870, J. M. Peebles, J. O. Barrett, and Emma Rood Tuttle compiled a "Guide," introducing by the aid of Prof. Jas. G. Clark appropriate music to the songs, and giving the whole formula of the system. The plates of this work were destroyed in a Boston fire, almost immediately after its publication, and hence its usefulness was very limited, as it has been out of print since the sale of its one edition.

The central idea of the Lyceum system is the harmonious development of the physical, intellectual, and religious faculties of the scholars, and the preservation of their individuality; to educe all the good that is in them, and encourage a proper independence. As no dogma is taught in the school, except in entire subordination to the first principle of evolving original thought and encouraging individual freedom, Freethinkers and Liberalists of all denominations may safely allow their children to avail themselves of its advantages.

To further this object I offer THE LYCEUM GUIDE and hope it may supply a need in Lyceum work which has been widely felt. The most earnest effort has, too often, been only half successful for want of such means of instruction.

In the working of a Lyceum, a book is demanded containing plain directions for its establishment, its calisthenics and marching, music, lessons, recitations, and yet of moderate size, and cheap enough to be within the reach of every child as well as adult member. It has been my aim to produce such a book; so plain in all its directions that, wherever a Lyceum is desired, it will furnish all required information, and those who are to act as officers can, by its assistance, go forward without the expense attending the procuring of an individual already versed in the methods of organization. The size of the GUIDE gives small indication of the labor expended on its pages.

I have endeavored to make the work cosmopolitan and the selections such as convey the highest and best expression of truth, moral purity, and entire nobility of life.

It will be noted that directions are given for establishing that powerful auxiliary to humane education, THE BAND OF MERCY, which is doing so much good in our public schools, Church Sunday-schools, and counts its societies by thousands. I expectantly hope Liberal Societies will not be remiss in taking up this needed reform.

The book is not only designed for Lyceums, but for societies which desire an aid in conducting meetings on the Lyceum plan.

E. R. T.

LYCEUM GUIDE.

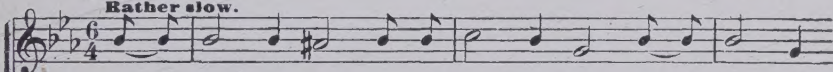
THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.

Words by EMMA R. TUTTLE.

Music by DR. E. L. PERRY.

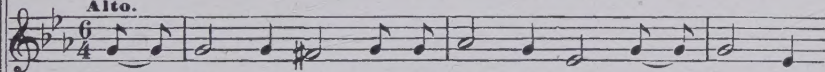
Soprano.

Rather slow.

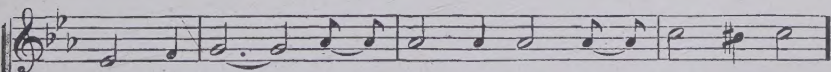
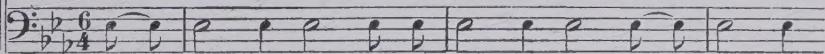


1. O'er the surge of waves and the shriek of winds, With a fear of
2. Take heart, oh, ye who have toiled in vain, Let your voices
3. The streams we've sailed in our journeyings Have failed to

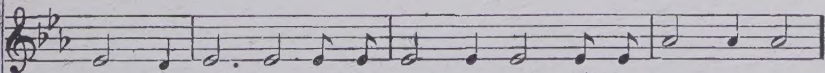
Alto.



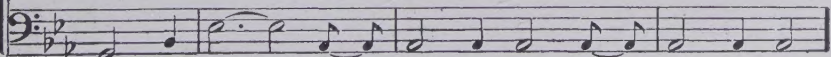
4. With sight-less eyes and with help-less hands We must cross that
5. The dwell-ers there are the friends we miss From our earth-ly



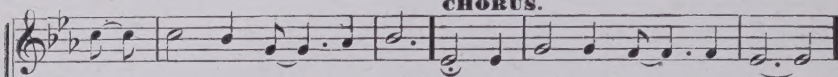
- pain and loss, Come the drear-y notes of a weird old song,
 sound across Earth's moorlands, full of hope and cheer,
 land our feet Where fields were green and the skies were fair,



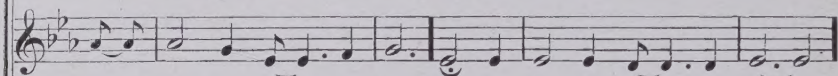
- last dark stream, But the further shore we shall land upon
 homes to-day; When the brink is reached we will say good-bye



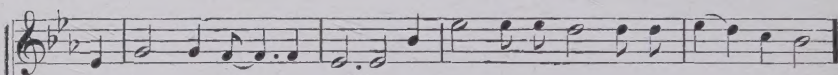
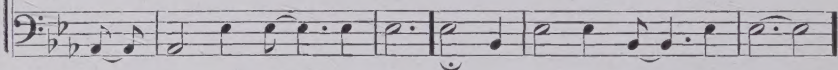
CHORUS.



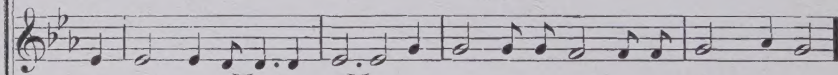
There's one more river to cross.
 "There's one more river to cross." "Ah, there's one more river to cross,
 And our rest was calm and sweet.



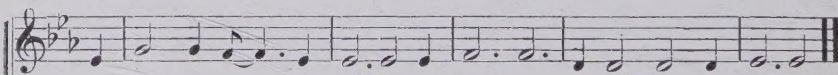
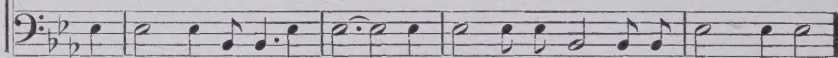
Is lov - li - er than a dream. "Ah, there's one more river to cross,
 And happi - ly sail a - way.



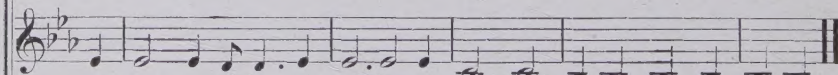
There's one more river to cross, I'll sing you again what I've sung be-fore,



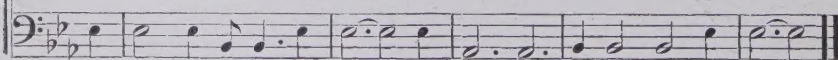
There's one more river to cross, I'll sing you again what I've sung be-fore,



There's one more river to cross, There's one more riv - er to cross."



There's one more river to cross, There's one more riv - er to cross."



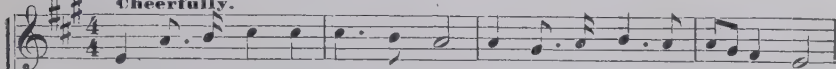
GOLDEN AGE.

7

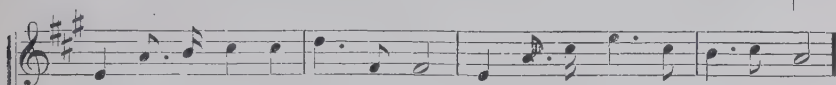
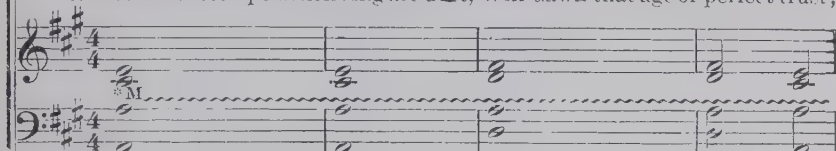
Solo with Vocal Accompaniment.*

Words by EMMA R. TUTTLE.

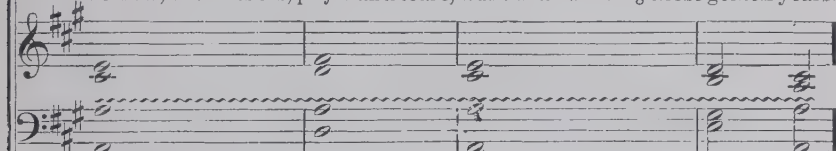
Cheerfully.



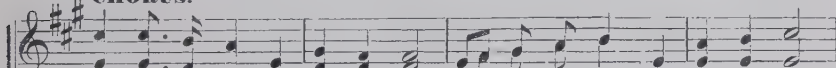
1. Bright days of which the an-gels sing, Speed onward with your endless spring,
2. Justice will then have done with wars, And val-or need not car-ry scars;
3. How beauti-ful will life be then When earth can cry, "Behold my men!"
4. Then childhood with heav'n's dews impearled Will make more bright a sunny world,
5. Mankind will all be brothers then, Not prince, nor slaves, but only men;
6. Not till these lips which sing are dust, Will dawn that age of perfect trust;



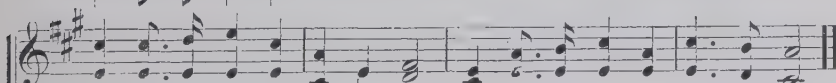
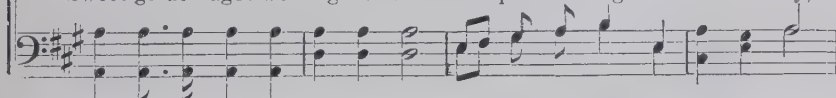
And let the gold-en age come in, Triumphant with no stain of sin.
Mer-cy will be a name unknown When Love sits scept'ed on her throne.
And wo-man in her per-fect state Be wo-man-ly, and yet be great.
And famished fac-es, wild and wan, Will nowhere haunt the paths of man.
For love will sanc-ti-fy all hearts, And link them by her wondrous arts.
We sow, with labors, pray'rs and tears, Truths which will bring those golden years.



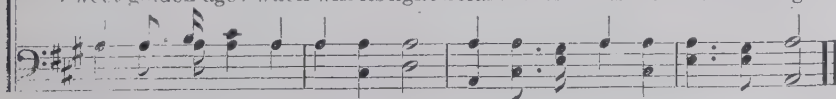
CHORUS.



Sweet golden age! we long to see The per-fect reign of har-mo-ny,



Sweet golden age! when will its light Steal down from its ce-les-tial height?

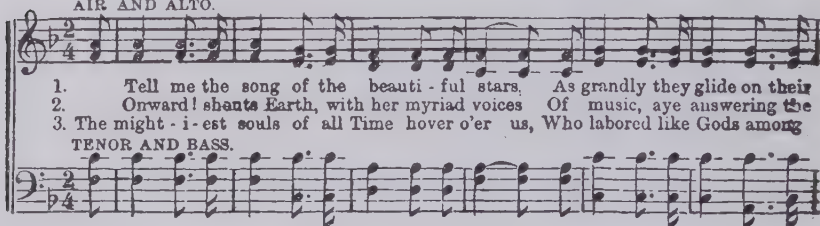


*Sustain the tones with lips closed.

Poetry by GERALD MASSEY

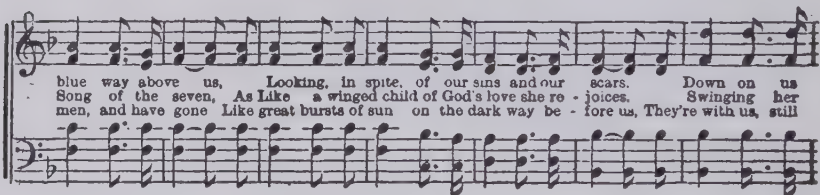
Music by JAMES G. CLARK.

AIR AND ALTO.

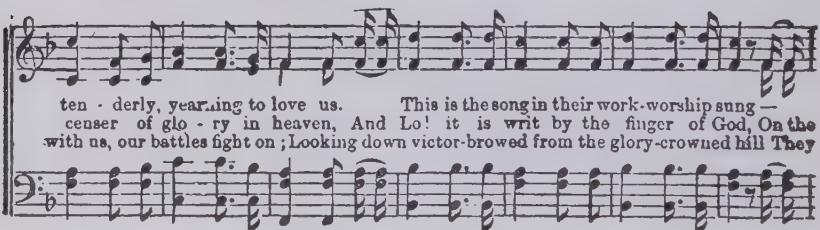


1. Tell me the song of the beauti - ful stars. As grandly they glide on their
 2. Onward! shante Earth, with her myriad voices Of music, aye answering the
 3. The might - i - est souls of all Time hover o'er us, Who labored like Gods among

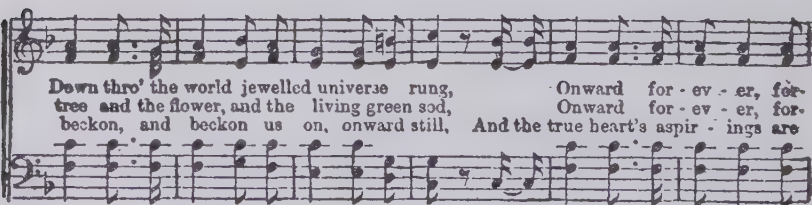
TENOR AND BASS.



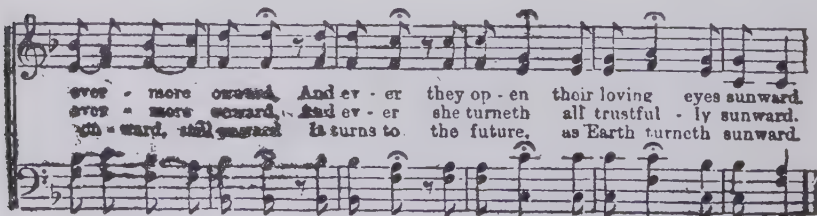
blue way above us, Looking, in spite, of our sins and our scars. Down on us
 Song of the seven, As Like a winged child of God's love she re - joices. Swinging her
 men, and have gone Like great bursts of sun on the dark way be - fore us, They're with us, still



ten - derly, yearning to love us. This is the song in their work-worship sung —
 censer of glo - ry in heaven, And Lo! it is writ by the finger of God, On the
 with us, our battles fight on; Looking down victor-browed from the glory-crowned hill They



Down thro' the world jewelled universe rung, Onward for - ev - er, for -
 trees and the flower, and the living green sod, Onward for - ev - er, for -
 beckon, and beckon us on, onward still, And the true heart's aspir - ings are



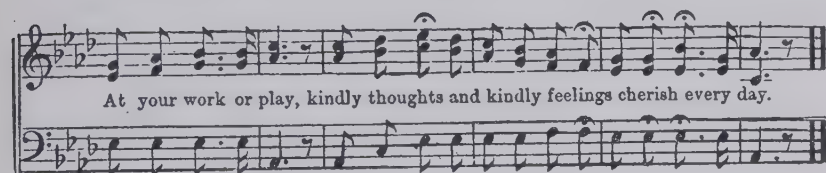
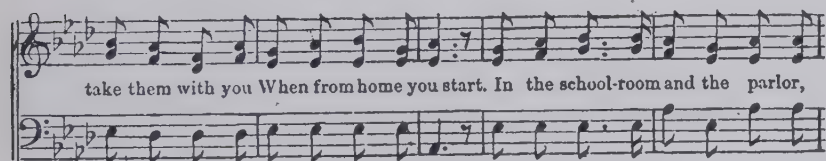
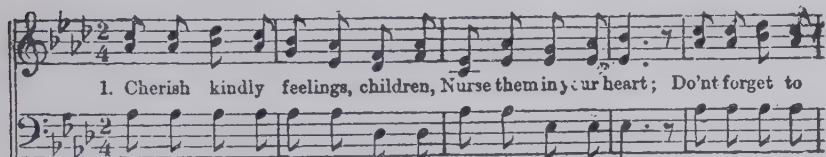
ever - more onward, And ev - er they op - en their loving eyes sunward.
 ever - more onward, And ev - er she turneth all trustful - ly sunward.
 on - ward, still onward it turns to the future, as Earth turneth sunward.

CHERISH KINDLY FEELINGS.

9

Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Music by J. G. C.



2

Cherish kindly feelings, children,
Toward the old and poor,
For you know they've many blighting
Hardships to endure;
Try to make their burdens lighter,
Help them in their need,
By some sweet and kindly feeling,
Or some generous deed.

3

Cherish kindly feelings, children,
While on earth you stay,
They will scatter light and sunshine
All along your way;
Make the path of duty brighter,
Make your trials less,
And whate'er your lot or station,
Bring you happiness.

The Art of Beauty.

1

Would you have a form of beauty?
Then be good and true
Doing every little duty
Which belongs to you.
Cherish virtues, bright and golden
Weave them in your lives;
'Tis a motto true and olden,
"Grace on goodness thrives."

2

Do you wish for noble features
Cultivate the mind,
Harbor no disturbing passions,
Singly or combined.
Leave strong drink, that mischief
breeder,
Utterly alone;
Beauty is not flaming poppies
On the visage sown.

3

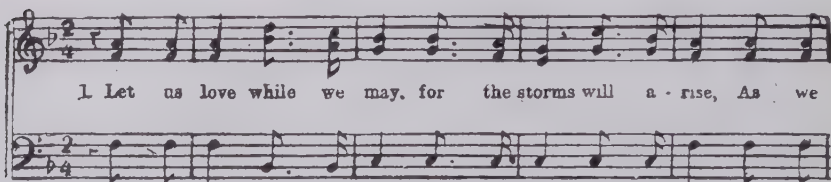
Would you have a fine complexion?
Do not keep late hours;
Night is resting-time, my children,
Sleep like lily flowers.
In the daytime you may wander
Where the sweet, pure air
Bathes the meadows, hills, and woodlands
Growing fresh and fair.

4

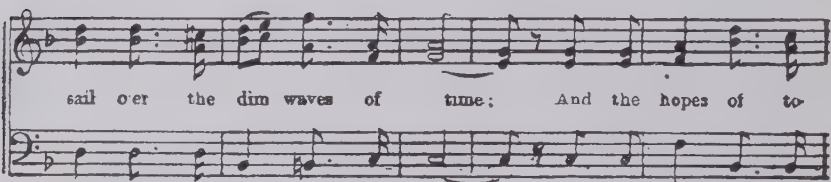
Do you long for cheeks like roses?
In the morning dew
Go and ask the pink carnations
Where they get their hue.
Train the honeysuckle blossoms
Which the wild bee sips,
And its rich and glowing colors
Will repaint your lips.

By permission of Root and Cady.

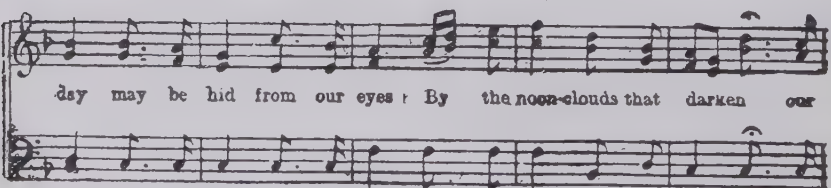
JAMES G. CLARK.



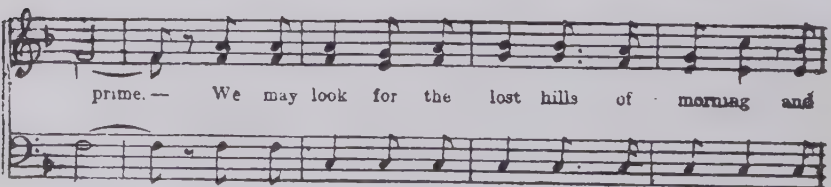
1 Let us love while we may, for the storms will a - rise, As we



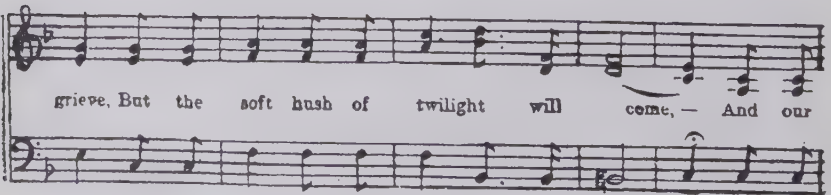
sail o'er the dim waves of time; And the hopes of to-



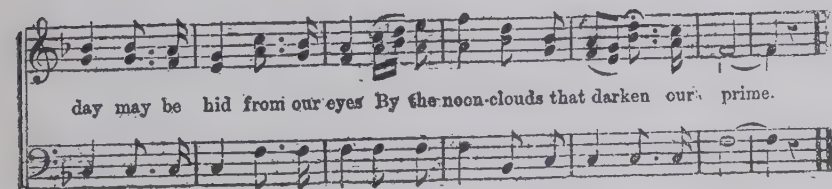
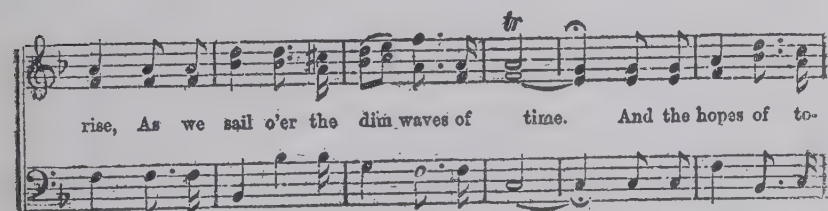
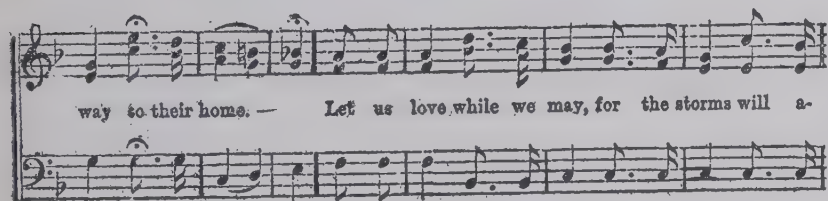
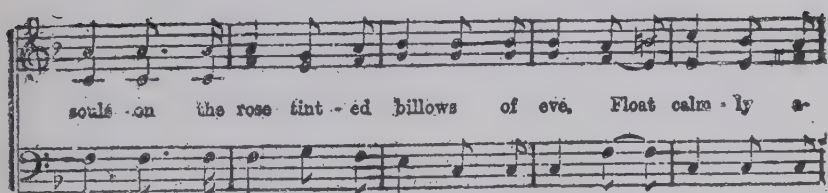
day may be hid from our eyes: By the noon-clouds that darken our



prime. — We may look for the lost hills of morn'g and



grieve, But the soft hush of twilight will come, — And our



2

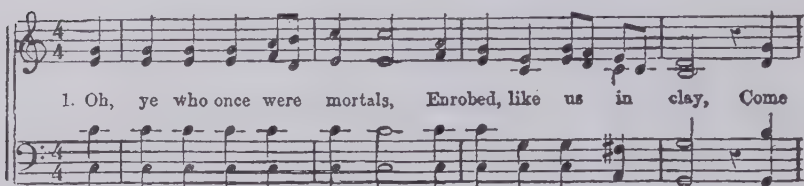
Let us love while we live, and our memory will rise
 Like a halo of light from the grave,
 As a day from the deep lends a glow to the eyes,
 That are guarding the gloom of the wave.
 There's a life in the soul that is better by far
 Than the glitter of glory or gold,—
 It may fade in the noon, but will shine like a star
 When the proud world is darksome and cold.

AN OPENING SONG.

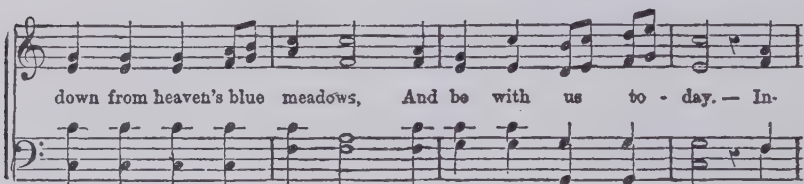
AIR—"Crystal Fountain."

Words by EMMA R. TUTTLE.

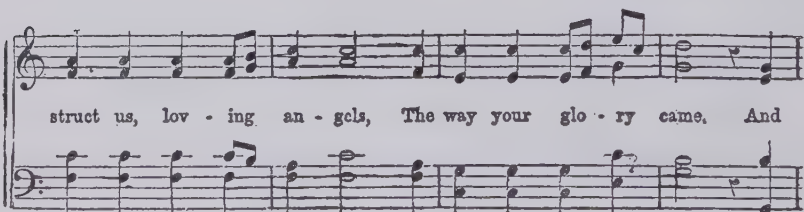
Music by H. M. HIGGINS.



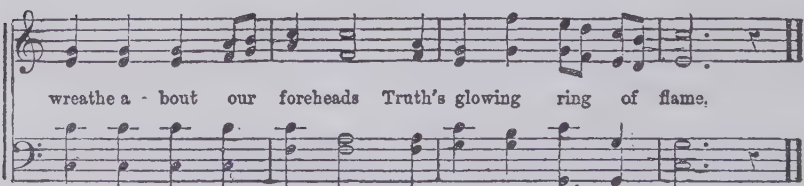
1. Oh, ye who once were mortals, Enrobed, like us in clay, Come



down from heaven's blue meadows, And be with us to - day. — In-



struct us, lov - ing an - gels, The way your glo - ry came. And



wreath a - bout our foreheads Truth's glowing ring of flame.

2

Bring down a breath from Eden,
And let us breathe it in,
Till its surpassing sweetness
Makes us forget to sin!
Our hearts are reaching upward,
Like singing larks in spring,
And every soul is willing
To learn the truths you bring.

3

Come down, oh, blessed angels,
Make earth and heaven one,
And when our paths are shadowed,
Be ye our rising sun;
Unfold us in God's wisdom,
His beauty and his love—
And may the earth life fit us
To be like you above.

Closing Song.

AIR.—“*Crystal Fountain.*”

1

Our hearts are bound together,
A chain of chalice'd blooms,
 wooing the dews of heaven,
And rich in sweet perfumes.
The skill of angel fingers
Combined the circlet fair,
And bade us be love's lilies,
The dusky earth shall wear.

2

We love our march and music,
Our banners bright unfurled,
Our lessons and our teachers,
And all the great wide world.
Our souls behold God's goodness
And blossom into prayer,—
Prayer which shall speak in actions
Of kindness everywhere.

3

We met with glances sparkling
To touch the skirts of Truth,
And plant the germs of wisdom
Along the banks of youth.
The brightly tinted roses
Will bless us bye and bye,
And our glad souls will wear them
Through death in victory.

4

We part, and may each member,
Wherever he may go,
Work for the poor and sinful,
But keep as pure as snow!
Our confidence is boundless,
For though we walk with men,
Angels will watch and guide us
Until we meet again.

Emma R. Tuttle.

Keep a Pure Heart.

AIR.—“*Crystal Fountain.*”

1

Come let us sing together,
As leaves sing on a tree.
When through the swaying branches
The wind pipes merrily.

Let us repeat a lesson

Our Angel guides impart;
That he shall be most blessed
Who keeps the purest heart.

2

We learn a loving spirit
Will beautify the face,
And fashion every feature
To soft angelic grace.
While sinful thoughts and feelings
Will spoil the brightest eyes,
And mar the lips of childhood,
Though steeped in rosy dyes.

3

Each child may make his spirit
An angel, clad in clay,
And do an angel's mission
To others every day.
How many bleeding gashes
His little hand may bind;
How sweet the ways of Heaven
Thus placed before mankind!

4

Oh, who would covet brilliants
To glitter on his brow?
Or who win empty honors
That all the world may bow?
Since well we know the lesson
Our angel guides impart;
That he shall be most blessed
Who keeps the purest heart.

5

Then let us join together,
And try with all our might,
Amid Earth's dust and tumult,
To keep our mantles white;
To think and do no evil,
To hurl no venom'd dart,
For he shall be most blessed,
Who keeps the purest heart.

Emma R. Tuttle.

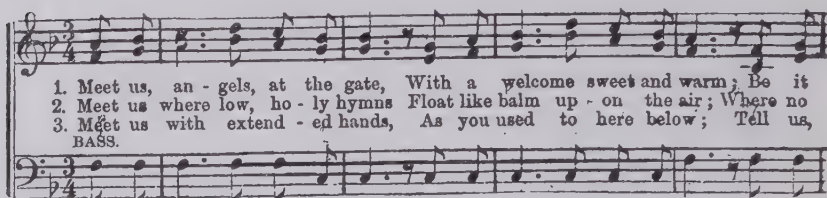
MEET US AT THE CRYSTAL GATE.

MELODY—"Meet me by the Running Brook." By permission of OLIVER DITSON & Co.

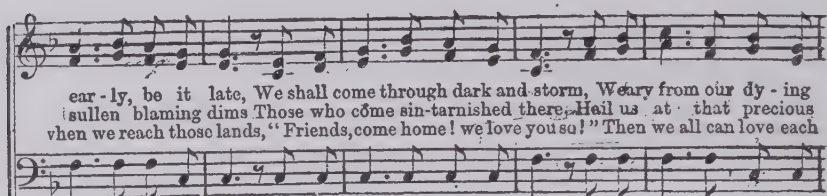
Words by E. R. T.

Music by JAMES G. CLARK.

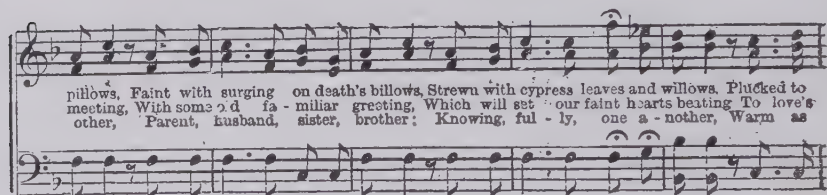
AIR AND ALTO.



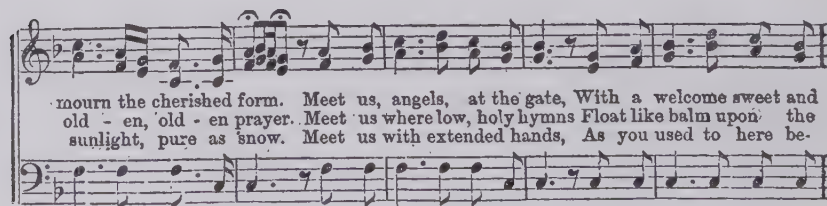
1. Meet us, an - gels, at the gate, With a welcome sweet and warm; Be it
 2. Meet us where low, ho - ly hymns Float like balm up - on the air; Where no
 3. Meet us with extend - ed hands, As you used to here below; Tell us,
 BASS.



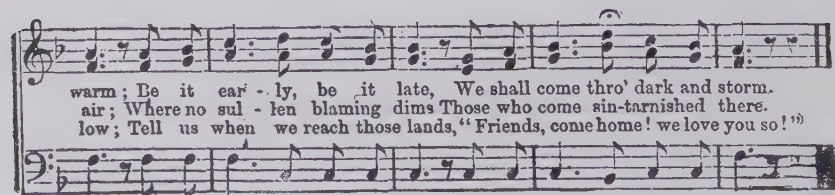
ear - ly, be it late, We shall come through dark and storm, Weary from our dy - ing
 sullen blaming dims Those who come sin-tarnished there, Hail us at that precious
 when we reach those lands, "Friends, come home! we love you so!" Then we all can love each



pillows, Faint with surging on death's billows, Strew'd with cypress leaves and willows, Plucked to
 meeting, With some o'd fa - miliar greeting, Which will set our faint hearts beating To love's
 other, Parent, husband, sister, brother; Knowing, full - ly, one a - nother, Warm as



mourn the cherished form. Meet us, angels, at the gate, With a welcome sweet and
 old - en, old - en prayer. Meet us where low, holy hymns Float like balm upon the
 sunlight, pure as snow. Meet us with extended hands, As you used to here be-

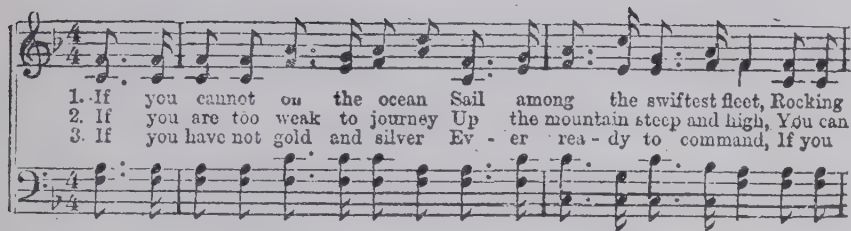


warm; Be it ear - ly, be it late, We shall come thro' dark and storm.
 air; Where no sul - len blaming dims Those who come sin-tarnished there.
 low; Tell us when we reach those lands, "Friends, come home! we love you so!"

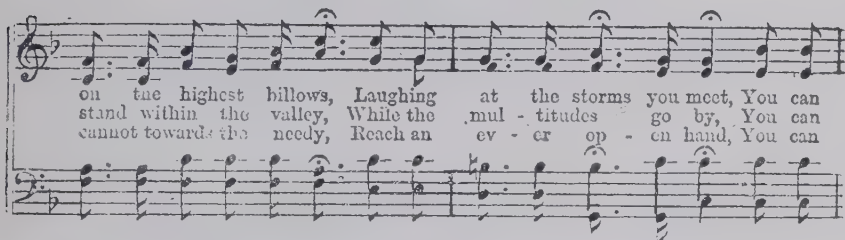
YOUR MISSION.

15

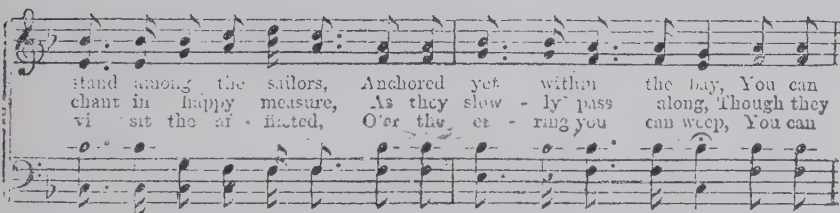
S. M. GRANNIS.



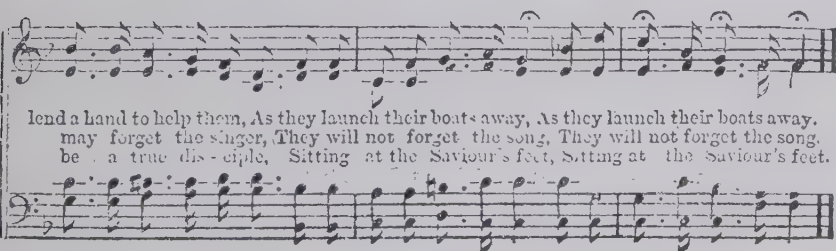
1. If you cannot on the ocean Sail among the swiftest fleet, Rocking
 2. If you are too weak to journey Up the mountain steep and high, You can
 3. If you have not gold and silver Ev - er rea - dy to command, If you



on the highest billows, Laughing at the storms you meet, You can
 stand within the valley, While the mul - titudes go by, You can
 cannot towards the needy, Reach an ev - er op - en hand, You can



stand among the sailors, Anchored yet within the bay, You can
 chant in happy measure, As they slow - ly pass along, Though they
 vi - sit the af - flicted, O'er the et - er - nal you can weep, You can



lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats away, As they launch their boats away.
 may forget the singer, They will not forget the song, They will not forget the song.
 be a true dis - ciple, Sitting at the Saviour's feet, Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

4

If you cannot in the conflict
 Prove yourself a soldier true,
 If where fire and smoke are thickest,
 There's no work for you to do;
 When the battle-field is silent,
 You can go with careful tread,
 You can bear away the wounded,
 You can cover up the dead.

5

Do not then stand idly waiting
 For some greater work to do.
 Fortune is a lazy goddess,
 She will never come to you.
 Go and toil in any vineyard,
 Do not fear to do or dare,
 If you want a field of labor,
 You can find it anywhere.

Allegro.

1. Come to the woods, come to the woods, come to the woods, heigho!

Come to the woods, come to the woods, where tang - ling wild-flowers grow,

And the worried, e - gle here. Swiftly darts from fern - y lair.

Come to the woods, come to the woods, Come to the woods, heigho!

2

Come to the woods, come to the woods,
Come to the woods, heigho!
Come to the woods, come to the woods,
When summer glories glow,
And the laughing, loving sun
Brightly shines through shadows dun,
Come to the woods, come to the woods,
Come to the woods, heigho!

3

Come to the woods, come to the woods,
Come to the woods, heigho!
Come to the woods, come to the woods,
Come from the haunts of woe,

Where the cheering, tuneful song
Of the thristle tells no wrong,
Come to the woods, come to the woods,
Come to the woods heigho!

4

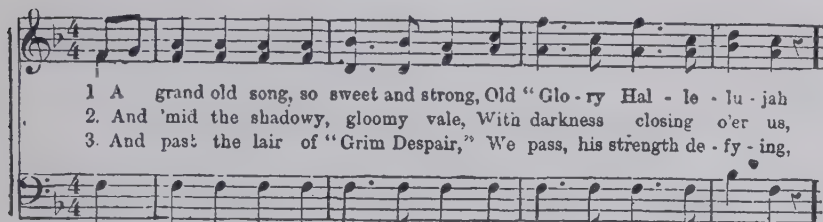
Come to the woods, come to the woods,
Come to the woods, heigho!
Come to the woods, come to the woods,
With health your cheeks shall glow!
Come, oh, come, from dusty town,
Come from dreamy beds of down.
Come to the woods, come to the woods,
Come to the woods, heigho!

OLD "GLORY HALLELUJAH."

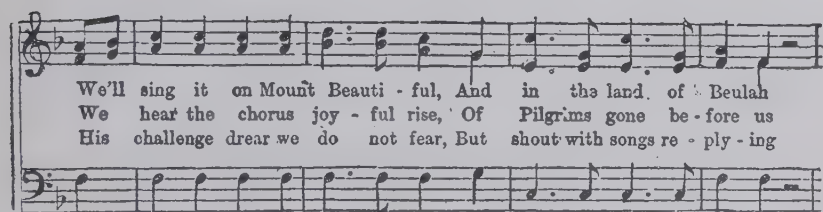
17

Words by J. C. JOHNSON

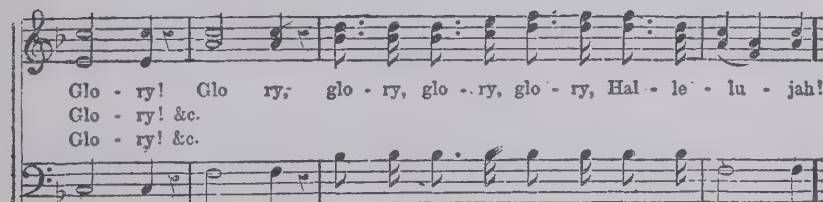
A. F. JOHNSON



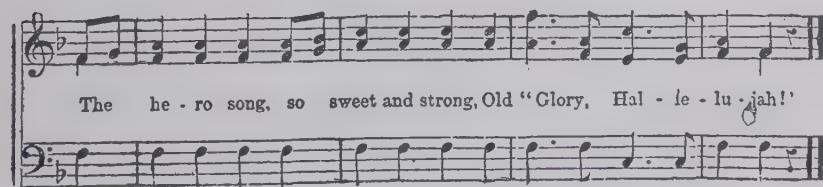
1 A grand old song, so sweet and strong, Old "Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah
2. And 'mid the shadowy, gloomy vale, With darkness closing o'er us,
3. And past the lair of "Grim Despair," We pass, his strength de - fy - ing,



We'll sing it on Mount Beauti - ful, And in the land of Beulah
We hear the chorus joy - ful rise, Of Pilgrims gone be - fore us
His challenge drear we do not fear, But shout with songs re - ply - ing



Glo - ry! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry! &c.
Glo - ry! &c.



The he - ro song, so sweet and strong, Old "Glory, Hal - le - lu - jah!"

4

With joy sincere, we scale Mount Clear,
While echoes all are ringing.
A mighty throng the sound prolong,
We pilgrims must be singing: Glory!
etc.

A good old song, so sweet and strong,
On earth it led our legions,
But higher praise in angel lay
Shall fill the starry regions: Glory!
etc.

THE UNSEEN CITY

By permission of ROOT & CADY.

Words by EMMA R. TUTTLE.

Music by JAMES G. CLARK.

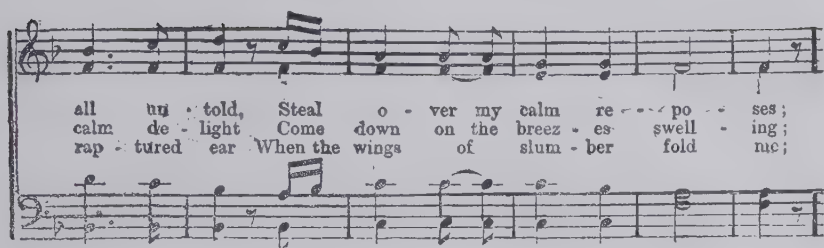
1. I think of a cit - y I have not seen Ex-
 2. I think of that cit - y, for O, how oft My
 3. That beau ti ful cit - y is home to me, My

cept in my hours of dream - ing; Where the feet of mor - tals have
 heart has been wrung at part - ing; With friends all pale, who with
 loved ones are go - ing thith - er, And they who al - read - y have

nev - er been To dark - en its soft, soft gleam - ing: A
 foot - falls soft To its air - y heights were start - ing: I
 crossed the sea Are call - ing, "come hith - er, hith - er;" The

glim - mer of pearl, and a glint of gold, And a breath from the
 see them a - gain in their rai - ment white, In the blue, blue
 ten - der eyes that I worshiped here, From the gold - en

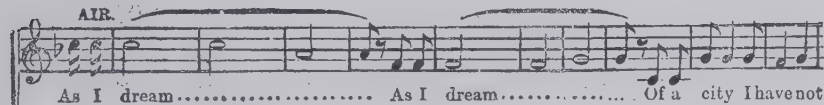
souls of ro ses; And glo - ry and beau - ty
 dis - tance dwell - ing; And I hear their prais - es in
 heights be - hold me; And their songs en - trance my



all un - told, Steal o - ver my calm re - po - ses;
 calm de - light Come down on the breez - es swell - ing;
 rap - tured ear When the wings of slum - ber fold me;

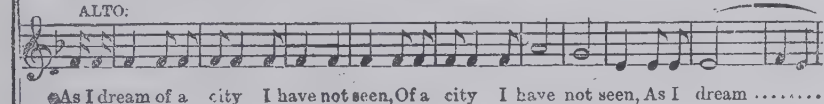
CHORUS..

AIR.



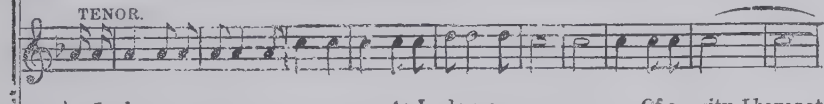
As I dream..... As I dream..... Of a city I have not

ALTO:



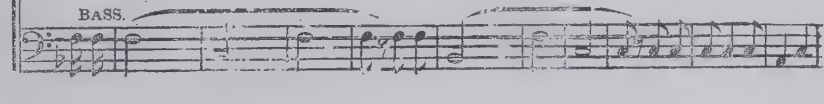
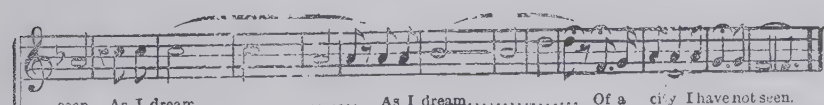
As I dream of a city I have not seen, Of a city I have not seen, As I dream

TENOR.

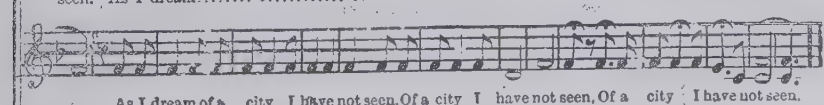


As I dream..... As I dream..... Of a city I have not

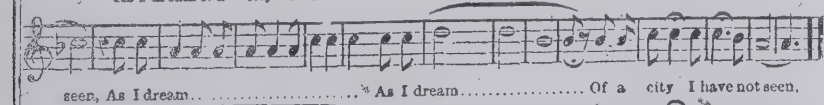
BASS.

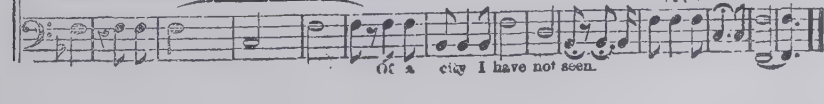
seen. As I dream..... As I dream..... Of a city I have not seen.



As I dream of a city I have not seen, Of a city I have not seen, Of a city I have not seen.



seen, As I dream..... As I dream..... Of a city I have not seen.



Of a city I have not seen.

THE CHILDREN.

Words by CHARLES W. DICKINSON.

Music by JAMES G. CLARK.

AIR AND ALTO.

1. When the children are gone, I sit dreaming Of the moments too lovely to
2. O my heart grows as warm as a woman's, And the fountains of feeling will

TENOR AND BASS

last, Of a love that my heart will remember, When it wakes to the pulse of the
flow, When I think of the paths steep and stony, Where the feet of the dear ones must

past; Ere the world and its wickedness made me A partner of sorrow and
go; Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them — Of the tempest of fate blowing

sin, When the glo-ry of God was about me, And the glo-ry of gladness within.
wild, O! there's nothing on earth half so holy As the in-nocent heart of a child

3

The twig is so easily bended,
I need not the rule nor the rod,
I have taught them the goodness of
knowledge. [God.
They have taught me the goodness of
I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shad-
ow
To temper the rays of the sun.

4

They are idols of hearts and of house-
holds;
They are angels of God in disguise,
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
O! these darlings of home and of heaven,
They have made me more manly and
mild,
And I know now, how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child.

THE ROCK OF LIBERTY.

21

By Permission of ROOT & CADY.

JAMES G. CLARK.

1. Oh! the firm old Rock, the wave-worn Rock, That braved the blast and the
 2. Oh! thou stern old Rock, in the ages past, Thy brow was bleached by the
 3. Ev - er rest, old Rock, on the sea-beat shore; Our sires are lulled by the

bil - lows' shock, It was born with Time on a bar - ren shore, And it
 war - ring blast, But thy win - try toil with the wave is o'er, And the
 breakers' roar; 'Twas here that first, their hymns were heard, O'er the

laughed with scorn at the ocean's roar; 'Twas here that first the Pilgrim band Came
 bil - lows beat thy base no more; Yet countless as thy sands, old Rock, Are
 start - led cry of the ocean bird; 'Twas here they lived, 'twas here they died; Their

weary up to the foaming strand, And the tree they reared in the days gone by, It
 the hardy sons of the Pilgrim stock, And the tree they reared in the days gone by, It
 forms repose on the green hill's side, But the tree they reared in the days gone by, It

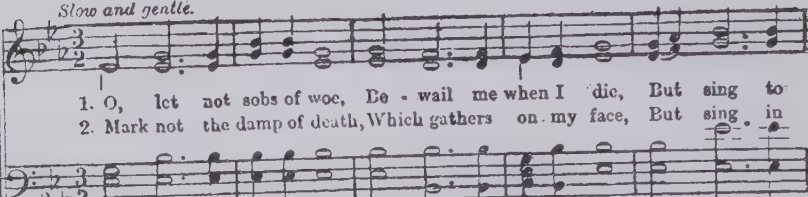
lives, it lives, it lives, It lives and ne'er shall die.
 lives, it lives, it lives, It lives and ne'er shall die.
 lives, it lives, it lives, It lives and ne'er shall die.

HOW I WOULD DIE.

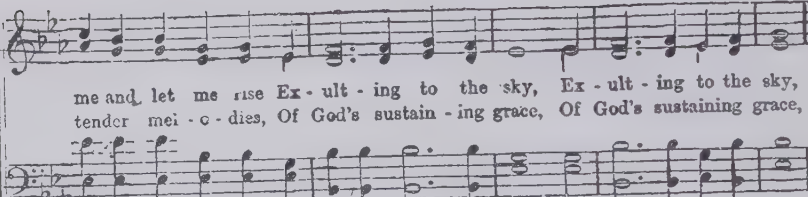
Words by EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Music by DR. E. L. PERRY.

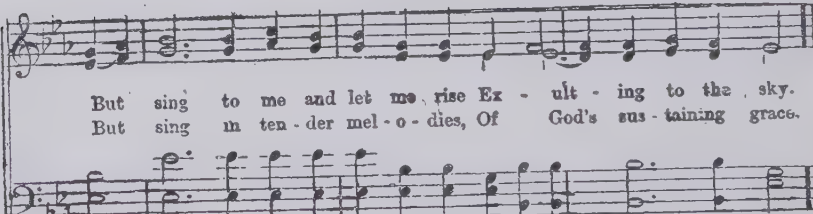
Slow and gentle.



1. O, let not sobs of woe, Be - wail me when I die, But sing to
2. Mark not the damp of death, Which gathers on my face, But sing in



me and let me rise Ex - ult - ing to the sky, Ex - ult - ing to the sky,
tender mel - o - dies, Of God's sustain - ing grace, Of God's sustaining grace,



But sing to me and let me rise Ex - ult - ing to the sky.
But sing in ten - der mel - o - dies, Of God's sus - taining grace.

3

Heed not the fading eye,
Nor yet the lines of pain;
But sing of those immortal shores
Where I shall live again.

4

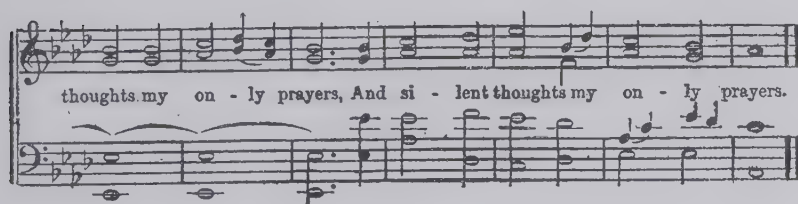
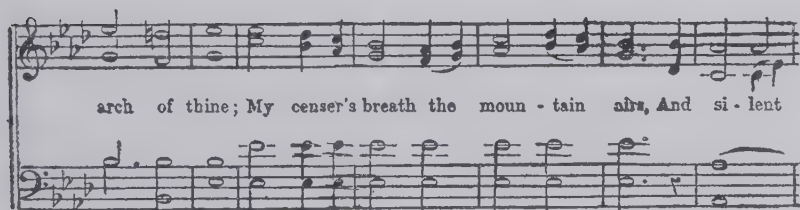
Sing of the shining ones,
Who passed death's gate like me,
And triumphed over the lonely grave,
Immortalized and free.

5

O, not with burning tears
Of those who love me best,
But with the ecstasy of song,
Fold my dead hands in rest.

6

Like music low and faint,
My soul shall float afar,
And wake in heaven, delightful heaven
Where God's sweet singers are.



2

My choir shall be the moonlit waves,
When murm'ring homeward to their
caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
E'en more than music breathes of thee!

3

I'll seek some glade with beauty fraught,
All light and silent, like thy thoughts;
And the pale stars shall be at night
The only eyes that watch my rite.

4

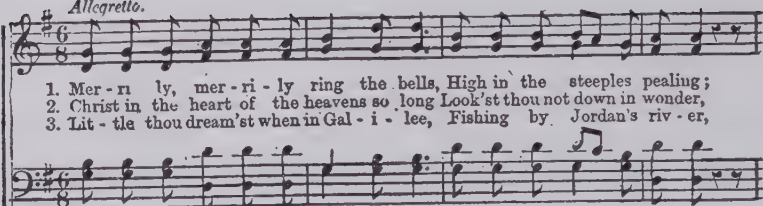
Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look.
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read in words of flame.
The glories of thy wondrous name.

5

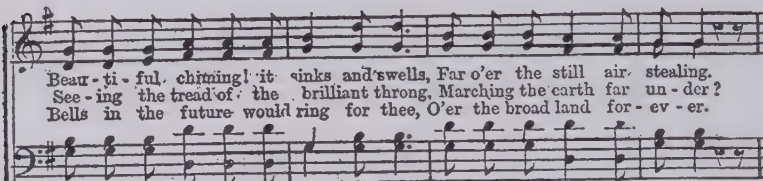
There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that
glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some features of thy Deity.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

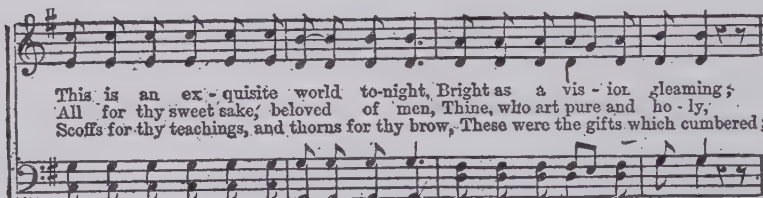
Allegretto.



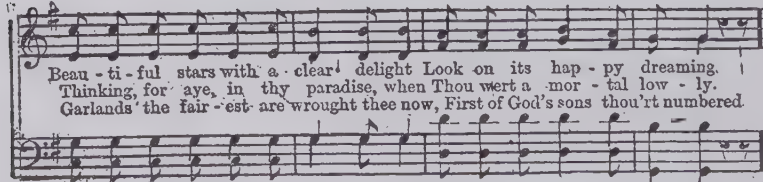
1. Mer - ri ly, mer - ri - ly ring the bells, High in the steeples pealing;
 2. Christ in the heart of the heavens so long Look'st thou not down in wonder,
 3. Lit - tle thou dream'st when in Gal - i - lee, Fishing by Jordan's riv - er,



Beau - ti - ful chiming! it sinks and swells, Far o'er the still air stealing.
 See - ing the tread of the brilliant throng, Marching the earth far un - der?
 Bells in the future would ring for thee, O'er the broad land for - ev - er.

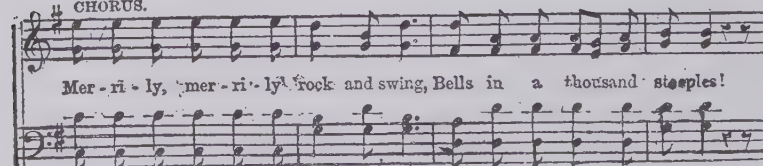


This is an ex - quisite world to - night, Bright as a vis - ior gleaming;
 All for thy sweet sake, beloved of men, Thine, who art pure and ho - ly,
 Scoffs for thy teachings, and thorns for thy brow, These were the gifts which cumbered;



Beau - ti - ful stars with a clear delight Look on its hap - py dreaming.
 Thinking, for aye, in thy paradise, when Thou wert a mor - tal low - ly.
 Garlands the fair - est are wrought thee now, First of God's sons thou'rt numbered

CHORUS.



Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly! Rock and swing, Bells in a thousand steeples!

All the grace of the good Christ ring Loud in the ears of the peoples.

MORN AMID THE MOUNTAINS.

1. Morn a - mid the mountains, Lovely sol - i - tude! Gushing streams and

fountains murmur, "God is good," Murmur, murmur, murmur, murmur,

Gush - ing streams and fountains mur - mur, "God is good."

2

Hymns of praise are ringing
Through the leafy wood;
Songsters, sweetly singing,
Warble, "God is good."
Warble, etc.

3

Now the glad sun, breaking,
Pours a golden flood

Deepest vales, awaking,
Echo, "God is good."
Echo, etc.

4

Wake, and join the chorus,
Child with soul endued;
God, whose smile is o'er us
Evermore is good.
Ever, etc.

Words by E. R. T.

Music by DR. E. L. PERRY

Earnestly.

1. Be hap - py, be hap - py! for bright is the earth, With sunshine and
 2. Be hap - py, be hap - py! for fountains most sweet Are gushing a -
 3. Be hap - py, be hap - py! who loves the black clouds, Which lower in

mu - sic and love; Each day it grows rich - er in
 long the bright years, And path - ways all pleas - ant are
 their boding so deep? 'Tis bet - ter to walk in bright

wis - dom and worth, And more like sweet heav - en a - bove.
 wait - ing our feet, With joys more a - bund - ant than tears.
 raiments than shrouds, 'Tis bet - ter to smile than to weep.

CHORUS.

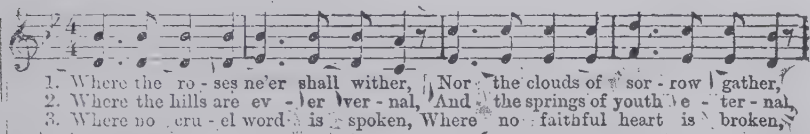
Then let us be hap - py! Sun - ny and bright in the face;

Oh, let us be hap - py! Earth is a beau - ti - ful place.

WHERE THE ROSES NE'ER SHALL WITHER. 27

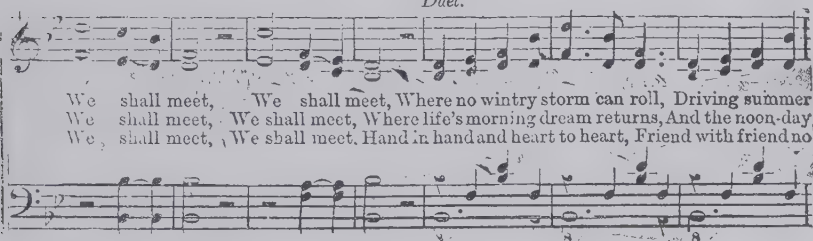
By permission of C. W. W. HARRIS, New York.

JAMES G. CLARK.

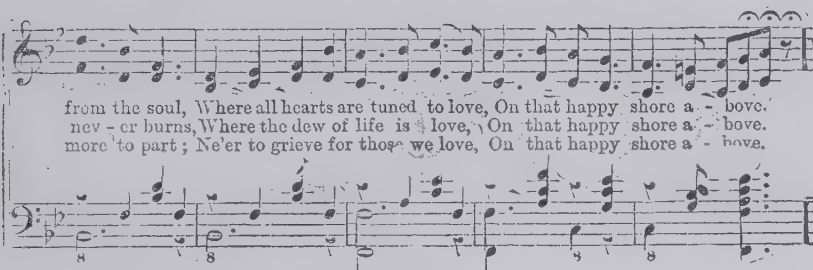


1. Where the ro - ses ne'er shall wither, Nor the clouds of sor - row gather,
2. Where the hills are ev - er ver - nal, And the springs of youth be - ter - nal,
3. Where no era - el word is spoken, Where no faithful heart is broken,

Duet.

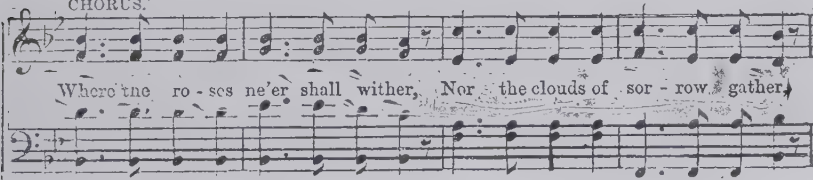


We shall meet, We shall meet, Where no wintry storm can roll, Driving summer
We shall meet, We shall meet, Where life's morning dream returns, And the noon-day
We shall meet, We shall meet, Hand in hand and heart to heart, Friend with friend no

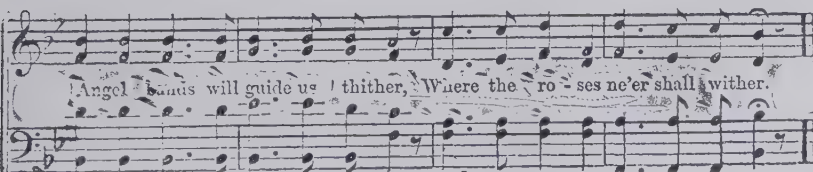


from the soul, Where all hearts are tuned to love, On that happy shore a - bove.
nev - er burns, Where the dew of life is love, On that happy shore a - bove.
more to part; Ne'er to grieve for those we love, On that happy shore a - bove.

CHORUS.



Where the ro - ses ne'er shall wither, Nor the clouds of sor - row gather,



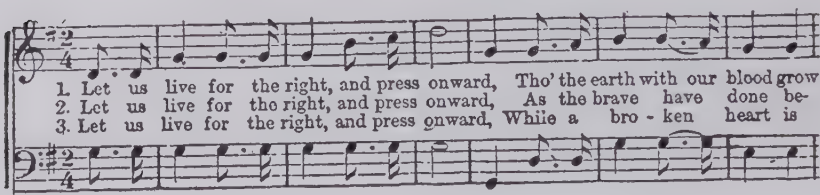
Angel bands will guide us thither, Where the ro - ses ne'er shall wither.

O Hear the Shout of the Brave Ring Out.

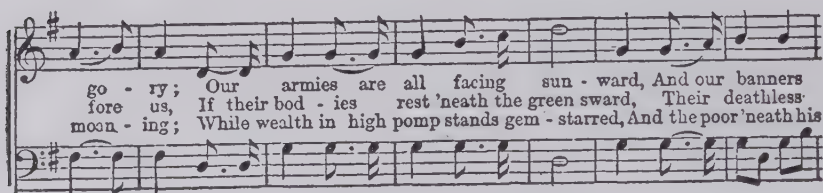
MELODY—"Let me Die with my Face to the Foe." By permission of C. W. W. HARRIS, N. Y.

Words by E. R. T.

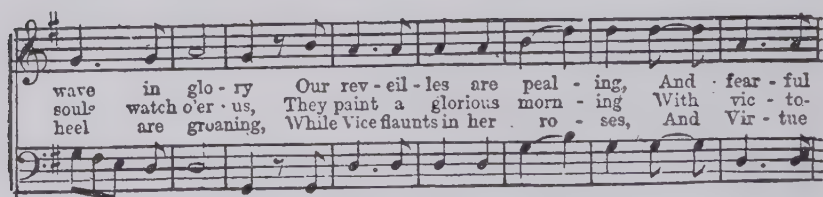
Music by JAMES G. CLARK.



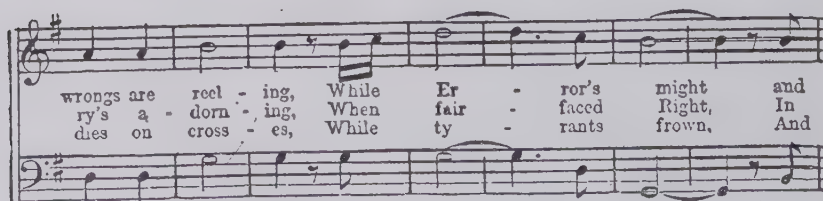
1. Let us live for the right, and press onward, Tho' the earth with our blood grow
 2. Let us live for the right, and press onward, As the brave have done be-
 3. Let us live for the right, and press onward, While a bro - ken heart is



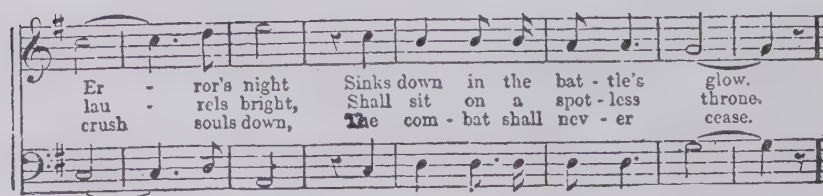
go - ry; Our armies are all facing sun - ward, And our banners
 fore us, If their bod - ies rest 'neath the green sward, Their deathless
 moon - ing; While wealth in high pomp stands gem - starred, And the poor 'neath his



wave in glo - ry Our rev - eil - les are peal - ing, And fear - ful
 souls watch o'er us, They paint a glorious morn - ing With vic - to -
 heel are groaning, While Vice flaunts in her ro - ses, And Vir - tue



wrongs are reel - ing, While Er - ror's might and
 ry's a - dorn - ing, When fair - faced Right, in
 dies on cross - es, While ty - rants frown, And

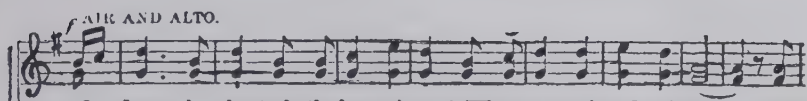


Er - ror's night Sinks down in the bat - tle's glow.
 lau - rels bright, Shall sit on a spot - less throne.
 crush souls down, The com - bat shall nev - er cease.

O Hear the Shout of the Brave Ring Out.—(Concluded.) 29

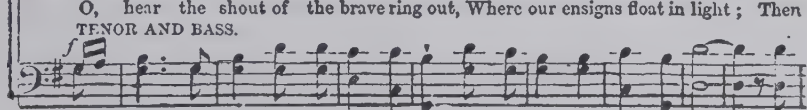
CHORUS.

FAIR AND ALTO.

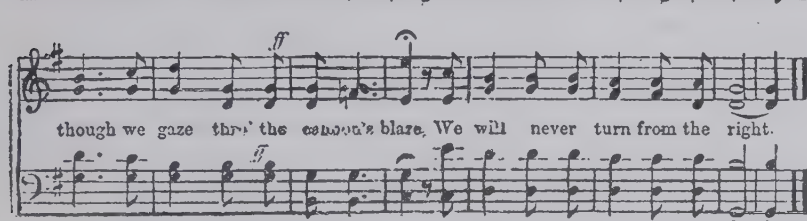


O, hear the shout of the brave ring out, Where our ensigns float in light; Then

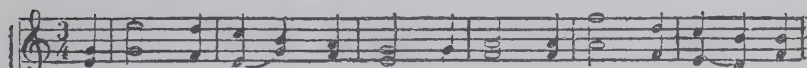
TENOR AND BASS.



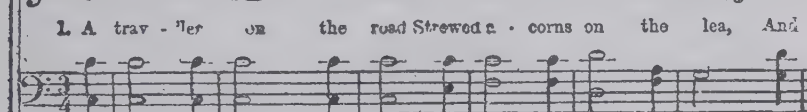
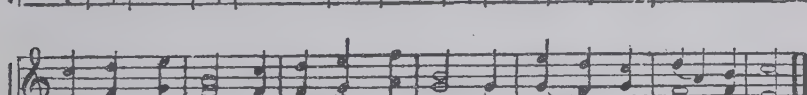
though we gaze thro' the cannon's glare, We will never turn from the right.



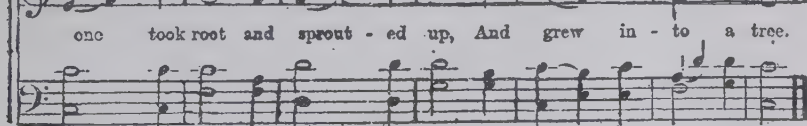
THE POWER OF LITTLE THINGS.



1. A trav - 'ler on the road Strewed a - corns on the lea, And

one took root and sprout - ed up, And grew in - to a tree.



2
A spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.

3
Years passed, and lo, the well,
By summer never dried, [tongues.
Had cooled ten thousand parching
And saved a life beside.

4
A man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love
Unstudied from the heart.

5
O germ! O fount! O love!
O thought at random cast,
Ye were but little at the first
But mighty at the last.

MARCHING SONG.

MELODY—"Old Mountain Tree." By permission of OLIVER DITSON & Co.

Words by E. R. T.

Music by J. C. CLARK.

1. We are marching on, we are marching on, Will you come and march a-

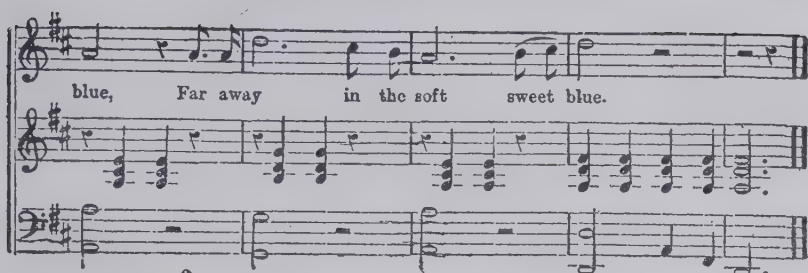
long? There is room enough in our ranks for all, We will wel - come you with

song. Our banners float in the light of love, And our hearts are warm and

true, Our les - sons come from the better land, Far away in the soft sweet

Marching Song.—(Concluded.)

37



2
We are marching on, we are marching on,
And our feet grow sure each day,
We can catch a breath from the landscapes
To which we march away. [bright
There are voices ringing back to us,
All glad with their cheerings sweet,
And who would fear, when we almost hear,
The chime of the angels' feet?

3
We are marching on, we are marching on,
But not in idleness;
This world of ours is a place to learn,
To toil, to love, to bless.

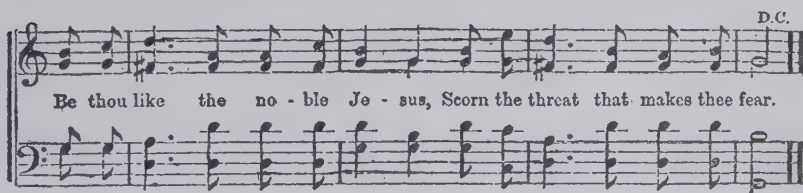
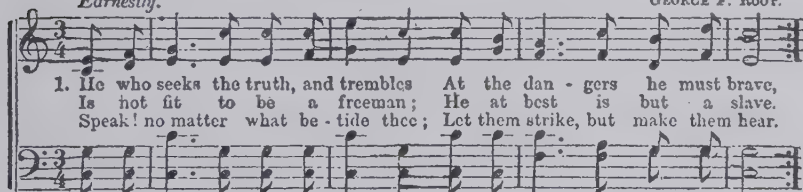
So day by day we must grow in soul
In wisdom, strength, and truth,
As we march along to our cheery song,
Through the pleasant paths of youth.

4
We are marching on, we are marching on,
To the fair lands bathed in light,
Where wisdom rules in majesty,
And Heaven is doing right.
We ask no pledge that a crown of gems
Upon our brows shall glow,
For the silver flowers of immortal powers.
Within each heart will grow.

SPEAK! NO MATTER WHAT BETIDE.

Earnestly.

GEORGE F. ROOT.



2

Be thou like the first apostles;
Never fear, thou shalt not fall;
If a free thought seeks expression,
Speak it boldly! speak it all!
Face thine enemies, accusers,
Scorn the prison, rack, or rod!
And if thou hast truth to utter,
Speak, and leave the rest with God!

A REQUIEM.

Words by E. R. T.

Melody by JAMES G. CLARK.

Arranged by DR. E. L. PERRY.

1. Low mur-murs of ~~min~~ - sic, march slow on our hearts, For
 2. Wail, wail o'er the per - ish - ing dir - ges of woe! Bino

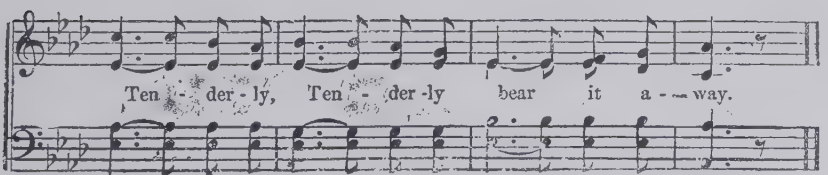
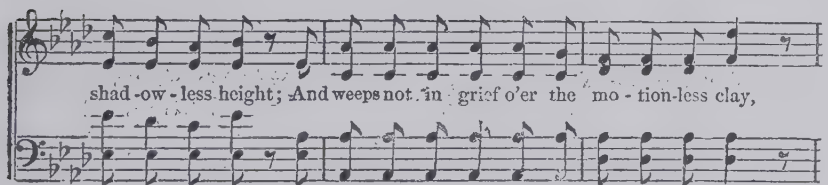
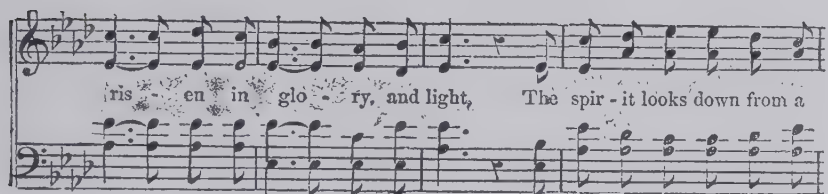
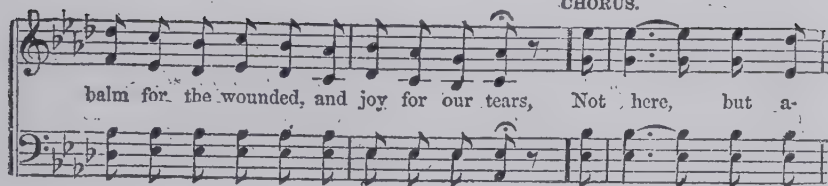
O! they are pierced by death's cru-el - est darts, We saw a dear com-rade turn
 wreaths of white flowers on the forehead of spow, Lament - for the days which too

off from the way, And van-ish in shadows se - pul-chral and gray, The
 quick-ly went by, As rose-clouds of morning fade out in the sky, And

curtains have dropped o'er the beau-ti - ful eyes, And vainly we question the
 treasure all mem - o - ries ten-der and pure, While friendship and hearts which can

lips for re-plies, But soft-ly a cho-rus floats down from the spheres With
 love shall en - dure; But list to the cho-rus which floats from the spheres, With

CHORUS.



3

The grave seemeth cold, and its silence too hushed,
 For one who so late in life's rosy tints blushed;
 The body we place pain in the darkness so deep,
 But know the dear soul has not fallen asleep.
 Ah! blessed the gospel which scatters its balm,
 To hearts which are singing death's low minor psalm:
 And blessed the chorus which breaks on our ears,
 So hopeful and glad from the bright angel spheres.

THE LYCEUM MARCH.

By permission of LEE & WALKER.
Marcia con Energico.

Composed by J. M. BRADFORD.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score is divided into six systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic and a pedaling instruction (*Ped.*). The second system also starts with *ff*. The third system introduces a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The fourth system continues with *mf*. The fifth system features a triplet of eighth notes in the bass staff. The sixth system concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a triplet of eighth notes in the bass staff. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and chords, along with performance markings like accents and slurs.

The musical score is arranged in six systems, each consisting of a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals. Dynamic markings include *ff* (fortissimo) and *Ped.* (pedal). The score concludes with a **CODA** section. The final system shows a grand staff with a treble clef and a bass clef, with a double bar line at the end.

LIFE'S BEAUTIFUL SEA.

MELODY—'Beau-tiful Summer Sea.' By permission of OLIVER DITSON & CO.

Words by E. R. T.

Music by JAMES G. CLARK.

1. The waves are bright With ro-sy light, Upon life's beautiful sea. The
 2. We'll sail a-way Day af-ter day, Over life's beautiful sea, - With

shores are new, The skies are blue, And who so mer-ry as we.....
 fa-ces gay As waves that play And break in their mel-o-dy.

New lights are gleam-ing, Through all our dream-ing,
 Moon-light will meet us, Day-light will greet us,
p

Off on a dis-tant shore.....
 Many a time on the wave.....

O! glad and cheer - ful, Not sad and tear - ful,
Sing - ing and sail - ing, Cheer - i - ly hail - ing

Steer we for the dis - tant shore
Our brothers and sis - ters brave.....

CHORUS.

The waves are bright with ro - sy light, Upon life's beau - ti - ful sea; The
shores are new, The skies are blue, And who so merry as we. We sail a

sail away, a -
way, a way, a - way, Upon life's beau - ti - ful sea.....
way, away, Up - on life's beautiful sea, Upon life's beau - ti - ful sea.

WHERE HAVE THE BEAUTIFUL GONE?

By permission of CHARLES W. HARRIS, New York. Poetry and Music by JAMES G. CLARK.
1st Voice.

1. Where have the souls of our beau-ti-ful ones flown, Down in the
2. Say, do the dear ones re-mem-ber, as of yore, Those who are

sha-dows of death's riv-er? Why have they left us in
lin-ger-ing in sor-row? Will they re-turn ere our

sor-row and a-lone, Say, are they gone from us for-ev-er?
wan-der-ings are o'er Cheer-ing our journey ere the mor-row?

2nd. Voice.

Truth nev-er dies, Love on-ly flies Back to the
(Love) ev-er burns, Fond-ly it turns Faith-ful to

heav-en-ly foun-tain; Gloom veils the shore...
mem'-ries old-en; An-gels are near...

Night rolls be fore, Morn paints the far blue moun-tain.
Guid-ing as here, Safe to the mountains' gold-den.

1st. Voice.

1. Will the dis-tant mountains wear, On their brows the glow....
Will we walk togeth-er there, When the shadows roll....
Do they come to dry the tears, From the mourner's weep....
Do they fill the night of years, As the stars the eve....

2nd. Voice:

1. Where the distant mountains wear, On their brows the glow....
2. We will walk togeth-er there, When the shadows roll....
Yes, they come to dry the tears, From the mourner's weep
And they fill the night of years, As the stars the eve

Instrument.

...of day... glow... of day...
 ...a-way... roll... a-way...
 ...ing eyes... weep... ing eyes...
 ...ning skies... eve... ning skies...

Both Voices..

There have the souls of our beau-ti-ful ones flown, O-ver the

shadows of death's riv-er; We shall be-hold them, and

Rit.

call them our own, Shar-ing their glo-ry for-ev-er.

THE WORLD IS GROWING GOOD.

MELODY—"Gentle May." By permission of ROOT & Cady.

Words by E. R. T.

Music by JAMES G. CLARK.

1. Let us set the great world ring-ing, With our hope-ful mer-ry

sing-ing, For the earth is full of beau-ty, far and near:

On the fra-grant air of sum-mer, We will wake a tune-ful

murmur, That the faint and-wea-ry heart-ed all may hear.....

CHORUS.

AIR AND ALTO.

O! the world is growing good, For the right is understood, And our

TENOR AND BASS.

little lives are full of brilliant chances. Martyrs have not died in vain, And we

chant a glad refrain. As we follow Truth wherever she advances!

2

Wrong is fleeing Earth's high places,
And we'll shout for honest faces,
And for hearts as strong as time, and
true as steel.

She is loosing all her leases,
And her systems fall to pieces,
While we cheer for men who reason,
learn and feel.

CHORUS—O, the world, etc.

3

O, a thousand lights are streaming,
Brighter far than poet's dreaming,
Through the darkness which has shut
away the skies.

Lo, we see illumined faces
Lighting up the ether spaces,
And we meet the earnest gaze of angel
eyes.

CHORUS—O, the world, etc.

4

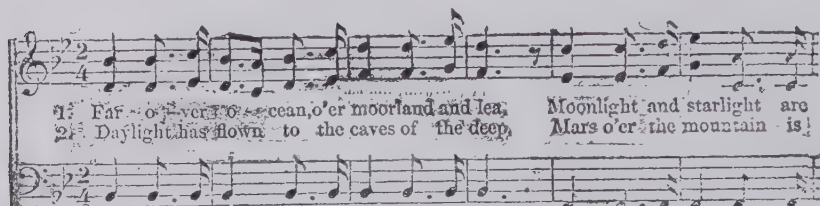
Then we'll raise a ringing chorus,
For the golden days before us,
While we work to bring them nearer.
day by day.

Heaven is not so far above us,
That its inmates cannot love us,
And lean out to hear us singing on our
way.

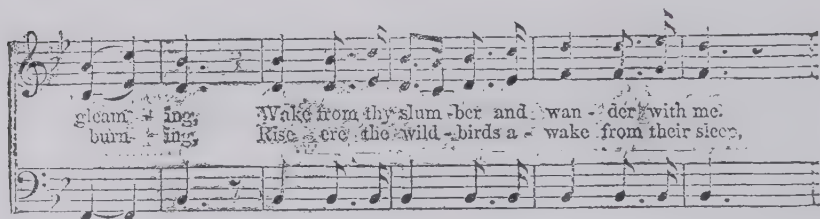
CHORUS—O, the world, etc.

By permission of CHARLES W. HARRIS.

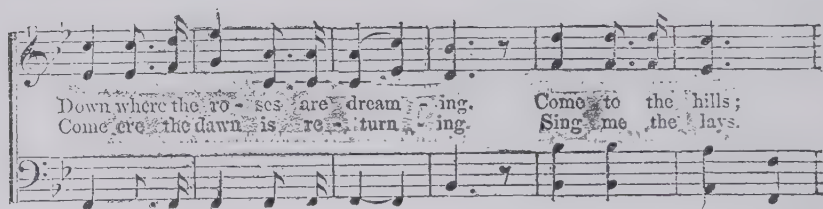
Words and Music by JAMES G. CLAPP



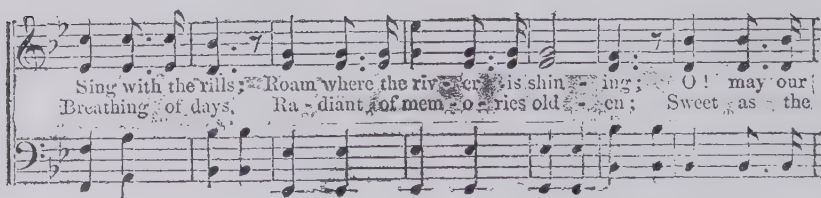
1. Far - o' - ver the ocean, o'er moorland and lea, Moonlight and starlight are
2. Daylight has flown to the caves of the deep, Mars o'er the mountain is!



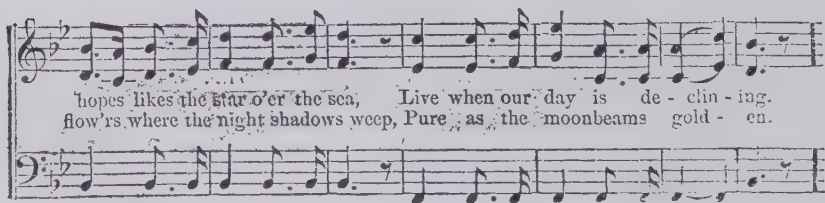
gleam - ing, Wake from thy slum - ber and wan - der with me.
burn - ing, Rise ere the wild - birds a - wake from their sleep,



Down where the ro - ses are dream - ing, Come to the hills;
Come ere the dawn is re - turn - ing, Sing me the lays.



Sing with the rills; Roam where the riv - er is shin - ing; O! may our
Breath - ing of days, Ra - diant of mem - o - ries old - en; Sweet as the



hopes like the star o'er the sea, Live when our day is de - clin - ing.
flow'rs where the night shadows weep, Pure as the moonbeams gold - en.

Moonlight and Starlight.--(Concluded.)

43

CHORUS. SOPRANO.

Slow and Gliding

Moonlight and star-light, si - lently beam - ing, Gild - ing the

ALTO.

TENOR.

Moonlight and starlight, si - lently beam - ing, Gild - ing the

BASS.

mountain, silv'ring the wave, Moon-light and star - light,

mountain, silv'ring the wave, Moon-light and star - light,

ten - der - ly stream - ing, O - ver the beau - ti - ful, O - ver the brave.

ten - der - ly stream - ing, O - ver the beau - ti - ful, O - ver the brave.

LIBERTY'S ARMY.

MELODY—"Voice of the Army."

By permission of C. W. W. HARRIS, New York. Poetry and Music by JAMES G. CLARK.

1. From the West where the rivers in ma - jes - ty run, And the bold highlands catch the last
 2. Stand out of our sunlight, nor frown in your wrath, Ye bigots who stand in pro-
 3. By the martyrs whose lives are the beacons of time, Whose death made the cross and the

kiss of the sun: From the East, the great rose-colored palace of Morn, From the
 gression's bright path, Who o - ver hu - man - i - ty's sins cry a - loud, But
 scaffold sublime, By the graves of our brothers, who fell as they fought For the

South, where the beau - ti - ful summer is born: From the North, where the lakes are like
 scorn to pour balm up - on hearts which are bowed, Go hide in the darkness, go
 gift which the blood of our fore - fathers bought, By the heavens, where the tide of

mirrors unrolled, And the autumn woods frame them in purple and gold. We
 lie in the grave, Make room for the daring, the no - ble, and brave, For
 eterni - ty rolls O'er the armies of earth with its armies of souls, We

come, a great army by liberty led, To brighten the path which God's children shall tread.
 ye are disloyal to Justice and God, And made the way gory Earth's Nobles have trod.
 swear that our banner shall never be furled Till tyranny dies from the end of the world.

CHORUS. *Energico.*

We come,..... we come,..... we come..... in our might, The winds that roll the
 We come, we come, we come, we come, we come, we come in our might, The winds that roll the

thunder car, Above the stormy sea,..... 'Mid lightning sabres gleaming far, Are

not more bold than we, We come,..... we come,..... we come..... in our
 not more bold than we, We come, we come, we come, we come, we come, we come, in our

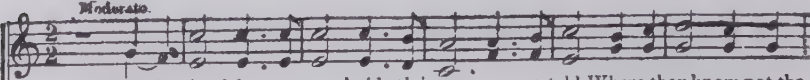
might, We come,..... we come,..... we come,..... in our might. ...

THE MOUNTAINS OF LIFE

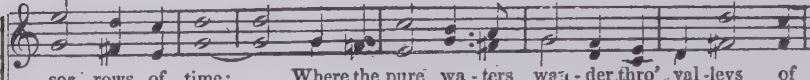
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JAMES G. CLARK.

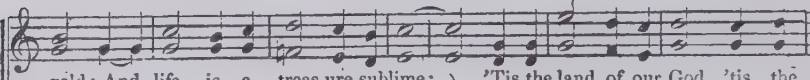
Moderato.



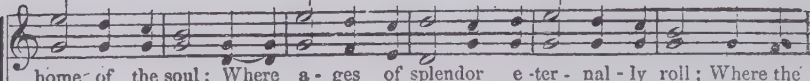
1. There's a land far a-way 'mid the stars, we are told, Where they know not the
2. Our gaze can-not soar to that beau-ti-ful land, But our vis-ions have
3. O! the stars nev-er tread the blue heavens at night, But we think where the



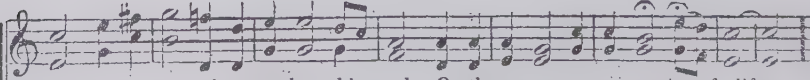
sor-rows of time; Where the pure wa-ters wan-der thro' val-leys of
told of its bliss; And our souls by the gale from its garde,ns are
bless-ed have trod; And the day nev-er smiles from his pal-ace of



gold; And life is a treas-ure sublime;) 'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the
fann'd, When we faint in the des-erts of this; And we sometimes have long'd for its
light, But we feel the bright smile of our God; We are trav-el-ing homeward thro'



home of the soul; Where a-ges of splendor e-ter-nal-ly roll; Where the
ho-ly re-pose, When our spir-its were torn with tempta-tions and woes; And we've
changes and gloom, To a kingdom Where pleasures unchanging-ly bloom, And our



way weary trav-el-er reaches his goal, On the ev-er-green mountains of life.
drank from the tide of the riv-er that flows, From the ever-green mountains of life.
guide is the glory that shines thro' the tomb, From the evergreen mountains of life.

SING ALL TOGETHER.

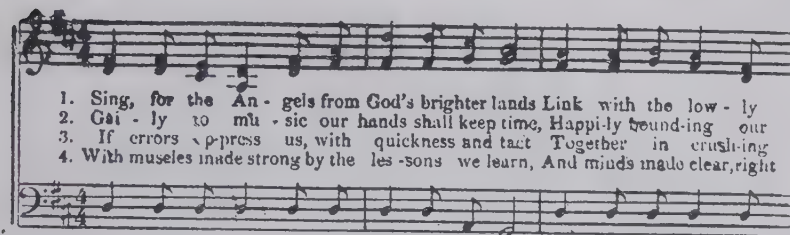
47

This song may be sung while executing the Wand Movements

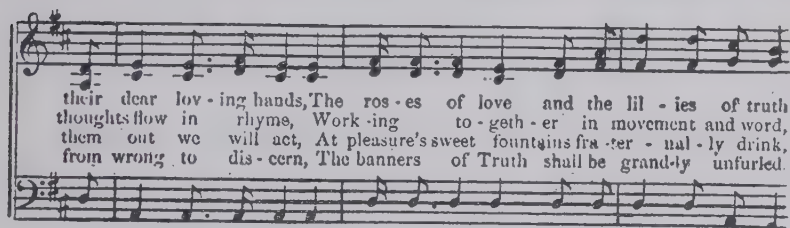
Words by E. R. T.

By permission of ROOT & Cady.

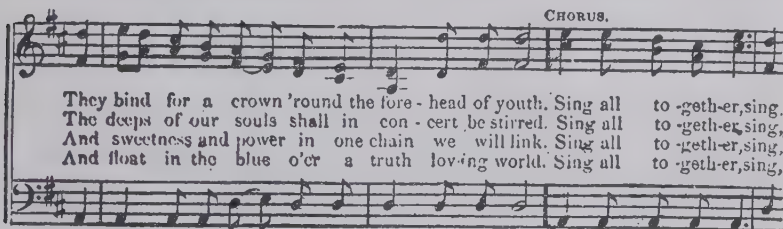
AIR—"Ring, Ring the Bell"



1. Sing, for the An - gels from God's brighter lands Link with the low - ly
 2. Gai - ly to mu - sic our hands shall keep time, Happi - ly bound - ing - our
 3. If errors \p - press us, with quickness and tact To - gether in - crush - ing
 4. With museles made strong by the les - sons we learn, And minds made clear, right

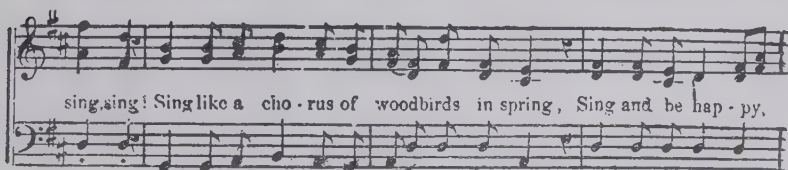


their dear lov - ing hands, The ros - es of love and the lil - ies of truth
 thoughts flow in rhyme, Work - ing to - geth - er in movement and word,
 them out we will act, At pleasure's sweet fountains fra - ter - nal - ly drink,
 from wrong to dis - cern, The banners of Truth shall be grand - ly unfurled.

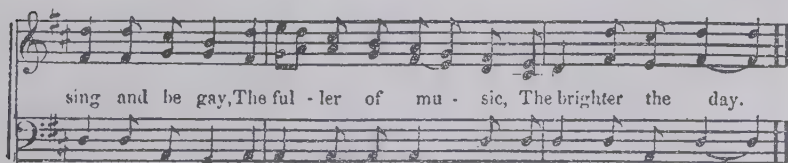


CHORUS.

They bind for a crown 'round the fore - head of youth. Sing all to - geth - er, sing.
 The deeps of our souls shall in con - cert be stirred. Sing all to - geth - er, sing.
 And sweetness and power in one chain we will link. Sing all to - geth - er, sing.
 And float in the blue o'er a truth lov - ing world. Sing all to - geth - er, sing.



sing, sing! Sing like a cho - rus of woodbirds in spring, Sing and be hap - py.



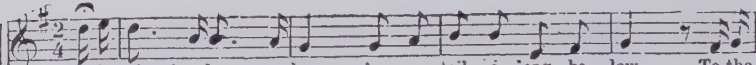
sing and be gay, The ful - ler of mu - sic, The brighter the day.

48 We Shall Meet Our Friends in the Morning.

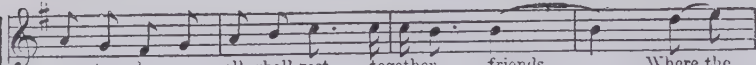
MELODY—"When You and I were Soldier Boys" By permission of OLIVER DITSON & CO.

Words by E. R. T

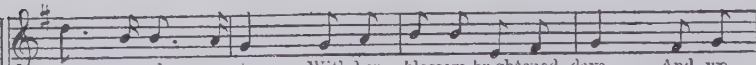
Music by J. G. CLARK.




1. O, the cheering dreams we know, As we toil a-long be-low, To the
 2. Oft our hearts grow sick with pain, And we hope and pray in vain That our
 3. We shall scarce remem-ber there, All these bat-tle scars we bear, How we



country where we all shall rest together, friends,..... Where the
 Father make more sweet earth's bit-ter fountains, friends,..... Then we
 cleft a path to glo-ry Through the shadows, friends,..... For our



sum-mer al-ways stays With her blossom brightened days, And we
 wipe away our tears, And look past these cloudy years, Where a
 tri-umph will be sweet, And most ju-bi-lant our feet, When we



need not face earth's storm-y, win-try weather, friends.
 ro-sy dawn lights up Heaven's ver-nal mountains, friends.
 tread, at last, God's great star-gleam-ing meadows, friends.

We Shall Meet Our Friends in the Morning—(Concluded.) 42

CHORUS

AIR AND ALTO.

O, glo - ry - light - ed land, Thy valleys deep and grand, Thy rivers a-

TENOR AND BASS.

down them that flow, Thy sil - ver lakes and streams Come flashing through our

dreams, As we dwell in our own world be - low We shall meet our friends in the

morn - ing, We shall meet our friends in the morn - ing, We shall

meet our friends in the morning, When the dream of our earth-life is o'er.

I LIVE FOR THOSE WHO LOVE ME.

By permission of OLIVER DITSON & Co.

Music by JAMES G. CLARK.

1. I live for those who love me, For those I know are true, For the
 2. I live to hail the season, By gift-ed minds foretold, When
 3. I live to hold communion, With all that is 'di-vine, To
 4. I live for those who love me, For those who know me true, For the

Heaven that smiles a - bove me, And a - waits my spir - it too; For the
 men shall rule by reason, And not a - lone by gold, When
 feel there is a un - ion 'Twixt Na - ture's heart and mine; To
 Heaven that smiles a bove me, And a - waits my spir - it too; For the

hu - man ties that bind me, For the task that God assigned me, For the
 man to man u - nit - ed, And ev - 'ry wrong thing righted, The
 prof - it by af - fliction, Reap truths from fields of fiction, Grow
 wrong that needs re - sistance, For the cause that lacks as - sistance, For the

bright hopes left be - hind me, And the good that I can do.
 whole world shall be light - ed As E - den was of old.
 wis - er from con - vic - tion, And ful - fil each grand de - sign.
 dawn - ing in the distance, And the good that I can do.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

From "The Psalms of Life."

Allegretto

1. Be kind to each other, The night's coming on, When friend and when brother Perchance may be gone! Then

midst our de - jection, How sweet to have earned The blest rec - ollection — Of kindness returned!

2
 When day hath departed,
 And memory keeps
 Her watch, broken-heartèd,
 Where all she loves sleeps!
 Let falsehood assail not,
 Nor envy disprove—
 Let trifles prevail not
 Against those you love!

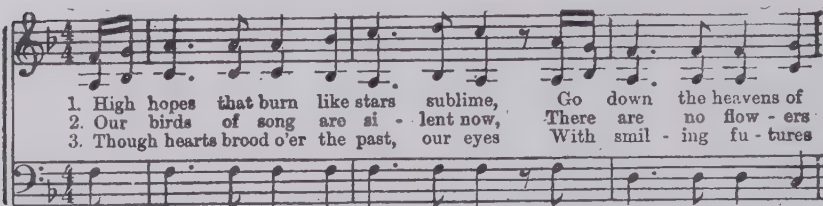
3
 Nor change with to-morrow,
 Should fortune take wing,
 But the deeper the sorrow
 The closer still cling!
 Oh! be kind to each other!
 The night's coming on,
 When friend and when brother
 Perchance may be gone!

THE PROMISED LAND TO-MORROW.

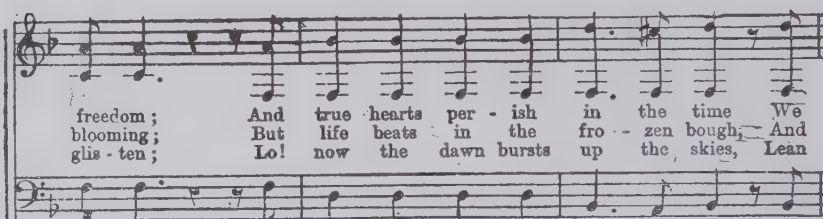
By permission of ROOT & Cady.

Words by GERALD MASSEY.

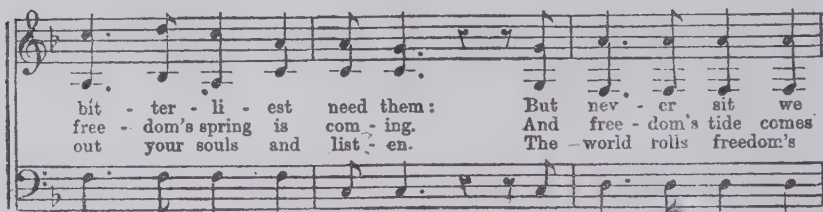
Music by JAMES G. CLARK.



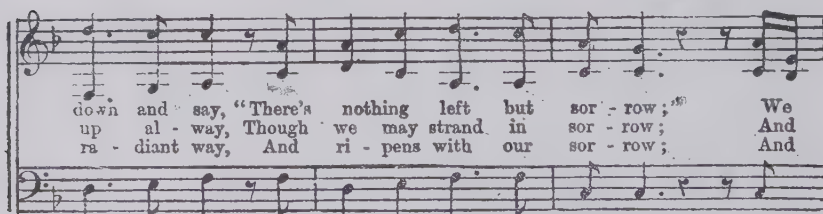
1. High hopes that burn like stars sublime, Go down the heavens of
 2. Our birds of song are si - lent now, There are no flow - ers
 3. Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes With smil - ing fu - tures



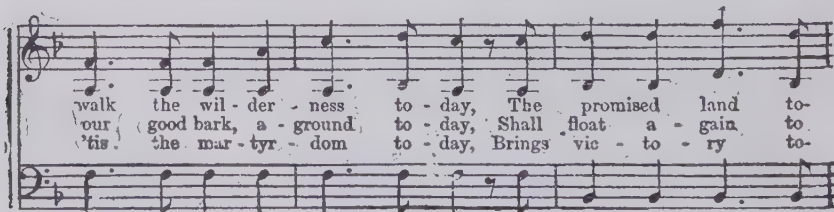
freedom; And true hearts per - ish in the time We
 blooming; But life beats in the fro - zen bough, And
 glis - ten; Lo! now the dawn bursts up the skies, Lean



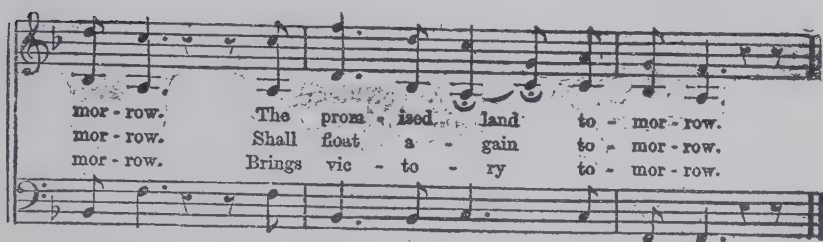
bit - ter - li - est need them: But nev - er sit we
 free - dom's spring is com - ing. And free - dom's tide comes
 out your souls and list - en. The world rolls freedom's



down and say, "There's nothing left but sor - row; We
 up al - way, Though we may strand in sor - row; And
 ra - diant way, And ri - pens with our sor - row; And



walk the wil - der - ness to - day, The promised land to -
 our (good bark, a - ground) to - day, Shall float a - gain to -
 'tis the mar - tyr - dom to - day, Brings vic - to - ry to -



4

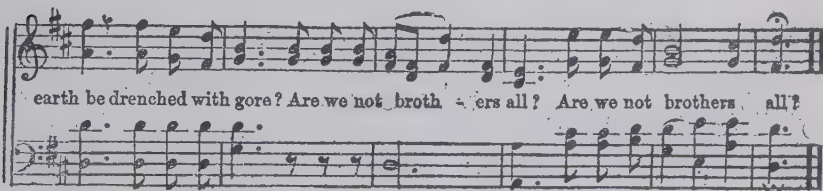
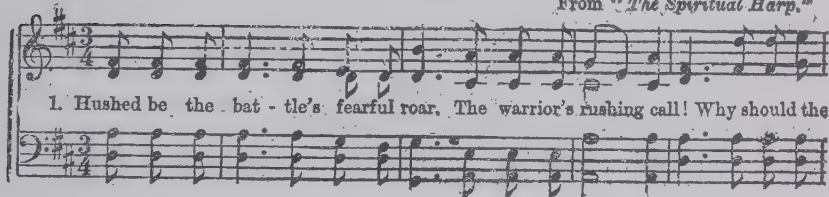
Through all the long dark night of years
 The people's cry ascended;
 And earth was wet with blood and tears,
 Ere their meek sufferance ended
 The few shall not forever away,—
 The many toil in sorrow;
 The bars of hell are strong to-day,
 But Christ shall rise to-morrow.

5

O Youth, flame earnest;—still aspire,
 With energies immortal;
 To many a haven of desire,
 Your yearning opes a portal:
 And though age wearies by the way,
 And hearts break in the furrow,
 We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
 The harvest comes to-morrow.

ARE WE NOT BROTHERS

From "The Spiritual Harp."



Want, from the starving poor depart!
 Chains, from the captive fall!
 Great God subdue th' oppressor's heart!
 Are we not brothers all?

3

Sect, clan and nation, oh, strike down
 Each mean partition-wall!

Let love the voice of discord drown,—
 Are we not brothers all?

4

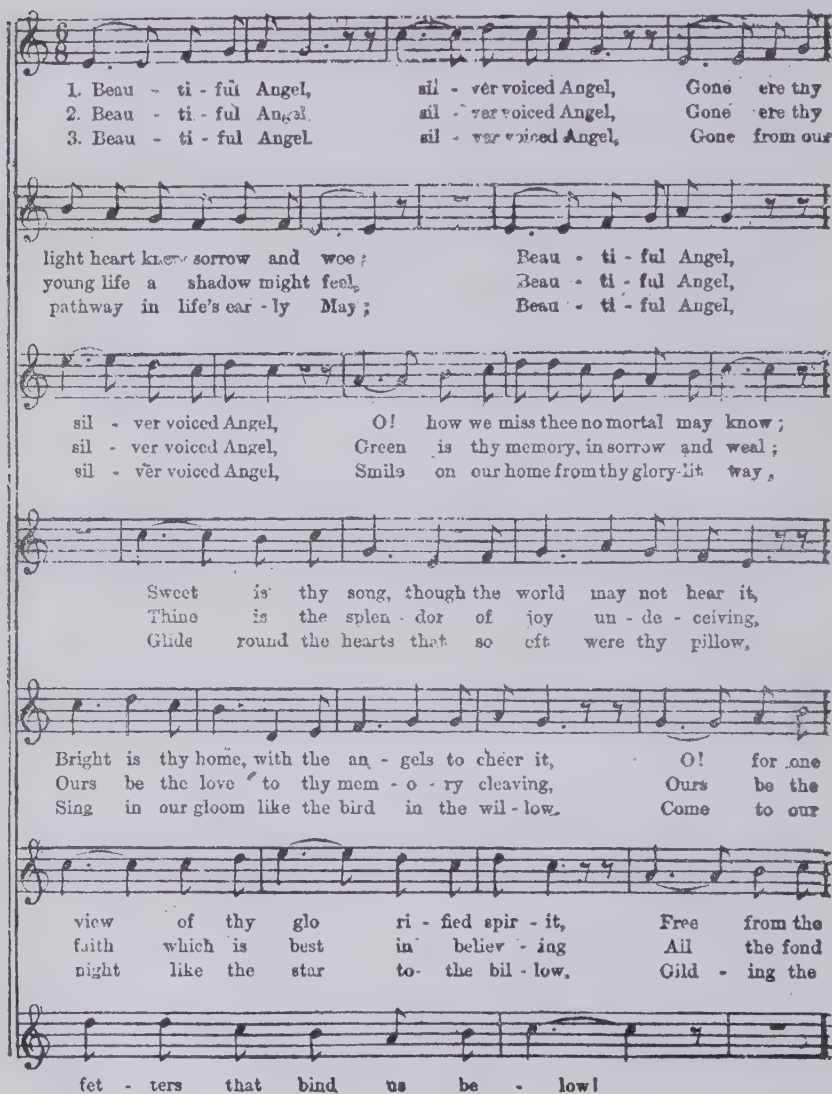
Let love and truth and peace alone
 Hold human hearts in thrall,
 That heaven its work at length may own.
 And men be brothers all.

BEAUTIFUL ANGEL.

MELODY—"Beautiful Annie."

By permission of C. W. HARRIS, New York.

Poetry and Music by JAMES G. CLARK.



1. Beau - ti - ful Angel, sil - ver voiced Angel, Gone ere thy
 2. Beau - ti - ful Angel, sil - ver voiced Angel, Gone ere thy
 3. Beau - ti - ful Angel, sil - ver voiced Angel, Gone from our

light heart knew sorrow and woe; Beau - ti - ful Angel,
 young life a shadow might feel, Beau - ti - ful Angel,
 pathway in life's ear - ly May; Beau - ti - ful Angel,

sil - ver voiced Angel, O! how we miss thee no mortal may know;
 sil - ver voiced Angel, Green is thy memory, in sorrow and weal;
 sil - ver voiced Angel, Smile on our home from thy glory-lit way,

Sweet is thy song, though the world may not hear it,
 Thine is the splen - dor of joy un - de - ceiving,
 Glide round the hearts that so oft were thy pillow,

Bright is thy home, with the an - gels to cheer it, O! for one
 Ours be the love to thy mem - o - ry cleaving, Ours be the
 Sing in our gloom like the bird in the wil - low, Come to our

view of thy glo ri - fied spir - it, Free from the
 faith which is best in believ - ing All the fond
 night like the star to the bil - low, Gild - ing the

fet - ters that bind us be - low!

Beautiful Angel.—(Concluded.)

55

AIR.

Beau - ti - ful angel, sil - ver voiced angel, Gone ere thy

ALTO.

TENOR.

Beau - tiful, beau - ti - ful Angel, Gone ere thy

light heart knew sorrow or woe ;..... Beau - ti - ful Angel,

light heart knew sorrow or woe, Beau - tiful,

sil - ver voiced Angel. Oh! how we miss thee no mortal may know,

beau - ti - ful Angel, Oh! how we miss thee no mortal may know.

Fin.

Words by J. G. WHITTIER.

From "The Spiritual Harp."

1. Oh! sometimes gleams upon our sight, Through present wrong, th' eternal right! And

step by step, since time began. We see the steady gain of man. That

all of good the past has had Remains to make our own time glad, Our

common dai - ly life divine, And eve - ry land a Pal - es - tine.

2

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here,
The still, small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.
For still the New transcends the Old,
in signs and tokens manifold;
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.

3

Through the harsh noises of the day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creed, of
fear
A light is breaking calm and clear.
Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more -
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there
Are now and here and everywhere.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

37

From "The Spiritual Harp."

Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Music by S. W. TUCKER.

1. There is man-y a rest in the road of life, If we on-ly would stop to take it, And

man-y a tone from the bet-ter land, If the queru-lous heart would make it! To the

sunny soul, that is full of hope, And whose beauti-ful trust ne'er fail-eth, The

grass is green and the flow'rs are bright, Though the wint-ry storm prevail-eth.

2

Better hope, though the clouds o'er you
hang so low;
Ever keep the sad eyes still lifted;
The sweet, sunny sky will be peeping
through
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was ne'er a night but that had a
day,
Or an evening without a morning;
The darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

3

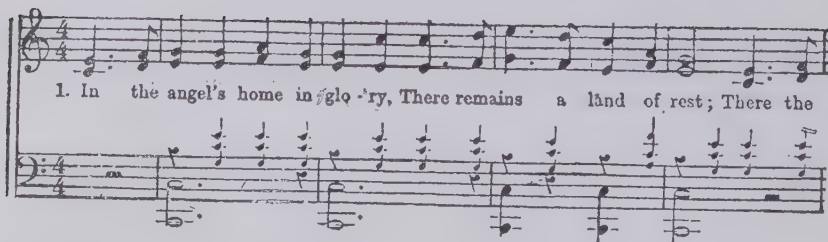
There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That's richer by far than the jewelled
crown,
Or the miserly hoarded treasure;

It may be the love of a little child,
Or a dear mother's prayer to heaven,
Or some lone wanderer's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

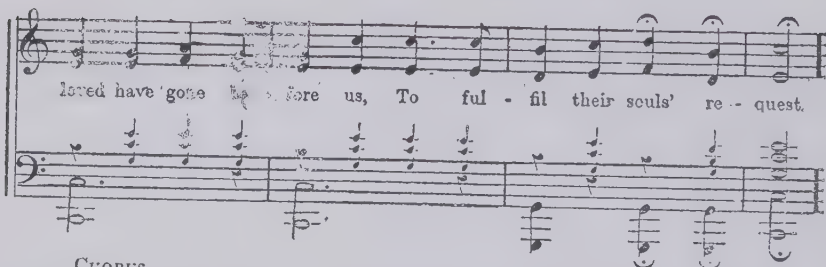
4

Oh, 'tis better to weave in the web of
life
The most beautiful golden filling,
To do all life's work with a cheerful
heart,
And with hands that are swift and
willing,
Than to snap the frail, tender, minute
threads
Of our curious lives asunder;
And then blame heaven for the tangled
ends,
And still sit and grieve and wonder.

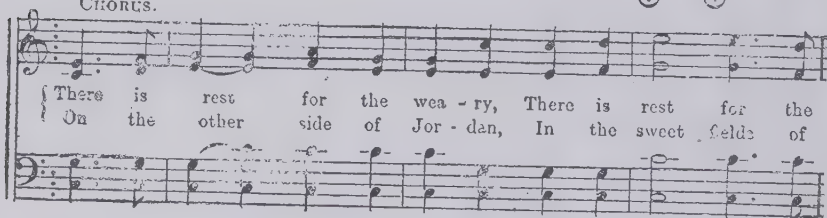
REST FOR THE WEARY.

Duet.


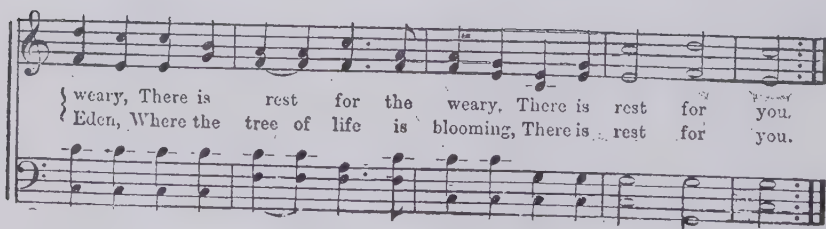
1. In the angel's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest; There the



loved have gone be - fore us, To ful - fil their souls' re - quest.

CHORUS.


{ There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the
On the other side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of



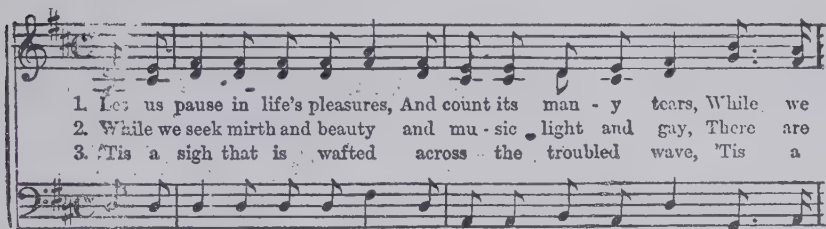
{ weary, There is rest for the weary. There is rest for you.
Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE.

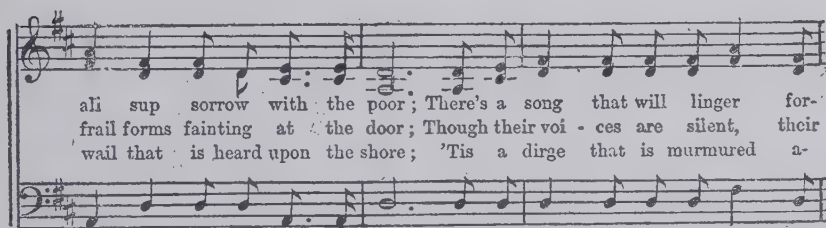
59

By permission of OLIVER DITSON & Co.


Music by S. C. FOSTER.



1. Let us pause in life's pleasures, And count its man - y tears, While we
 2. While we seek mirth and beauty and mu - sic light and gay, There are
 3. 'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave, 'Tis a

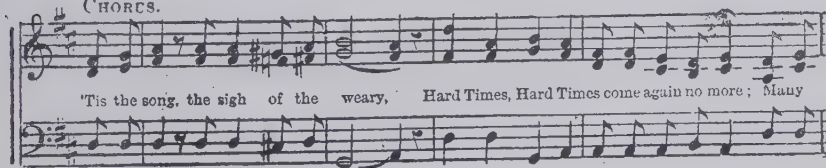


all sup - sorrow with the poor; There's a song that will linger for -
 frail forms fainting at the door; Though their voi - ces are silent, their
 wail that is heard upon the shore; 'Tis a dirge that is murmured a -

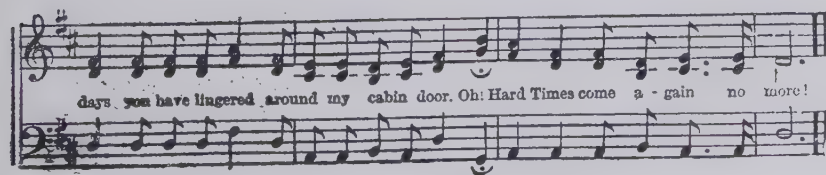


ev - er in our ears - Oh! Hard Times, come a - gain - no more.
 pleading looks will say - Oh! Hard Times, come a - gain no more.
 round the low - ly grave - Oh! Hard Times, come a - gain no more.

CHORUS.



'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary, Hard Times, Hard Times come again no more; Many



days you have lingered around my cabin door. Oh! Hard Times come a - gain no more!

LET US GATHER UP THE SUNBEAMS.

Allegretto Moderato.

Arranged from HANDEL.

1 If we knew the woe and heartache Waiting for us down the road,

If our lips could taste the wormwood, If our backs could feel the load,

Would we waste the day in wish - ing For a time that ne'er can be ;

Would we wait in such im - patience For our ships to come from sea?

2
If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow;
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

3
Ah, these little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty word and action
Strewn along our backward track!

How these little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by.

4
Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

WORK OF PRAYER.

From "The Psalm of Life."

Words by DUGANNE.

Music by ANSORGE.

1. Brothers! be ye who ye may—Sons of men! I bid ye pray! Pray unceasing—pray with might!

Pray in darkness—pray in light!—Life hath yet no hours to spare—Life is toil—and toil is prayer.

2
Life is toil, and all that lives,
Sacrifice of labor gives!
Water, fire, and air, and earth,
Rest not, pause not, from their birth—
Sacred toil doth nature share—
Love and labor!—work is prayer!

3
Patriot! toiling for thy kind!
Thou shalt break the chains that bind!—
Shape thy thought, and mould thy plan.

Toil for freedom—toil for man!
Sagely think, and boldly dare—
Labor! labor!—work is prayer!

4
Brother!—round thee brothers stand—
Pledge thy truth, and give thy hand—
Raise the downcast—help the weak,
Toil for good—for virtue speak;
Let thy brethren be thy care—
Labor! labor!—work is prayer!

WE LOVE THE FATHER.

[This little song was chanted by a happy group of children from the Summerland, and the lady medium who heard the sweet symphony was enabled to record both the words and the music.*]—"Lyceum Guide."

The Holds ad lib.

AIR AND ALTO.

1. We love the Father, He's so good, We see him in the flower, We
hear him in the rain-drop, He speaketh in the shower, His
smile is in the sun-light, His beau-ty in the bow, We
hear his whisper in the breeze, And in the zephyr low.

2

His wisdom's in the dew-drop,
That sparkled on the lea;
His truth is in the violet's hue,
His love's in all we see;
He's merciful and kind to all,
And ever just and true,
To those who truly on Him call,
He ever gives their due.

3

He soothes the stricken mourner's heart,
He aids the weary soul,
And leads them, while He joy imparts,
To an eternal goal.

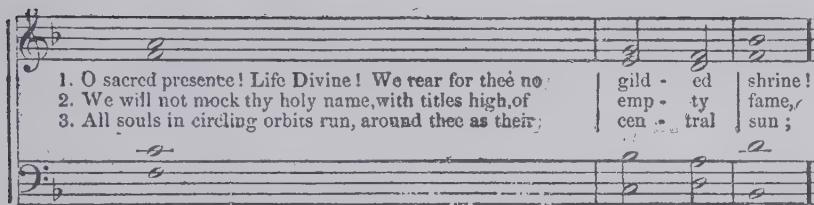
In Nature's grandest works we find,
His great immortal skill;
Then let us each, with humble mind,
Learn to obey His will.

4

Oh, may we ever gentle be,
In all our works and ways,
In all our conduct frank and free,
And His great goodness praise.
In everything we look upon
His image we can see,
We love the Father, He's so good,
And teaches us to be

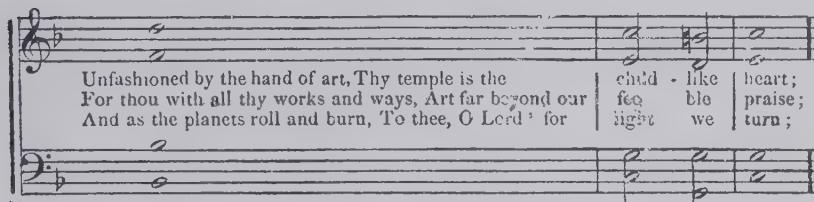
* With additional words by Miss E. C. O'DIERN.

CHANT.



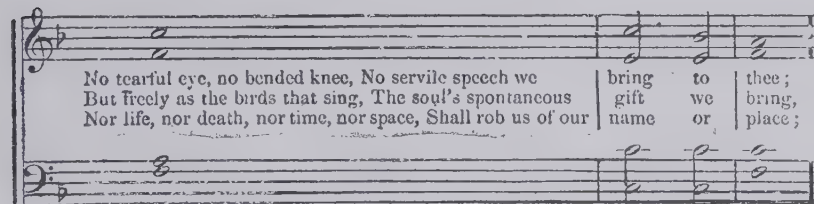
1. O sacred presence! Life Divine! We rear for thee no
 2. We will not mock thy holy name, with titles high, of
 3. All souls in circling orbits run, around thee as their

gild - ed shrine!
 emp - ty fame,
 cen - tral sun;



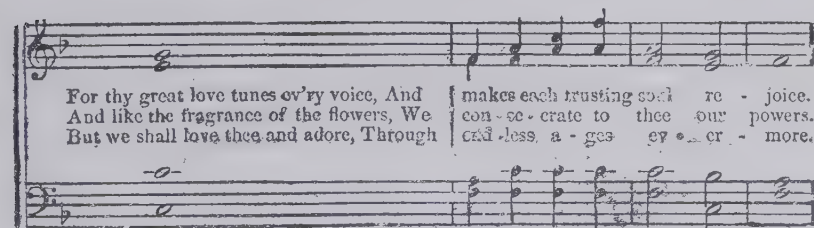
Unfashioned by the hand of art, Thy temple is the
 For thou with all thy works and ways, Art far beyond our
 And as the planets roll and turn, To thee, O Lord! for

child - like heart;
 fee - ble praise;
 light we turn;



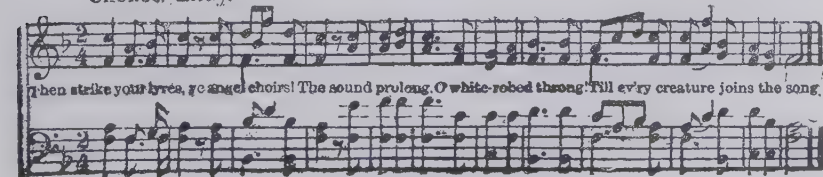
No tearful eye, no bended knee, No servile speech we
 But freely as the birds that sing, The soul's spontaneous
 Nor life, nor death, nor time, nor space, Shall rob us of our

bring to thee;
 gift we bring,
 name or place;

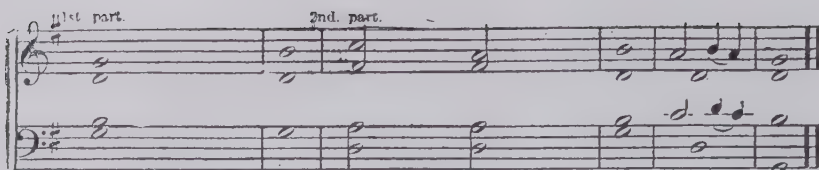


For thy great love tunes ev'ry voice, And
 And like the fragrance of the flowers, We
 But we shall love thee and adore, Through

makes each trusting soul re - joice.
 con - se - crate to thee our powers.
 and less a - ges ev - er - more.

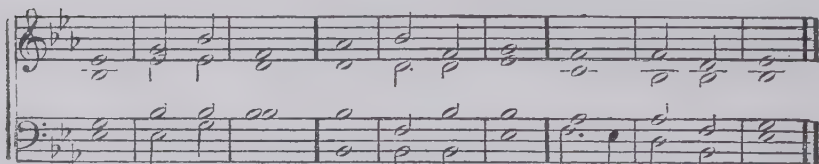
CHORUS. *Lively.*


Then strike your lyres, ye angel choirs! The sound prolong, O white-robed throng! Till ev'ry creature joins the song.



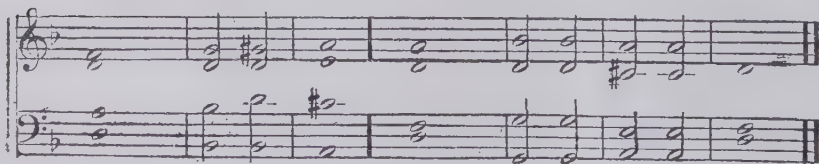
1. O Truth, we turn to thee as to the | light. | Thou art a..Treasure above all | price.
2. To thee we bow the knee as to our | king. | Thou guidst in..pleasant | places ;
3. Lifting the dark clouds from our | souls. | Revealing the joys of | heaven.
4. Thy celestial beacon | gleams. | Over the shadows and..valley of | death.
5. Thou art the harmony of na-ture's | laws. | The goal of..Perfect | spirit.
6. Thou art the King of the | world, | our Redeemer..Saviour and | friend.
7. Our feet shall be swift at thy | bidding, | Our voices ever..ascend in thy | praise. A-men.

WALK WITH THE BEAUTIFUL. CHANT.



1. Walk with the beautiful and with the grand,
Let nothing on the earth thy | feet de- | ter ;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
Eut give not all thy bosom | thoughts to | her,
Walk | with the | beautiful.
2. I hear thee say, The beautiful ! what is it ?
O, thou art | darkly | ignorant ! be sure
'Tis no long, weary road its form to visit,
For thou canst not make it smile be- | side thy
Then | love the | beautiful. [door
3. Ay, love it ; 'tis a sister that will bless,
And teach thee patience when the | heart is | lonely :
The angels love it, for they wear its dress,
And thou art made a little | lower | only,
Then | love the | beautiful.

THE ANGELS OF CONSOLATION. CHANT.



1. With silence only as their benediction, the | angels | come,
Where in the shadow of a great af- | flic-tion, the | soul sits | dumb.
2. Yet would we say, what every heart approveth, our | Father's | will.
Calling to him the dear ones whom he | lov..eth is | mercy | still.
3. Not upon us, or ours, the solemn angel hath | evil | wrought ;
The funeral anthem is a glad e- | van-gel ; the | good die | not !
4. God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly what | he has | given ;
They live on earth in thought and deed, as tru..ly as | in his | heaven.

INVOCATION TO THE ANGELS.

65

CHANT.

Words and arrangement by HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHORUS for each stanza.

1. Immortal ones who tread the arching way,
That spans the dark abyss of.....death and night,
Decend to us from thy celestial day,
And guide our wandering feet to.....love the right.

Come in our weariness, spirits of love.
Come in our sadness O, spirits of light.

2. The earth is dark to your supernal eyes,
And pain and weariness a.....burden are,
But come and bring the summer of your skies,
And let us of your love a.....portion share.

Come in our weariness, spirits of love,
Come in our sadness, O, spirits of light.

3. Oh make us cheerful whatso'er our cares,
Angels of light, helpers in.....our distress,
Lead us away from sin's alluring snares,
Into the heaven of spotless.....ho-li-ness

Come in our weariness, spirits of love,
Come in our sadness, O, spirits of light.

THE NIGHT HAS GATHERED UP HER MOONLIT FRINGES.

CHANT.

1. The night has gathered up } curtains gray, And orient gates } hinges, let in the day,
her moonlit fringes and } that move on silver }

2

The morning sun his golden eyelash raises
O'er | eastern | hills;
The happy summer-bird, with matin | praises
The | thicket | fills.

3

And nature's dress, with softly tinted roses,
And | lilies | wrought,
Through all its varied unity discloses
God's | perfect | thought.

4

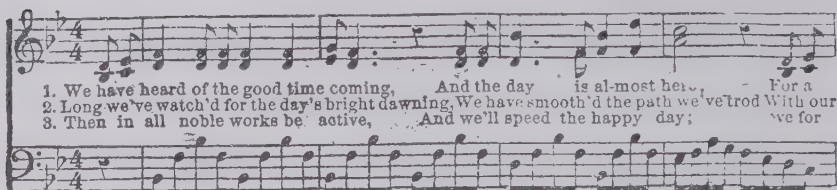
Oh drop, my soul, the burden that oppresses,
And | cares that | rule,
That I may prove the whispering wildernesses,
| Heaven's | vesti- | bule!

5

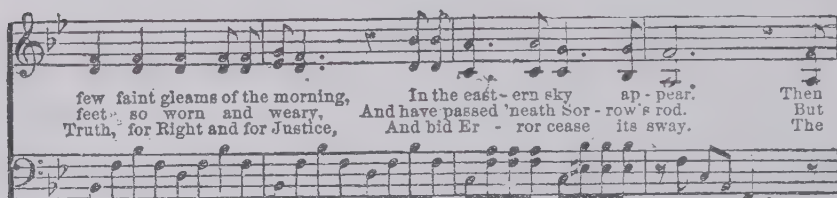
For I can hear, despite material warden,
And | earthly | locks,
A still, small voice, and know that through His garden
The | Father | walks.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

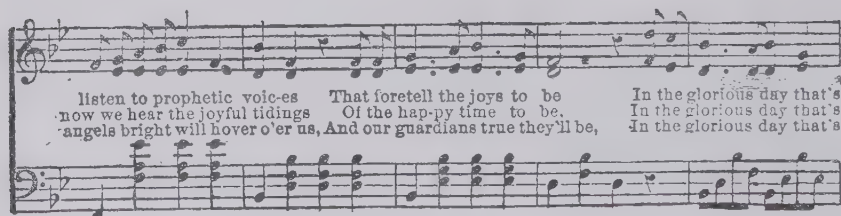
MRS. E. B. TALLMADGE.



1. We have heard of the good time coming, And the day is al-most here, For a
 2. Long we've watch'd for the day's bright dawning, We have smooth'd the path we've trod With our
 3. Then in all noble works be active, And we'll speed the happy day; We for

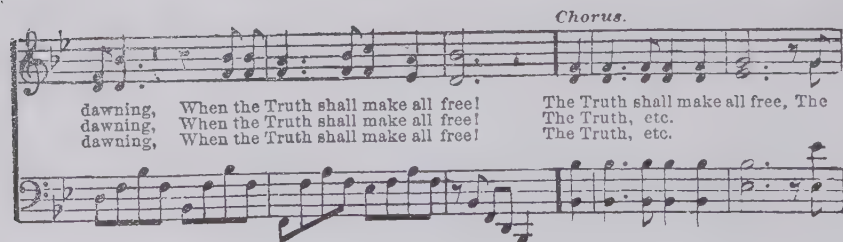


few faint gleams of the morning, In the east-ern sky ap-pear, Then
 feet so worn and weary, And have passed 'neath Sor-row's rod. But
 Truth, for Right and for Justice, And bid Er-ror cease its way. The

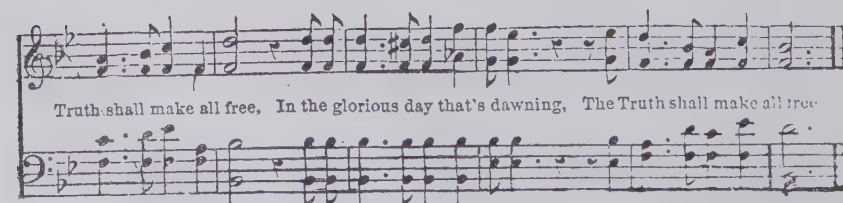


listen to prophetic voices That foretell the joys to be In the glorious day that's
 now we hear the joyful tidings Of the hap-py time to be. In the glorious day that's
 angels bright will hover o'er us, And our guardians true they'll be, In the glorious day that's

Chorus.

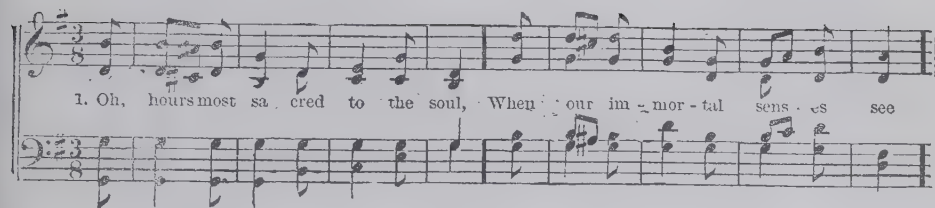


dawning, When the Truth shall make all free! The Truth shall make all free, The
 dawning, When the Truth shall make all free! The Truth, etc.
 dawning, When the Truth shall make all free! The Truth, etc.

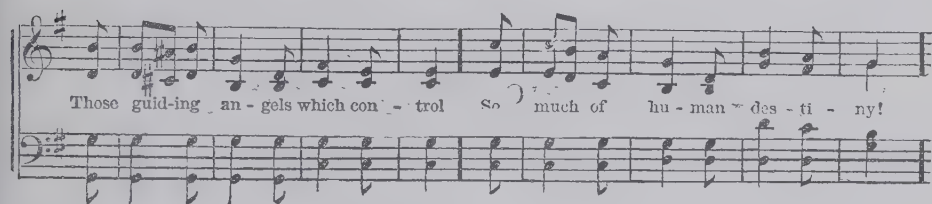


Truth shall make all free, In the glorious day that's dawning, The Truth shall make all free

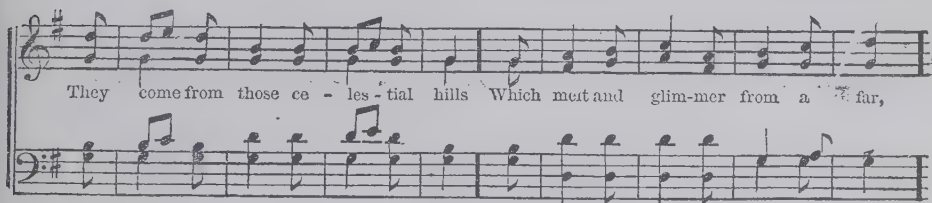
Words by EMMA R. TUTTLE.



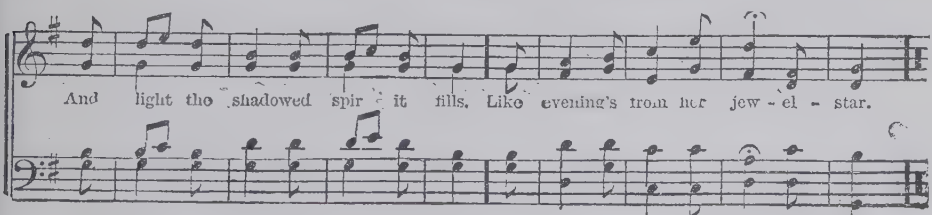
1. Oh, hours most sa - cred to the soul, When our im - mor - tal sens - es see



Those guid-ing an - gels which con - trol So much of hu - man des - ti - ny!



They come from those ce - les - tial hills Which melt and glim-mer from a far,



And light the shadowed spir - it fills, Like evening's from her jew - el - star.

2

3

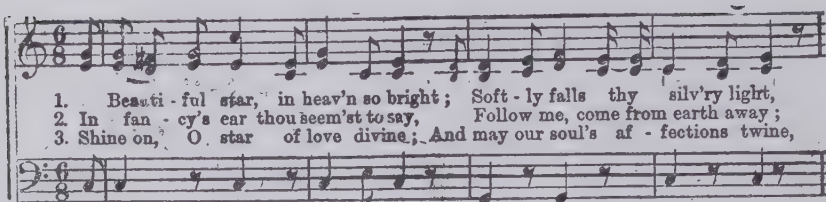
The stream of death is bridged with
flowers,
O'er which the angels come and go,
Descending from immortal bowers
In lily wreaths and robes of snow.
They wander to our thorny ways,
When'er we need their council most
And gladden our o'er-clouded days
When griefs beset and hopes are lost.

Supremely blessed are those eyes
Which drink their lucent glory in,
And catch the landscapes of the skies
Which lie beyond these vales of sin.
They half forget earth's scars and tears,
Who look beyond its bitter strife,
And read the promise of bright years
On the sublimer heights of life.

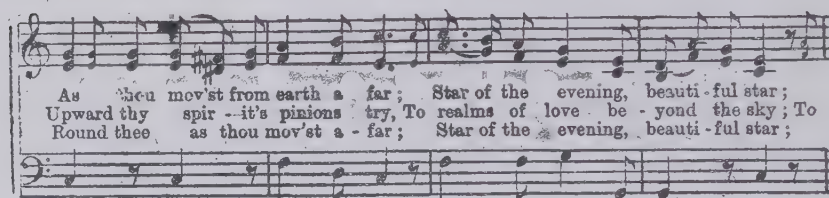
STAR OF THE EVENING.

By permission of OLIVER DITSON & Co.

H. TUCKER.

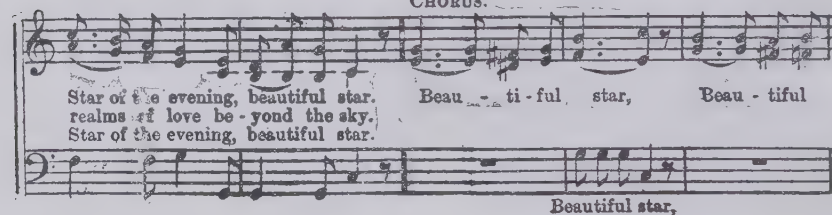


1. Beauti-ful star, in heav'n so bright; Soft-ly falls thy silv'ry light;
 2. In fan-cy's ear thou seem'st to say, Follow me, come from earth away;
 3. Shine on, O star of love divine; And may our soul's af-fections twine,



As thou mov'st from earth a far; Star of the evening, beauti-ful star;
 Upward thy spir-it's pinions try, To realms of love be-yond the sky; To
 Round thee as thou mov'st a-far; Star of the evening, beauti-ful star;

CHORUS.



Star of the evening, beautiful star. Beau-ti-ful, star, Beau-tiful
 realms of love be-yond the sky.
 Star of the evening, beautiful star.

Beautiful star,



star; Star of the eve-ning, beauti-ful, beauti-ful star.

Beautiful star.

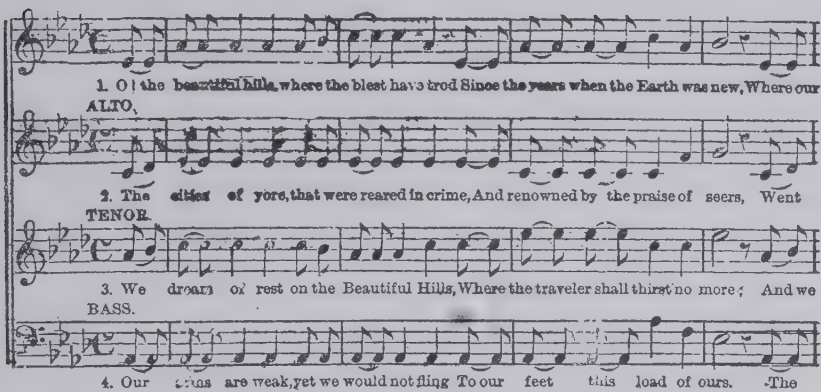
THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS.

65

permission of J. L. PETERS, New York.

JAMES G. CLARE

AIR

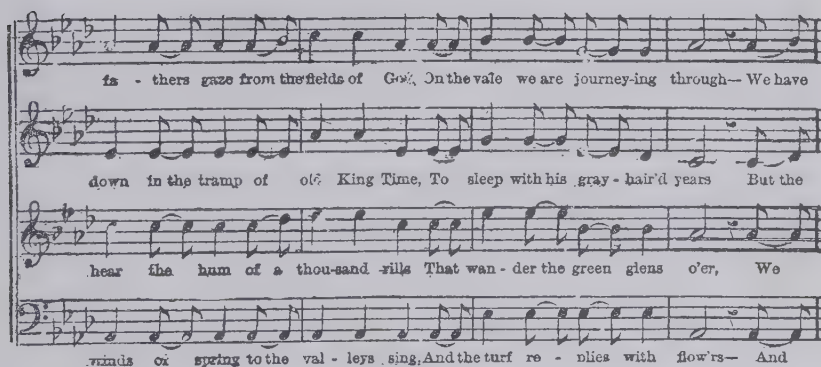


1. O the beautiful hills, where the blest have trod Since the years when the Earth was new, Where our
ALTO.

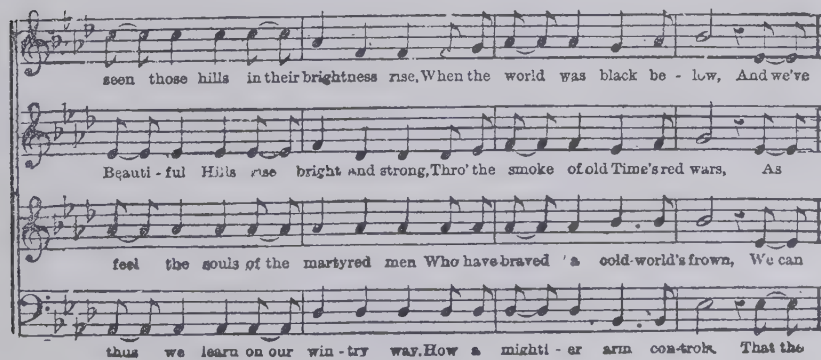
2. The eldes of yore, that were reared in crime, And renowned by the praise of seers, Went
TENOR.

3. We dream of rest on the Beautiful Hills, Where the traveler shall thirst no more; And we
BASS.

4. Our limbs are weak, yet we would not fling To our feet this load of ours. The



is - there gaze from the fields of God, On the vale we are journeying through - We have
down in the tramp of old King Time, To sleep with his gray - hair'd years But the
hear the hum of a thousand rills That wan - der the green glens o'er, We
winds of spring to the val - leys sing, And the turf re - lies with flow'rs - And



seen those hills in their brightness rise, When the world was black be - low, And we've
Beauti - ful Hills rise bright and strong, Thro' the smoke of old Time's red wars, As
feel the souls of the martyred men Who have braved 'a cold world's frown, We can
thus we learn on our win - try way, How a mighti - er arm con - trols. That the

felt the thrill of im-mor-tal eyes In the night of our dark-est woe.

on that day when the first deep song Rolled up from the morn-ing stars.

bear the burden which they did then, Nor shrink from their thor-ny crown.

breath of God on our lives will play, Till our bod-ies bloom to souls.

CHORUS.

Thensing for the beauti-ful Hills That rise from the evergreen shore, O!

Thensing for the beauti-ful Hills That rise from the ev-er-green, ev-er-green shore, O

Rit. ad lib.

sing for the Beau-ti-ful Hills, Where the weary shall toil no more.

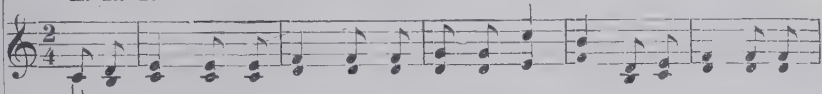
sing for the Beau-ti-ful Hills, Where the weary shall toil no more.

ANGEL FAIR.

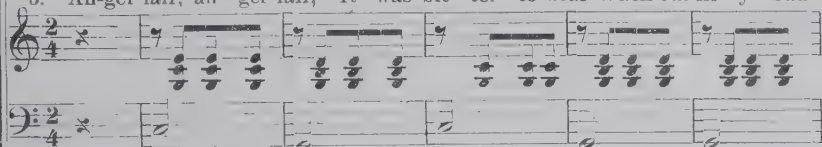
71

E. R. T.

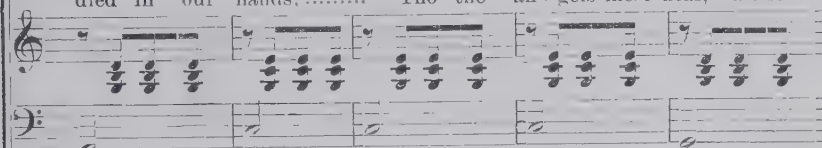
JAMES G. CLARK.



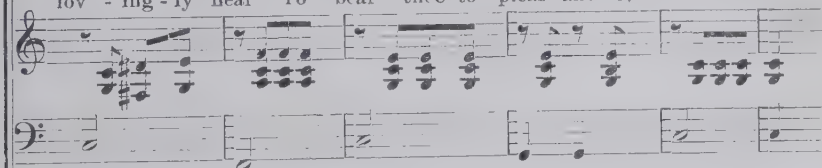
1. An-gel fair, an - gel fair, Thou art sheltered with care In the beau-ti-ful
2. An-gel fair, an - gel fair, Thou wert ten-der-ly rare, And a joy since the
3. An-gel fair, an - gel fair, It was bit - ter to bear When our lil - y - bud



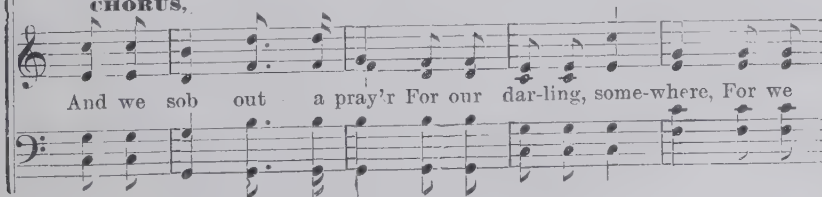
'land of the leal;"..... Yet there's nev - er an hour But with
hour of thy birth,..... There was love in thine eyes, There was
died in our hands;..... Tho' the an - gels most dear, Wait-ed



love's mys - tic pow'r Thy lil - y - like pres - ence we feel
light in the skies, And glad - ness for us on the earth.....
lov - ing - ly near To bear thee to pleas - ant - er lands.....



CHORUS.



And we sob out a pray'r For our dar-ling, some-where, For we

ANGEL FAIR. Concluded.

long . . . to be there; And we sob out a pray'r For our

for we long

dar-ling, somewhere, For we long to be there, an - gel fair.

STAND BY THE GUARD.

ANNIE HERBERT.

JAMES G. CLARK.

1. Stand by the guard in the grand march of Freedom! Press to the front in the
2. Far in the front falls the sunshine e - lys - ian; Far in the rear creep the
3. Stand by the guard, for their triumph is waking, Swift as the morning for

perilous line; Strengthen the hands that may fail when you need them, Crossed in white
shadows of night; Out of the dark grows the fear of derision—O - pen the
God and the right; Lights that have haunted the ages are breaking Over the

perilous line; Strengthen the hands that may fail when you need them, Crossed in white
shadows of night; Out of the dark grows the fear of derision—O - pen the
God and the right; Lights that have haunted the ages are breaking Over the

stillness and making no sign. Long have the watchmen grown weary of calling,
windows and welcome the light. Heed not the shadow of souls marching sunward,
waters, and out of the night. Bow in the twilight of sto-ry no long-er;

Stars that were rising and stars that were falling; Un - til the future's page
These fall behind but the march still is onward; Then if your hearts are brave,
Press to the front where the light groweth stronger; Stern tho' the watch may be,

Glows with the Golden Age, Work for God's heritage—Stand by the Guard!
Whether by land or wave, Thorn-wreath or martyr's grave, Stand by the Guard!
Strive till the truth is free; Work for hu-man-i-ty—Stand by the Guard!

CHORUS.

Work till the future's page Glows with the Golden Age, Work for God's heritage, Stand by the Guard.

Golden Chain Recitation.

(The Conductor, and Guardian leading the Scholars, read alternately)

No. 1—*THE LYCEUM.*

What is the Lyceum?

The school of a liberal and harmonious education.

What is its object?

The unfoldment of all the faculties in their due order and degree.

How is this attained?

By first removing all obstacles to self-development, and then providing the expanding intelligence with the fitting food, which it can assimilate according to its needs.

What are the two great divisions of its study?

The Physical and the Mental Nature.

How does it accomplish Physical education?

By a series of calisthenics, arranged so as to exercise every portion of the body.

In what way is mental advancement obtained?

By such instruction as calls forth the reasoning powers of the pupils, through judicious information and careful discussion.

How are the artistic sensibilities appealed to?

By the Badges, Standards, and Banners, with graceful marching and exercises.

Of what use are the Recitations and Responses?

They embody, in poetry and prose, choice expressions of great minds—the truths, thus impressed upon the memory, awakening the understanding and gladdening the heart.

What is the chief principle of our system?

Harmony.

What is its particular manifestation?

Music and singing, in which our unity of feeling and purpose is at once symbolized and expressed.

What is the invariable accompaniment of all our exertions?

Pleasure. That which is right is always delightful to the healthy spirit.

Which office is the most important?

That of the Leaders, since upon them devolves the responsibility of directing and encouraging the young, whose plastic minds are susceptible to every breath of influence.

Recall the duties of the children?

Punctuality, order, attention, diligence, and earnestness, subordination and obedience, kindness and self-restraint.

What distinguishes the Lyceum method from other modes of tuition?

Its recognition of the intellectual rights, freedom, and conditions of the young; its comprehensiveness, variety, and tolerance; the scope it gives to individuality, and its perfect accordance with the laws of nature.

What is its most characteristic quality?

That it teaches a Religion of Reason, a creed without dogmas, in a ritual whose only laws are Beauty and Truth, and whose sole end is Goodness.

What is its glorious aim?

The spiritual, moral, and intellectual elevation of its members, and through them, of the world at large.

Let us remember this, and each recognizing the lofty standard of our commonwealth, fulfil his or her part in faithful devotion. So shall we come to realize its superb ideal.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Holy ministers of light!
Hidden from our mortal sight,
But whose presence can impart
Peace and comfort to the heart,
When we weep, or when we pray,
When we falter in the way,
Or our hearts grow faint with fear,
Let us feel your presence near.

Wandering over ways untrod,
Doubting self and doubting God,
Oft we miss the shining mark,
Oft we stumble in the dark,
Holy, holy life above!
Full of peace and perfect love,
Some sweet ray of summer shed
On the winter ways we tread.

Blessed angels! ye who heed
All our striving all our need,
When our eyes with weeping ache,
When our hearts in silence break,
When the cross is hard to bear,
When we fail to do and dare,
Make our wounded spirits feel
All your power to bless and heal.

When we gaze on new-made graves,
When the love the spirit craves,
Pure and saintly, like a star,
Shines upon us from afar,
Lead us *upward* to that light,

Till our faith is changed to sight,
Till we learn to murmur not,
And with patience bear our lot.

By our human weal and woe,
By our life of toil below,
By our sorrow and our pain,
By our hope of heavenly gain,
By these cherished forms of clay,
Fading from our sight away,
Do we plead for light, more light,
From that world beyond our sight.

Never, till our hearts are dust,
Till our souls shall cease to trust,
Till our love becomes a lie,
And our aspirations die,
Shall we cease with hope, to gaze
On that veil's mysterious haze
Or the presence to implore
Of the loved ones gone before.

Holy spirit! quickening all,
On thy boundless love we call;
Send thy messengers of light,
To unseal our inward sight;
Lift us from our low estate.
Make us truly wise and great,
That our lives, through love, may be
Full of peace and rest in Thee.

—LIZZIE DOTEN.

No. 2—A LADDER OF LIGHT.

What is the first step towards progress ?

A desire to know and follow truth.

What is the second step ?

A willingness to receive it, without dictating how it shall come.

What is the third step ?

Courage to cherish and defend it, making it a part of our lives.

What law of progress ought we always to remember ?

Fraternal love. We should do as we would be done by.

What is the first lesson in fraternal love ?

Faith in our fellow-beings; faith that there is in every human soul a desire to be good.

What does this faith teach us ?

Charity, which covereth a multitude of sins; that sins flow from weakness and imperfection, and we pity where we can not blame.

Does charity necessitate toleration ?

"The greatest good of the greatest number," should be the motto of nations and individuals.

What is the grand ultimate of truth ?

The truth shall make you free.

EMMA R. TUTTLE.

THE VOICE OF PROGRESS.

Can ye lengthen the hours of the dying
night,

Or chain the wings of the morning light ?

Can ye seal the springs of the ocean deep,

Or bind the thunders in silent sleep ?

The sun that rises, the seas that flow,

The thunders of heaven, all answer,

No !

Can ye drive young Spring from the
blossomed earth,

The earthquake still in its awful birth ?

Will the hand on Time's dial backward
flee,

Or the pulse of the universe pause for
thee ?

The shaken mountains, the flowers
that blow,

The pulse of the Universe, answer,

No !

Can ye burn a truth in the martyr's fire,

Or chain a thought in the dungeon dire ?

Or stay the soul when it soars away,
In glorious life from the mouldering
clay ?

The truth that liveth, the thoughts
that grow,

The spirit ascending, all answer, No !

O priest! O despot! your doom they speak!
For God is mighty, as ye are weak.

Your night and your Winter from earth
must roll,

Your chains must melt from the limb
and soul.

Ye have brought us wrong, ye have
brought us woe:

Shall ye triumph much longer? we
answer, No !

Ye have builded your temple with gems
impearled;

On the broken heart of a famished world.

Ye have crushed its heroes in desert
graves.

Ye have made its children a race of
slaves.

O'er the future age shall the ruin go?
We gather against ye, and answer, No !

Ye laugh in scorn from your shrines and
towers;

But weak are ye, for the truth is ours.

In arms, in gold, and in pride ye move;
But we are stronger, *our strength is love.*

Can truth be slain with a curse or
blow ?

The beautiful heavens, they answer,
No !

The wintry night of the world is past,
The day of humanity dawns at last;
The veil is rent from the soul's calm eyes,
And prophets and heroes and seers arise.

Their words and deeds like the thunder go:

Can ye stifle their voices? they answer, No.

It is God who speaks in their words of might?

It is God who acts in their deeds of right
Lo! Eden waits, like a radiant bride!
Humanity springeth close to her side.

Can ye sever the twain who to oneness flow?

The voice of Divinity answers, No.

No. 3—INVOCATION TO THE ANGELS.

O Angel of Love!

Dwell in our bosom as the dove of innocence.

O Angel of Wisdom!

Enlighten our understandings with the beauties thou dost unfold from spiritual affections.

O Angel of Justice!

Balance our forces of character to equalize the blessings of life.

O Angel of Truth!

Free us from false tradition and habits, and sit as a serene judge in the chambers of a clear conscience.

O Angel of Modesty!

Lead us as children, that we may cultivate the flowers of simplicity.

O Angel of Mercy!

Teach us charity and forgiveness, and breathe on us the heavenly spirit of sympathy for the suffering.

O Angel of the pure in heart!

Hallow all our loves to holiness.

O Angel of Harmony.

We pray for rest of soul, for thy philanthropy, and the heaven of universal peace.

O Angel of Virtue!

Chasten every affection of our being to love as you love the beautiful, the good, and the true.

J. O. BARRETT.

HAND IN HAND WITH ANGELS.

Hand in hand with angels, through the world we go;

Brighter eyes are o'er us than we blind ones know;

Tender voices cheer us than we deaf will own;

Never, walking heavenward, can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels; some are out of sight,

Leading us unknowing into paths of light;

Some soft hands are covered from our mortal clasp,

Soul in soul, to hold us with a firmer grasp.

Hand in hand with angels, walking every day,

How the chain may brighten none of us can say

Yet it doubtless reaches from earth's lowest one,

To the loftiest seraph standing near the throne.

Hand in hand with angels, ever let us go;

Clinging to the strong ones, drawing up the slow,—

One electric love-chord, thrilling all with fire,—

Soar we through vast ages, higher—ever higher.

MRS. L. LARCOM.

No. 4—*THE INNER JUDGE.**Conductor.*—Preserve thyself.

“ Develop thyself.

“ Know thyself.

“ Instruct thyself.

“ Affirm thyself.

Members.—Purify thyself

“ Deny thyself.

“ Moderate thyself.

“ Celebrate thyself.

“ Harmonize thyself.

The great Judge of the world is inherent Justice.

The Supreme pierces into the recesses of the heart, as light penetrates into a dark room. We must endeavor to be in harmony with this light, like a musical instrument perfectly attuned.

CONFUCIUS.

Behold a part of God himself within thee! Remember thine own dignity, nor dare descend to evil or meanness.

BRAHIMIC.

SPEAK THY THOUGHT.

Shame upon thee, craven spirit!

Is it manly, just, or brave,

If a truth have shone within thee,

To conceal the light it gave?

Captive of the world's opinion—

Free to speak, but yet a slave?

All conviction should be valiant

Tell thy truth, if truth it be;

Never seek to stem its current—

Thoughts, like rivers, find the sea;

It will fit the widening circle

Of eternal verity.

Speak thy thought, it thou believe it,

Let it jostle whom it may,

E'en although the foolish scorn it,

Or the obstinate gainsay—

Every seed that grows to-morrow

Lies beneath the clod to-day.

If our sires, the noble-hearted

Pioneers of things to come,

Had, like thee, been weak and timid,

Traitors to themselves, and dumb,

Where would be our present knowledge?

Where the hoped millennium?

Where would be triumphant science,

Searching with far-reaching eyes,

Through the infinite creation

• For the soul that underlies—

Soul of beauty, soul of goodness,

Wisdom of the earth and skies.

Where would be all great inventions,

Each from by-gone fancies born,

Issued first in doubt and darkness,

Launched 'mid apathy and scorn;

How should noontide ever light us

But for dawns of the morn?

Where would be our free opinion?

Where the right to speak at all,

If our sires, like thee, mistrustful,

Had been deaf to duty's call,

And concealed the thoughts within them,

Lying down for fear to fall?

Though an honest thought outspoken

Lead thee into chains and death;

What is life compared to virtue?

Shalt thou not survive thy breath?

Hark! The future age invites thee!

Listen, trembler, what it saith!

It demands thy thought in justice,

Debt, not tribute of the free;

Have not ages, long departed,

Groaned and toiled and bled for thee?

If the past have lent thee wisdom,

Pay it to futurity.

No. 5—*ESTEEM THYSELF.*

What should be the first ambition of everyone?

To command his own esteem. One can not retain the esteem of others who is not worthy of his own.

Is self-esteem vanity?

No. It is the consciousness of having lived rightly.

Can we esteem ourselves when we cheat and deceive our fellow beings?

No. We feel that we do not deserve trust. We grow weak, faltering, and unsafe.

How can we best gain our own esteem?

By being honest in our dealings, truthful in the utterance of our opinions, brave in vindicating them when assailed, and courageous in living them, always testing their merits by their results. EMMA R. TUTTLE.

WHEN THIS OLD EARTH IS RIGHTED.

I searched the volume of my heart,
I spread its purple lids apart,
Its leaves with inspiration's art,
And prophecy indited.
Entranced with trope and mystic rhyme,
I caught the symphony sublime,
The prelude of the coming time:
I saw the old Earth righted.

Thou shalt lay cross and burden down,
Humanity, and take thy crown,
The bride of Heaven in lily gown,
With every wrong requited;
Enthroned for thy achievement vast,
With each ideal of the past
One grand reality at last,
When this old Earth is righted.

And nations shall not then, as now,
The cause of righteousness avow,
With "ego" written on the brow;
But each to each united
Shall wear the badge of sacrifice,
And drop the hypocrite's disguise,
And face high Heaven with honest eyes,
When this old Earth is righted.

No more before Redemption's gate,
Stumbling at prejudice and hate,
Humanity shall hesitate,
To Liberty half plighted;
For truths that loosely lie apart

Shall be iawrought into the heart
By reason's skill and wisdom's art,
When the old Earth is righted.

And Freedom's march no more shall
pause
At God Almighty's broken laws.
The full requirements of her cause
Shall nevermore be slighted;
Nor civic strategy elude
Equality and brotherhood;
And Justice shall pronounce it good
When this old Earth is righted.

And woman's life no more shall be
The playground of hypocrisy,
But earnest, natural, and free:
And love shall stay unfrighted,
And reign in sacred, sweet content,
And offer service reverent;
For marriage shall be sacrament
When this old Earth is righted.

Then urge thy tardy courser, Time!
We watch to hail the blessed prime,
We listen for the morning chime
That heralds the long-plighted:
Humanity and the Divine
Shall wed at Nature's sacred shrine,
Completing Infinite design,
When this old Earth is righted.

AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

No. 6—THE KINGDOM OF NATURE.

What is the lowest kingdom in nature?

The mineral.

What is the name of that kingdom immediately above the mineral?

The vegetable.

What is next above the vegetable?

The animal.

What above the animal?

The human.

What rises above the human, the highest and most glorious of all?

The spiritual.

What do you mean by the mineral kingdom?

The base of the grand pyramid of existence.

What do you mean by the vegetable kingdom?

The first step of this pyramid, wrought by the action of living forces.
What do you mean by the animal kingdom?

The second step, including the vast domain from the beginning of sentient life to the bounds of the human.

What do you mean by the human kingdom?

The third step, on which man stands alone, as the representative of developed reason and intellect, and prophecy of immortality.

What do you mean by the spiritual kingdom?

The infinite apex, the crowning glory of Life's grand pyramid; the region of infinite force, and the destination of all progress.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

VOICES.

Heir of an infinite privilege, with earnest zeal I wrought,	And my soul sank down a moment, bewildered with a doubt,
And gathered the true and the beautiful to the glowing forge of thought.	And the phantom of Misgiving was brooding round about.
And there in the vital furnace heat, full patiently and long,	But the heavens, that loved my loyalty, unsealed my ear again;
I changed my wealth, in a human way, to deed and simple song.	And I heard the sound of voices, soft and low as summer rain.
And there came a voice from the world without—oh! very sweet with praise	A voice through all the emerald spires where meadow-grasses grow,
And the waft that bore it seemed the breath of freshly woven bays.	A colloquy between the leaves where summer roses blow.
And my soul was glad for a moment, in that little breeze of fame,	A voice from the fairy chamber, behind the sea-shell's lip,
Though a shadow darkened the purity of the living central flame;	And a whisper among the mosses where woodland rivulets slip.
But the heaven, that loved my loyalty, encompassed me around,	A voice from the swaying lilies among the river reeds,
Till my spirit ear was opened, and I heard the wondrous sound	An oracle faintly sighing up from the root to the golden seeds.
Of far majestic voices behind the sunset bars,	A voice that the swinging butterfly folds under its downy wings,
And sweet and mighty utterances between the solemn stars;	And a low, miraculous murmur from the soul of creeping things.
Till, awed to a nobler faithfulness, and humbled very low,	And the prophecy of the joint refrain, the theme of the tiny whole,
I wrought again at the forge of thought, since God would have it so.	Was a hint of the infinite value of the earnest human soul.
Yet howe'er weak or imperfect the deed and the rhythmic song,	Then, saved by the mystic murmurings from over-pride or shame,
I crowned for aye the eternal Right, and branded the ancient Wrong.	I wrought again, in my simple way, secure from praise or blame.
And lo, a voice from the world again! and oh! it was dread with blame:	And between the voices far and high, and whisperings near and low,
The waft that bore it like a breath from poisonous ivy came.	I live for the true and the beautiful, for God would have it so.

AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

No. 7—THE THREE RULES.

What is the lowest rule of human conduct?

The Iron Rule.

What is the next higher rule?

The Silver Rule.

What is the highest rule of human conduct?

The Golden Rule.

What is the Iron Rule?

Evil for evil.

What is the Silver Rule?

Good for good,

What is the Golden Rule?

Good for evil.

Why do you consider the Iron Rule the lowest?

Because it is the expression of the animal faculties of the mind, and the law of brutes and savages.

Why is the Silver Rule better?

Because it is the Golden Rule half expressed.

Why is the Golden Rule the highest and the best?

Because it is the essence of our spiritual preception of right; and, flowing from the highest faculties of our nature, must be the best guide in the conduct of life.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

Hope on, hope ever: though to-day be dark,

The sweet sunburst may smile on thee to-morrow;

Though thou art lonely, there's an eye will mark

Thy loneliness, and guerdon all thy sorrow.

Though thou must toil 'mong cold and sordid men,

With none to echo back thy thought or love thee.

Cheer up, poor heart, thou dost not beat in vain,

For God is over all, and heaven above thee:

Hope on, hope ever.

I know 'tis hard to bear the sneer and taunt,

With the heart's honest pride at mid-night wrestle;

To feel the killing canker-worm of want, While rich rogues in their stolen

luxury nestle;

For I have felt it: yet from earth's cold real

My soul looks out on coming things and cheerful,

The warm sunrise floods all the land ideal;

And still it whispers to the worn and tearful,

Hope on, hope ever.

Hope on, hope ever: after darkest night,

Comes, full of loving life, the laughing morning.

Hope on, hope ever: Spring-tide, flushed with light,

Aye crowns old Winter with her rich adorning.

Hope on, hope ever; yet the time shall come

When man to man shall be a friend and brother,

And this old world shall be a happy home,

And all Earth's family love one another.

Hope on, hope ever.

GERALD MASSEY.

No. 8—*THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.*

Answer, O soul! What is the sweetest and best of all things?
Love.

What is the worst?

Cruelty.

Answer, O soul! What is the noblest of all things?

To do our duty.

What is the basest?

To be treacherous towards others.

Answer, O soul! What is the grandest of all things?

The Divine mind.

What is the meanest?

An envious disposition.

Answer, O soul! What is the purest of all things?

Charity.

What is the foulest?

A slanderous tongue.

Answer, O soul! What is the most beautiful of all things?

A good life.

What is the ugliest?

A deformed spirit.

Answer, O soul! What is the wisest of all things?

Adherence to truth.

What is the most foolish?

Vanity.

Answer, O soul! What is the rarest of all things?

A mind which is purely self-sustaining.

What is the most pleasing of all things?

A contemplation of all God's excellencies.

What is the most distressing?

The contemplation of Vice and her attendant evils. MRS. LEDSHAM.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand-fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share his joys with a genial glow;
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble
sphere;

Doubly blest with content and health,
Untried by the lust of cares or wealth;
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot.
For mind and morals, in Nature's plan,
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slum-
bers deep.

Bring sleeping draught to the downy bed
Where luxury pillows his aching head:
His simple opiate labor deems
A short road into the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come,—
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother or sister or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or
sold

And centre there, are better than gold,

No. 9—MATTER AND SPIRIT.

What are the two great divisions of nature ?

Matter and spirit.

What is matter ?

The material of which every thing is made.

What is spirit ?

It is a pure and eternal force.

Of what is matter composed ?

Atoms.

What is an atom ?

It is the indivisible center from which force emanates ?

What are the three states of matter ?

Solid, liquid, and gaseous.

How do we learn the qualities of matter ?

By means of its emanating force or spirit.

Do we know anything of matter except by means of its forces ?

It is unseen, unfelt, and unknown.

Will you illustrate this grand truth ?

As we learn of the sun by means of its light, heat, and gravitation, so do we learn of the atom by its attraction, methods of combination, and other qualities. When we come in contact with a solid, it is not the atom we touch, we only touch the sphere of its emanating force.

What is the relation between matter and force ?

They are inseparable, co-existent, and co-eternal. HUDSON TUTTLE.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

There's a Beautiful Land by the spoiler
untrod,

Unpolluted by sorrow or care :

It is lighted alone by the presence of
God,

Whose throne and whose temple are
there ;

Its crystalline streams with a murmur-
ous flow.

Meander through valleys of green,
And its mountains of jasper are bright
in the glow

Of a splendor no mortal hath seen.

And throngs of glad singers, with jubi-
lant breath,

Make the air with their melodies rife ;
And one known on earth as the Angel of
Death,

Shines here as the Angel of Life !
And infinite tenderness beams from His
eyes,

On His brow is an infinite calm,
And His voice, as it thrills through the
depth of the skies,

Is as sweet as the Seraphim's psalm.

Through the amaranth groves of a
Beautiful Land

Walk the Souls who were faithful in
this ;

And their foreheads, star-crowned, by
the zephyrs are fanned

That evermore murmur of bliss ;

They taste the rich fruitage that hangs
from the trees,

And breathe the sweet odor of flowers.

More fragrant than ever were kissed by
the breeze

In Araby's loveliest bowers.

Old Prophets, whose words were a spirit
of flame,

Blazing out o'er the darkness of time ;

And martyrs, whose courage no torture
could tame,

Nor turn from their purpose sublime ;

And saints and confessors, a numberless
throng,

Who were loyal to truth and to right,

And left as they walked through the
darkness of Wrong,

Their foot-prints encircled with light.

<p>And the dear little children who went to their rest Ere their lives had been sullied by sin, While the Angel of Morning still tarried a guest, Their spirits pure temple within— All are there, all are there—in the Beau- tiful Land, The Land by the spoiler untrod, And their foreheads, star-crowned, by the breezes are fanned That blow from the Gardens of God.</p>	<p>My soul hath looked in through the gateway of dreams On the city all paved with gold, And heard the sweet flow of its murmur- ous streams, As through the green valleys they rolled: And though it still waits on this deso- late strand, A pilgrim and stranger on earth, Yet it knew, in that glimpse of the Beautiful Land, That it gazed on the home of its birth.</p>
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No. 10—*THE UNITY AND ETERNITY OF LABOR.*

What a glorious thing is human life!
How glorious man's destiny!
We behold all around us one vast union.
No man can labor for himself,
Without laboring at the same time for all others.
This truth becomes an inward benediction, lifting the soul mightily up-
ward.
The feeling of our dignity and power grows strong when we say:
Being is not objectless and vain; we all are necessary links in the great
chain which reaches forward into eternity.
All the great, and wise, and good, whose names we read in the world's
history, have labored for us.
We have entered into their harvest.
We tread in their footsteps from which blessings grow.
We can undertake the sublime task which they once undertook.
We can try to make our common brotherhood wiser and happier.
We can build forward where they were forced to leave off,
And bring nearer to perfection the great edifice which they left un-
completed.
And at length we, too, must leave it and go hence.
Oh! this is the sublimest thought of all.
We can never finish the noble task of life.
We can never cease to work; we can never cease to be.
What men call death cannot break off this task, which is never-ending.
No period is set to our being; we are eternal.
We lift our heads boldly to the threatening mountain-peaks, and to the
roaring cataract, and to the storm-clouds swimming in the fire-sea over-
head, and say,
We are eternal, and defy your power. Break, break over us!
And thou Earth, and thou Heaven,
Mingle in the wild tumult!
And, ye Elements, foam and rage and destroy these atoms of dust,—
These bodies we call ours!
Spirit, with its fixed purpose, shall hover brave and triumphant over
the ruins of the universe. For it is eternal. LONGFELLOW.

HONOR TO OUR WORKMEN.

Whom shall we call our heroes;
 To whom our praises sing?
 The pampered child of fortune;
 The titled lord or king?
 They live by other's labor—
 Take all and nothing give;
 The noblest types of manhood
 Are they who work to live.

Then honor to our workmen,
 Our hardy sons of toil—
 The heroes of the workshop,
 And monarchs of the soil.

Who spans the earth with iron,
 And rears the palace dome?
 Who creates for the rich man
 The comforts of his home?
 It is the patient toiler—
 All honor to him, then!
 The true wealth of the nation
 Is in her workingmen.

For many barren ages
 Earth hid her treasures deep;
 And all her giant forces
 Seemed bound as in a sleep;

Then Labor's "anvil chorus"
 Broke on the startled air,
 And lo! the earth in rapture,
 Laid all her riches bare.

'Tis toil that over nature
 Gives man his proud control;
 And purifies and hallows
 The temples of his soul.
 It scatters foul diseases,
 With all the ghastly train;
 Puts iron in the muscle,
 And crystal in the brain!

The Grand, Almighty Builder,
 Who fashioned out the earth,
 Hath stamped his seal of honor
 On labor from her birth.
 In every angel flower,
 That blossoms from the sod,
 Behold the master touches,
 The handiwork of God!

Then honor to our workmen,
 Our hardy sons of toil—
 The heroes of the workshop
 And monarchs of the soil!

No. 11—THE RELIGION OF HEALTH.

What is our baptism?
 Frequent ablutions in pure water.
 What is our eucharist?
 Nutritious food and cold water.
 What is our inspiration?
 Plenty of sunlight and fresh air.
 What is our prayer?
 Abundant exercise.
 What is our pledge of holiness?
 Personal cleanliness.
 What is our "love-feast"?
 A clear conscience and sound sleep.
 What is our bond of fellowship?
 Sweet affections and harmonious social relations.

J. O. BARRETT.

SONG FOR THINKERS.

Take the spade of Perseverance,
 Dig the field of progress wide;
 Every rotten root of faction
 Hurry out, and cast aside;
 Every stubborn weed of Error,
 Every seed that hurts the soil,
 Tares, whose very growth is terror—
 Dig them out, what'er the toil!

Give the stream of Education
 Broader channel, bolder force;
 Hurl the stones of persecution
 Out where'er they block its course;
 Seek for strength in self-exertion;
 Work, and still have faith to wait;
 Close the crooked gate to fortune;
 Make the road to honor *straight*.

Men are agents for the Future!
 As they work so ages win
 Either harvest of advancement,
 Or the product of their sin!
 Follow out true cultivation,
 Widen Education's plan;
 From the majesty of Nature
 Teach the majesty of Man

Take the spade of Perseverance,
 Dig the field of Progress wide;
 Every bar to true instruction
 Carry out and cast aside;
 Feed the plant whose fruit is Wisdom
 Cleanse from crime the common sod;
 So that from the throne of Heaven
 It may bear the glance of God.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

No. 12—*THE MEANS AND ENDS OF SOCIAL ENDEAVOR*

Con.—What are the great means of social endeavor?

All.—Unbounded enquiry. Unchallenged rights of conscience. Universal education—including knowledge of the physical body.

Con.—Universal extinction of the doctrine of fear by that of love.

Rt. Div.—Universal and reasonable employment.

Lt. Div.—Universal leisure.

Con.—What are its ends?

Rt. Div.—Universal healthy enjoyment of all the faculties, bodily and mental.

Lt. Div.—Universal love of the beautiful.

All.—Universal brotherhood. Universal knowledge of Immortality. Universal trust in the goodness and all-reconciling futurities of God.

TRUST TO THE FUTURE.

Trust to the Future. Though, gloomy
 and cheerless,
 Prowls the dark Past like a shade at
 thy back,
 Look not behind thee; be hopeful and
 fearless;
 Steer for the right way, and keep to
 the track.
 Fling off despair, it hath strength like a
 giant;
 Shoulder thy purpose, and, boldly de-
 fiant,
 Save to the Right, stand unmoved and
 unpliant.
 Faith and God's promise the brave
 never lack.

Trust to the Future. The present may
 fright thee,
 Scowling so fearfully close at thy side;
 Face it unmoved, and no present can
 blight thee;
 He who stands boldly each blast shall
 abide.

Never a storm but the tainted air needs it,
 Never a storm but the sunshine succeeds
 it;

Each has a lesson; and he alone reads it—
 Rightly, who takes it and makes it his
 guide.

Trust to the Future: it stands like an
 angel,
 Waiting to lead thee, to bless, and to
 cheer;
 Singing of hope like some blessed evan-
 gel,
 Luring thee on to a brighter career.
 Why should the past or the present
 oppress thee?
 Stamp on their coils; for with arms to
 caress thee,
 See, the great Future stands yearning to
 bless thee;
 Press boldly forward, nor yield to a
 fear.

Trust to the Future: it will not deceive
 thee,
 So thou but meet it with brave heart
 and strong.
 Now begin living anew, and, believe me,
 Gladness and triumph will follow ere
 long.
 Never a night but there cometh a mor-
 row;
 Never a grief but the hopeful will borrow
 Something of gladness to lighten the
 sorrow:
 Life unto such is a conqueror's song.

No. 13—PUBLIC DUTIES.

Con.—Public and private duty is in the end the same; what we owe to ourselves we owe to our neighbor.

Leaders—What we owe to our neighbor we owe to the whole world.

All.—This is the circle of humanity.

Con.—Every man is bound to have a general knowledge of the institutions under which he lives.

Leaders—Of the existing state of the world, and of the progress which it has made.

Chil.—He is bound to encourage the progress of knowledge and education.

Con.—To enquire calmly and without interruption to reasonable business, what are the remedies for war, for poverty, for vice, and for all other great mistakes and imperfections.

Chil.—To take care, as far as in him lies, that society is so much the better and wiser for his being a member of it.

LEIGH HUNT:

UNITED WORK.

Come forth from the valley, come forth from the hill,	Come youths in your vigor, come men in your prime,
Come forth from the workshop, the mine, and the mill,	Come age with experience, fresh gath- ered from time;
From pleasure or slumber, from study or play	Come workers, you're welcome, come thinkers, you must,
Come forth in your myriads and aid us to-day;	Come thick as the clouds of the mid- summer dust,
There's a word to be spoken, a deed to be done,	Or the waves of the sea, gleaming bright in the sun.—
A truth to be uttered, a cause to be won,—	There's a truth to be told, and a cause to be won,
Come forth in your myriads, come forth every one!	Come forth in your myriads, come forth every one! CHARLES MACKAY.

No. 14—LIBERTY, EQUALITY, AND FRATERNITY.

What is the law of Liberty?

The right of every man to act as he pleases, providing that he infringes not upon the equal rights of all other men.

What is the law of Mental Freedom?

Tolerance. The right of every mind to think and judge for itself upon all matters of belief and opinion.

What is the law of Equality?

That to all the same opportunities of obtaining knowledge and power shall be thrown open unreservedly.

What is the law of Fraternity?

That every man is bound to assist his comrades, and to work with them as a brother, instead of against them as an enemy, making love the guide as well as the crown of human achievements.

What is the basis of these laws?

Conscience and Justice, the common conscience of mankind.

What is the completion of the law of Liberty as taught by conscience?
That of Duty, which imperatively demands of each, subserviency to right, fulfilment of obligations, and earnest activity in doing good.

What is the completion of the law of Equality?

That of Individuality, which discovers to us that absolute equality or similarity of natural gifts is unknown, and that therefore we must allow for differences and degrees.

What is the completion of Fraternity?

That of Wisdom, which demands the due development of each along with that of the whole, and recognizes itself as a component unit of the humanity which it is its life-purpose to exalt.

How, then, shall the World be made a Heaven?

The power is within us. Justice and Tolerance, Liberty and Duty, Equality and Individuality, Fraternity and Wisdom, are the angels of our deliverance.

But the beginning and the end of all is love.

A. D.

ONWARD.

Onward still, the fiends of terror
Never more by force or error

Can the thinker's thought subdue;

Dear to us the hero-sages

Of the pious, priestly ages

Whom the fierce fanatics slew.

Dead? They are not dead! their teaching,
Through the long, dark centuries reach-
ing,

Throbs in countless hearts to-day:

Not one word for freedom spoken,

Not one limb for freedom broken,

Has been wholly cast away.

See! in the enlightened nations,
Shaken to their deep foundations,

Venerable temples reel;

Superstition, wounded, wailing,

Angry-mouthed, but unavailing,

Howls to Heaven her last appeal.

Forward! then, 'tis shameful treason

In this glorious age of reason

To disguise one's honest thought;

None but dupes and cowards falter

To disown each ghostly altar

Where the ancient lie is taught.

Ours the age of science, splendid

Are her triumphs, with them blended

Truths that zone the world with light;

Ours an age of song more truthful

Than the old-time Muses youthful

Poured from their Olympian height.

Long have slept the gods they flattered,

Long ago their altars scattered,

Vanished from the midst of men;

Other gods have followed, follow,

Prayer and praise grow faint and hollow,

Can dead faiths come forth again?

Ours the age of Freedom, striding

O'er the earth no more abiding

On bleak mountain tops, secluded;

Where she passeth tyrants tremble,

Priest and king their craft dissemble,

Theirs the spoils of souls deluded.

Onward! be our motto ever

Striving with a wise endeavor

Higher, higher still to rise;

Striving to uplift and gladden

Hearts that grim beliefs but sadden,

So shall spread the truths we prize.

No. 15—DEATH.

What is Death?

A condition of life consequent upon its fuller unfoldment.

What is the law of Life?

Eternal Progression.

Whence and whither?

From imperfection towards perfection.

By what means?

The expansion of sympathy, the acquisition of knowledge, and thus the increase of power.

What do we leave at Death?

The physical body, and all pertaining only to it.

What do we retain?

The character and intelligence fashioned on earth, still pursuing its development.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

Why shouldst thou fear the beautiful
angel, Death,

Who 'waits thee at the portals of the
skies?

Ready to kiss away thy struggling
breath;

Ready with gentle hands to close
thine eyes.

How many a tranquil soul has passed
away,

Fled gladly from fierce pain and
pleasures dim,

To the eternal splendor of the day;
And many a troubled heart still calls
for him.

Spirits too tender for the battle here,
Have turned from life, its hopes, its
fears, its charms;

And children, shuddering at a world so
drear,

Have, smiling, passed away into his
arms.

He whom thou fearest will, to ease its
pain,

Lay his cold hand upon thy aching
heart;

Will soothe the terrors of thy troubled
brain,

And bid the shadow of earth's grief
depart.

He will give back what neither time,
nor might,

Nor passionate prayer, nor longing
hope restore;—

Dear as to long-blind eyes recovered
sight,—

He will give back those who are gone
before.

Oh, what were life, if life were all?
Thine eyes

Are blinded by their tears, or thou
wouldst see

Thy treasures wait thee in the far-off
skies,

And Death, thy friend, will give them
all to thee.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

No. 16—WISDOM.

What is wisdom?

To judge liberally, to think purely, and to love thy neighbor.

Who gains wisdom?

He who is willing to receive instruction from all sources.

Who is the mighty man?

He who subdueth his temper.

Who is rich?

He who is content with his lot.

Who is deserving of honor?

He who honoreth mankind.

Study is more than sacrifice.

Charity is greater than all.

THE TALMUD.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

<p>I count this thing to be grandly true: That a noble deed is a step toward God, Lifting the soul from its common clod To a purer air and a broader view.</p> <p>We rise by the things that are under our feet— By what we have mastered of good or gain, By the pride deposed and the passion slain, And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.</p> <p>We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray, And we think that we mount the air on wings,</p>	<p>Beyond the recall of sensual things, While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.</p> <p>Only in dreams is a ladder thrown From the weary earth to the sapphire walls; But the dreams depart and the vision falls, And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.</p> <p>Heaven is not reached at a single bound; But we build the ladder by which we rise From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies, And we mount to its summit round by round. H. W. LONGFELLOW.</p>
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No. 17—MAN.

The world is sustained by four things only.

The learning of the wise.

The justice of the great.

The prayers of the good.

The valor of the brave.

THE KORAN.

The best preacher is the heart.

The best teacher is time.

The best book is the world.

The best friend is God.

THE TALMUD.

What a piece of work is man!

How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties!

In form and moving how express and admirable!

In action how like an angel!

In apprehension how like a God!

SHAKESPEARE.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

<p>There lives a voice within me, a guest- angel of my heart, And its sweet lisps win me till the tears atrembling start.</p> <p>Up evermore it springeth, like some magic melody, And evermore it singeth this sweet song of songs to me;</p> <p>This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;</p> <p>And if we did our duty, it might be full of love.</p> <p>If faith, and hope, and kindness passed, as coin, 'twixt heart and heart,</p>	<p>How through the eyes' tear-blindness should the sudden soul upstart!</p> <p>The dreary, dim, and desolate should wear a sunny bloom, And love should spring from buried hate like flowers from winter's tomb.</p> <p>This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;</p> <p>And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.</p> <p>With truth our uttered language, angels might talk with men, And God-illuminated, earth should see the golden age again;</p>
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<p>The burthened heart should soar in mirth, like morn's young prophet lark, And misery's last tear wept on earth quench hell's last cunning spark. The world is full of beauty, as other worlds above; And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love. The leaf tongues of the forest, and the flower-lips of the sod,</p>	<p>The happy birds that hymn their rap- tures in the ear of God, The summer wind that bringeth music over land and sea. Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song of songs to me:— This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above; And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love. GERALD MASSEY.</p>
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No. 18—PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

Con.—Consider thou who art a parent the importance of thy trust.

All.—A wicked child is an enduring reproach.

Con.—The soil is thine own, let it not want cultivation, the seed
which thou sowest, that also shalt thou reap.

All.—Reverence the virtues of thy children, remembering that they
are now immortal souls.

Con.—Teach them obedience.

All.—And they shall bless thee.

Con.—Teach them modesty.

All.—And they shall not be ashamed.

Con.—Teach them gratitude.

All.—And they shall receive benefits.

Con.—Teach them charity.

All.—And they shall gain love.

Con.—Teach them temperance.

All.—And they shall have health.

Con.—Teach them prudence.

All.—And fortune shall attend them.

Con.—Teach them sincerity.

All.—And they shall be strong.

Con.—Teach them justice.

All.—And the world shall honor them.

Con.—Teach them diligence.

All.—And their wealth shall increase.

Con.—Teach them benevolence.

All.—And their minds shall be exalted.

Con.—Teach them science.

All.—And their lives shall be useful.

Con.—Teach them religion.

All.—And their death shall be happy.

Con.—The piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia.

Rt. Div.—Children! honor your parents.

Lt. Div.—Love and serve them.

BRAHMANIC.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

As we speed out of youth's sunny station
 The track seems to shine in the light,
 But it suddenly shoots over chasms
 Or sinks into tunnels of night.

And the hearts that were brave in the morning
 Are filled with repining and fears

As they pause at the City of Sorrow
 Or pass through the Valley of Tears.

But the road of this perilous journey
 The hand of the Master has made;
 With all its discomforts and dangers,
 We need not be sad or afraid.

Paths leading from light into darkness
 Paths plunging from gloom to despair,
 Wind out through the tunnels of midnight
 To fields that are blooming and fair.

Tho' the rocks and the shadows surround us,
 Tho' we catch not one gleam of the day

Above us, fair cities are laughing
 And dipping white feet in some bay.
 And always, eternal, forever,
 Down over the hills in the west,

The last final end of our journey,
 There lies the Great Station o' Rest.

'Tis the Grand Central point of all railways,
 Where all our paths converge.

All roads center here when they end;
 'Tis the final resort of all tourists,
 All rival lines meet here and blend.
 All tickets, all mile-books, all passes
 If stolen, or begged for, or bought,
 On whatever road or division
 Will bring you at last to the spot.

If you pause at the City of Trouble
 Or wait in the Valley of Tears,
 Be patient, the train will move onward
 And rush down the track of the years.
 Whatever the place is you seek for,
 Whatever your aim or your quest,
 You shall come at the last with rejoicing
 To the beautiful City of Rest.

You shall store all your baggage of worries,
 You shall feel perfect peace in this realm.

You shall sail with old friends on fair waters,
 With joy and delight at the helm.

You shall wander in cool, fragrant gardens
 With those who have loved you the best,

And the hopes that were lost in life's journey
 You shall find at the City of Rest.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

No. 19—THE CONDUCT OF LIFE.

Since the days that are past are gone, and those that are to come may not find thee, it behoveth thee, O man, to employ the present.

This instant is thine, the next is in the future, and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.

Whatsoever thou resolvest to do, do it quickly; defer not till the evening what the morning may accomplish.

Idleness is the parent of want and of pain.

But the labor of virtue bringeth forth pleasure.

Endeavor to be first in thy calling, whatever it may be, neither let anyone go before thee in well-doing.

Envy not the merits of another.

But improve thy own talents.

Scorn to depress thy competitor by dishonest or unworthy methods.

Strive to raise thyself above him only by excelling him.

So shall thy contest for superiority be crowned with honor, if not with success.

Hear the words of Prudence, give heed unto her counsels, and store them in thy heart.

Her maxims are universal, and all the virtues lean upon her.
She is the guide and mistress of human life.

A noble spirit disdaineth the malice of Fortune; his greatness of soul
is not to be cast down.

His happiness dependeth not upon her smiles.

Therefore with her frowns he is not dismayed,

He meeteth the evils of life as a man goeth forth unto battle, and
returneth with victory in his hand.

His calmness and courage alleviate the weight of his misfortunes.

His constancy surmounts them.

A good death is better than an evil life; strive therefore to live as
long as thou oughtest, not as long as thou canst.

While thy life is to others worth more than thy death, it is thy duty
to preserve it.

Complain not of the shortness of thy time; remember that with thy
days thy cares are shortened.

He who gave thee life as a blessing, shortened it to make it more so.

BRAHMANIC.

WHITE SOULS—WHITE ROSES.

If half our dreams of happy days,
When once we gain Heaven's holy
highlands,

Could melt into a shining haze
To beautify earth's barren islands;

If half the lilies floating sweet
Upon the waters over yonder,
Could gladden hearts too faint to beat
With joy—were it not well, I wonder?

If loving words we think to say
In silver accents up in glory,
Were uttered by us day by day.
How liquid sweet would grow life's
story!

How many faces worn with care
Would lighten to the call of duty;
How full of music were the air.
How redolent this world of beauty!

If half the noble deeds we know
The blessed angels do above us,
Began on earth—less cold and slow
Were we to think the dear dead love
us.

We should not look for moon-like eyes,

Pearl-cold to shine in heavenward
distance;

But near and far, the bending skies
Would lighten with our friends' exist-
ence.

If half the beauty which we pray
May garment us in lands immortal,
Might bud on earth and shape the clay
We wear this side the crystal portal;
If Love, the artist most divine,
In moulding human clay to beauty,
Could overrule ambition's shrine,
And thus make loveliness a duty,—

The world would have more radiant
heads

Fit for a circlet of white roses—
Too many sleep in, on white beds
Where come no day-breaks nor day-
closes.

'Twere better that we meekly wear
The pure white flowers on forehead
holy,

Making our lives a fervent prayer,
Then don them with our grave-clothes
lowly.

E. R. T.

No. 20—REFORM.

Con.—What is a reform?

All—A re-adjustment of the conditions of life, bringing them into harmony with the higher needs and aspirations of humanity.

Con.—Are such alterations required?

Rt. Div.—They are necessary and inevitable

Lt. Div.—To all growth.

Con.—In what departments of being do they appear?

Rt. Div.—In all that relates to Man and Nature.

Lt. Div.—Progress is the sequence of reforms.

Con.—Who among mankind attain to the office of Reformers?

Rt. Div.—The wise, the just, the good, and the inspired.

Lt. Div.—All who are above or beyond their own day.

Con.—What is their reward for signal services in the cause of Right and Freedom?

Rt. Div.—On earth, persecution, neglect, and sorrow.

Lt. Div.—Beyond it, love, honor, and power.

Con.—What is reform in its highest sense?

Rt. Div.—The sign of a ceaseless aspiration.

Lt. Div.—The continual triumph of the soul.

Con.—What are Reformers in this light?

Rt. Div.—The redeemers and benefactors of mankind.

Lt. Div.—The angelic ministers of Divine Providence.

Con.—The first task of the Reformer is within himself; out of his own character he manifests his mission to the world.

A. D.

"THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT."

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-fields and glory;
If, writ in human hearts, a name
Seemed better than in song or story;
If men, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it;
If more relied
On love to guide,—
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
If Love's work had more willing hands,
To link this world with the supernal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human hearts would pour it:
If "yours" and "mine"
Would once combine
The world would be the better for it.

If more would *act* the play of Life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If Bigotry would sheath its knife
Till good became more universal;
If Custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If talent shone
In truth alone,—
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings,
To isolate their kindred feelings;
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would strike together to restore it;
If right made might
In every fight,—
The world would be the better for it.

M. H. COBB.

No. 21—*THE RELIGION OF USE.*

Con.—What is the principle of the Religion of Use?

All—That all its rites and ritual must be such as minister to the welfare of humanity.

Con.—What does consideration of the welfare of our fellows involve?

All—Care for everything developing them and the conditions amongst which they move.

Con.—What are its three planes?

Aur. Cir.—The Material.

Sun. Cir.—The Mental.

Mtn. Cir.—The Spiritual.

Con.—What are its commandments upon the Material plane?

Aur. Cir.—That every human being must be able to obtain the necessities of physical health and happiness.

Sun. Cir.—That social irregularities must be removed, and the unjust division of labor and possessions regulated.

Mtn. Cir.—That science must be cultivated to its highest pitch, in order that the severer manual and mechanical employments may be abolished.

Con.—What are its commandments upon the mental plane?

Aur. Cir.—That every restraint upon inquiry and reason must be destroyed.

Sun. Cir.—That the intellectual faculties of each be unfolded to their fullest possibility.

Mtn. Cir.—That the sphere of scientific knowledge be extended until it includes all the phenomena with which we are acquainted.

Con.—What are its commandments upon the Spiritual plane?

Aur. Cir.—That a clear and accurate understanding of the Spiritual universe be the common heritage.

Sun. Cir.—That the superior regions of thought, emotion, imagination, aspiration, and conscience be universally educated.

Mtn. Cir.—That the lives and beings of all be moulded by an ever-present consciousness of the sublime and eternal relations of God and Man.

Con.—How are those who own this Religion to worship?

Rt. Div.—By devoting themselves to become, as far as possible, its exponents.

Lt. Div.—And consecrating their lives to advance its ideal in others.

Con.—What does this Religion render sacred?

Aur. Cir.—All life.

Sun. Cir.—All thought.

Mtn. Cir.—All action,

Rt. Div.—All places.

Lt. Div.—All times.

Con.—What are its sacrifices?

Rt. Div.—The baser parts of us to become more pure.

Lt. Div.—The better parts of us to make others holy.

Con.—What is its inspiration ?

All—Love.

Con.—What are the manifestations of this spirit ?

All—Incessant effort. Neglecting nothing. From the slightest word to the most momentous deeds, directing its energies to the religious fulfilment of those duties.

Con.—What is the Gospel of this Religion ?

All—Truth.

Con.—What is its God ?

All—Goodness.

Con.—What is its Temple ?

All—The spheres of Eternal Life and Eternal Labor.

SENEX JUBILANS.

The world is growing better	Afflictions have not shrouded
Every year ;	Every year,
It throws off many a fetter	And troubles have not clouded
Every year.	Every year ;
There are many things to relish,	But hope the whole discounted,
Though the ancient things must perish,	While the former we recounted,
But the beautiful we cherish	And the latter all surmounted
Every year.	Every year.
Many changes have come o'er us,	Our weakness is more trying
Every year ;	Every year ;
Many friends have gone before us	And the days more swiftly flying
Every year ;	Every year.
Through many a strange mutation	Our faults bring deep contrition,
We have reached a higher station	Our errors admonition,
Of thought and observation	Experience its fruition,
Every year.	Every year.
We have had our slight vexations	The end of life comes nearer
Every year,	Every year ;
And our pleasing Jubilations	The friends left become dearer
Every year ;	Every year ;
There are visions to remember	And the "goal of all that's mortal!"
Of flowers in September,	Opens wider still its portal
And Christmas in December	To the lands of the immortal
Every year.	Every year.
The sun shines now as brightly	And thinner grows the curtain
Every year.	Every year,
And the snowflakes fall as lightly	That divides us from the certain
Every year,	Every year ;
As in days when we were younger,	We look forward to the morrow
And the years appeared much longer	Which shall close all earthly sorrow
To our hearts, which then felt stronger	With the calmness hope can borrow
Every year.	Every year

No. 22—SELF-ABNEGATION.

Know that the love of thyself doth hurt thee more than anything in the world.

With it, everywhere shalt thou bear a cross.

If thou seekest thine own will and pleasure, thou shalt never be quiet nor free from care, for in everything somewhat will be wanting.

Of necessity we must have patience if we would possess inward peace.

On this error, that a man inordinately loveth himself, all sorrow dependeth.

It is little we suffer, in comparison with those who have gone before.

If a man give all his substance, yet he is as nothing.

If he do great penances they are yet but little.

If he be of virtue and devotion, there is something needed.

If he attain all knowledge, he is yet far off.

One thing is yet wanting;

That having left all, he leave himself; go out of himself, and retain nothing of self-love.

Forsake thyself; resign thyself;

Then all that is immoderate, superfluous, or painful shall pass away

THOMAS à KEMPIS.

It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures.

We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being great by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world.

If we mean to act nobly, and seek to know the best, we must fix our minds on lofty ends, and not on what will happen to us because of them.

No man can be great,—he can hardly keep from being wicked—unless he gives up thinking about pleasures and rewards, and gets strength to endure what is hard and painful.

To struggle against powerful wrong; to try to raise men to the highest deeds they are capable of; this is to be great.

By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we do not quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil—widening the skirts of light, and making the struggle with darkness narrower.

GEORGE ELIOT.

I WONDER WHY.

I wonder why this world's good things,
Should fall in such unequal shares;

Why some should taste of all the joys
And others only feel the cares?

I wonder why the sunshine bright
Should fall in paths some people tread,

While others shiver in the shade
Of clouds that gather over head.

I wonder why the trees that hang
So full of luscious fruit should grow

Only where some may reach and eat,
While others faint and thirsty go!

Why should sweet flowers bloom for some

For others only thorns be found:

And some grow rich on fruitful earth,
While others till but barren ground.

I wonder why the hearts of some
O'erflow with joy and happiness,

While others go their lonely way
Unblessed with aught of tenderness!

I wonder why the eyes of some
Should ne'er be moistened with a tear,

While others weep from morn till night,
Their hearts so crushed with sorrow here.

Ah! well; we may not know, indeed,
The whys and wherefores of each life!

But this we know—there's One who sees
And watches us through joy or strife.

Each life its mission here fulfills,
And only He may know the end;

And loving Him we may be strong
Through storm or sunshine He may send.

No. 23—*THE ISLAND OF LONG AGO.*

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river of
Time,
As it runs through the realms of
years
With a faultless rhythm and a musical
rhyme,
And a broadening sweep and surge
sublime,
That blends with the ocean of tears.

How the winters are drifting the flakes
of snow,
And the summers like buds between!
And the years in the sheaf, so they come
and go
On the river's breast with its ebb and
flow,
As it glides through the shadow and
sheen.

There's a magical isle up the river of
Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical
clime,
And a song as sweet as the vesper
chime,
And the Junes with the roses are
staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long
Ago,
And we bury our treasures there:

There are brows of beauty, and bosoms
of snow;
There are heaps of dust—but we love
them so!—
There are trinkets, and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that no-
body sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp with-
out strings;
There are broken vows, and pieces of
rings,
And the garments she used to wear.

There are hands that waved when the
fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the
turbulent roar

Sweet voices we heard in the days gone
before,
When the wind down the river was
fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be the blessed
isle,
All the days of life till night:
When the evening comes with its beau-
tiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber
awhile,
May that "island of soul" be in
sight!
B. F. TAYLOR.

THE ISLAND OF BY AND BY.

A poet sang to a thrilling harp
Of the island of Long Ago;
And angels hearkened, and mortals
wept,
O'er the music's refuent flow:
Both spirits and mortals held their
breath,
The song was so sweet and low.

O poet! singing your soul away,
Your song is a sweet-breathed sigh;
But turn about while the finale flows
From your fingers, and cast your eye
Adown Time's stream: there's an island
there,—
The island of By and By,
When the clouds lift up on the foggy
stream,
And the atmosphere grows clear,
When we swiftly drift from the Long Ago,

The emerald isle so dear,
It is sweet to know, that, as one land
fades,
The other is growing near.

The Long Ago is the realm of forms
Bitterly, bitterly dead;
The hand is ice with the broken ring,
Marble the sacred head.
The harp is mist with the broken string,
Gone is the voice which led.

The Long Ago is a burial-place,
Marked by its marbles cold,
The bells which rock in the steeples gray
Are ever solemnly tolled;
There Joy hangs off like a distant star,
But Ruin and Change are bold.

But By and By is the realm of souls,
The region of fadeless blooms:

Upon the rim of its vernal shores
 Never a breaker booms;
 And never a storm-cloud in the sky,
 Pitted with darkness, looms.

When the clouds lift up and the wind is
 fair,

Look out with your soul, and see
 The silvery foliage wave and flash
 High up in the sapphire sea:

Each leaflet speaking as 'twere a
 tongue,

"Here is immortality."

You will see, maybe, in the melting air,
 The flutter of drapery,
 And Eden's blossoms flashing in hair
 Rippling all goldenly;
 And smiling lips which will never pale,
 Wailing, oh! rosily.

O Poet! you with a ring of flame
 Burning about your brow,
 Throw all the fire of your passionate
 heart

Into a new song now:
 Sing of the island of By and By,
 While angels and mortals bow.

EMMA R. TUTTLE.

No. 24—THERE'S NO DEARTH IN KINDNESS.

There's no dearth of kindness
 In this world of ours;
 Only in our blindness
 We gather thorns for flowers.
 Outward we are spurning,
 Trampling one another;
 While we are inly yearning
 At the name of "Brother."

There's no dearth of kindness
 Or love among mankind;
 But, in darkling loneliness,
 Hooded hearts grow blind.
 Full of kindness tingling,
 Soul is shut from soul,
 While they might be mingling
 In one kindred whole.

As the wild rose bloweth,
 As runs the happy river,
 Kindness freely floweth
 In the heart forever;
 But if men will hanker
 Ever for golden dust,
 Kingliest hearts will canker,
 Brightest spirits rust.

There's no dearth of kindness
 In this world of ours;
 Only in our blindness
 We gather thorns for flowers.
 Oh! cherish God's best giving,
 Falling from above;
 Life were not worth living,
 Were it not for love.

GERALD MASSEY.

PASS IT ON.

Have you had a kindness shown?
 Pass it on;

'Twas not given for you alone,
 Pass it on;

Let it travel down the years,
 Let it wipe another's tears.
 Till in heaven the deed appears—
 Pass it on.

Did you hear the loving word—
 Pass it on;

Like the singing of a bird?
 Pass it on;

Let its music live and grow,
 Let it cheer another's woe;
 You have reaped what others sow—
 Pass it on.

'Twas the sunshine of a smile—
 Pass it on;

Staying but a little while!
 Pass it on;

April beam, the little thing,
 Still it wakes the flowers of spring,
 Makes the silent birds to sing—
 Pass it on.

Have you found the heavenly light?
 Pass it on;
 Souls are groping in the night,
 Daylight gone;
 Hold that lighted lamp on high,
 Be a star in some one's sky.
 He may live who else would die—
 Pass it on.

Be not selfish in thy greed,
 Pass it on;
 Look upon thy brother's need,
 Pass it on.
 Live for self you live in vain,
 Live for Truth you live again,
 Live for Love with Love you reign—
 Pass it on.

No. 25—THE TWO MYSTERIES.

In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, a nephew of the poet. Near by it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. She looked wonderingly at the spectacle of death, and then inquiringly into the old man's face. "You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?" said he, and added, "We don't either."

We know not what it is dear,
This sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm,
The cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again,
Though we may call and call;
The strange white solitude of peace
That settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear,
This desolate heart-pain:
This dread to take our daily way,
And walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere
The loved who leave us go,
Nor why we'er left to wonder still,
Nor why we do not know.

WORDS AT PARTING.

If you were starting on a long, long journey,
And loving friends were near
To say farewell and witness your embarking.

What would you wish to hear?

Would you desire that with distracting wailings

They cling and pray you stay?

Although they knew the going and the passage

Were planned for many a day.

Would it appease the pangs of separation

If they should all declare

No draught of pleasure should by them be taken

While you were elsewhere?

But that each hour their doleful lamentations

Should sound to call you back?

They would not sing, nor laugh, nor join in joyance

But mourn, and mourn, a lack!

But this we know: Our loved and dead,
If they should come this day,
Should come and ask us, "What is life?"

Not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep
As ever death can be;
Yet, oh! how dear it is to us,
This life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones

And blessed is the thought!
"So death is sweet to us, beloved,
Though we may show you naught;
We may not to the quick reveal
The mystery of death,
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would,
The mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not
With knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go
As little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe
That God is overhead;
And as life is to the living,
So death is to the dead.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

Your soul would sink, and every day of absence,

Lie heavy on your heart;

The profit and the pleasure of the journey

Would every whit depart!

What would it count if most exquisite landscapes

Were spread before your eyes?

You could not see their beauty for a vision

Of home-hurt miseries.

The riches of the wondrous far-off country

Would be ungarnered all,

Because, forsooth, you must be so enfeebled

By self-love's hungry call.

O, how much better that the friends in waiting

Bid you God-speed, and say,

"We will avail us of the good things left us

The while you are away.

<p>“We will not, famish. Think of us as thriving, Constant in love, and true. If illness seize you, or mischance befall you, Why—we will come to you!” You could depart, Peace, like a white- robed angel, Keeping you company;</p>	<p>Calm, free, and heartsome, growing and enriching By what you hear and see. So should it be when through death’s gate of silence Those dear to us depart— Vex not their souls! Bespeak a pleasant future With great love in your heart.</p>
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E. R. T.

No. 26—DUTIES.

What are duties?

The obligation to obey the laws of our being.

How may they be divided?

Into physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual.

Name the prominent physical duties.

We should obey the laws of physical health, eat pure and appropriate food, drink pure water, breathe fresh air, take exercise and rest.

What are intellectual duties?

To cultivate the reasoning and intuitive faculties.

What are moral duties?

To respect the rights of others and hold their welfare equal to our own.

What are spiritual duties?

They are the essence of all the preceding, held in relation to man’s future existence—immortal life.

To whom do we owe our first duty?

To ourselves.

Why?

Because it is essential to our existence.

Must such duty be selfish?

No, for it is not selfish to care for ourselves, if we take from no one by so doing, and having cared for ourselves, gives us ability to care for others.

What is the next duty?

To care for those around us.

What is our duty to ourselves?

Self-reverence, control, culture.

What is our duty to others?

Justice, sympathy, charity, and love.

What is our duty as spiritual beings?

To love and cherish all things. The creative force of which is represented in the elements of our own spiritual nature.

What are these elements?

Truth, goodness, and beauty.

Where are they manifested?

In the mineral, vegetable, and animal world, and in their crowning excellence in humanity.

How shall we show our appreciation and reverence of these, and our devotion?

By seeking to understand the forces of nature, and ministering to and defending all helpless living beings.

What is an epitome of our duties?

We must be faithful to friends, dutiful to parents, gentle and kind to children, respect with charity all ages, nations, castes, and creeds; honor virtue, seek diligently after truth, and continue in right-doing without discouragement from persecution or expectation of reward.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

LABOR.

Pause not to dream of the future before us,	Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us.	Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Hark! how creation's deep musical chorus	Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us;
Unintermitting goes up into heaven.	Rest from world sirens that lure us to ill
Never the ocean wave stops in its flowing.	Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Never the little seed stops in its growing,	Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow,
More and more richly the roseheart keeps glowing	Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow!
Tell from its nourishing stem it is riven.	Work with a stout heart and resolute will.
"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;	Labor is health! Lo! the husbandman reaping,
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing.	How through his veins goes the life-current leaping!
Listen, that eloquent whisper upspringing	How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.	True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;	Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth,
From the rough sod blows the soft breathing flower;	Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth,
From the small insect the rich coral bower;	From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth,
Only <i>man</i> , in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.	Temple and statues the marble block hides.
Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth	Drop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are 'round thee,
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;	Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;	Look to yon pure heaven, smiling beyond thee;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.	Rest not content in thy darkness a clod!
Labor is glory! The flying cloud lightens;	Work for some good, be it ever so slowly,
Only the waving wind changes and brightens;	Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
<i>Idle</i> heart only the dark future frightens;	<i>Labor</i> --all labor is noble and holy;
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune!	Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

No. 27—WAIT FOR THE BUGLE.

We wait for the bugle; the night dews
 are cold,
 The limbs of the soldiers feel jaded and
 old;
 The field of our bivouac is windy and
 bare
 There is lead in our joints, there is frost
 in our hair,
 The future is veiled, and its fortunes
 unknown
 As we lie with hushed breath till the
 bugle is blown.
 At the sound of that bugle each comrade
 shall spring
 Like an arrow released from the strain
 of the string;
 The courage, the impulse of youth shall
 come back

To banish the chill of the drear bivouac,
 And sorrows and losses and cares fade
 away
 When that life-giving signal proclaims
 the new day.

Though the bivouac of age may put ice
 in our veins,
 And no fiber of steel in our sinew re-
 mains;
 Though the comrades of yesterday's
 march are not here,
 And the sunlight seems pale and the
 branches are sere.
 Though the sound of our cheering dies
 down to a moan,
 We shall find our lost youth when the
 bugle is blown.

THOS. W. HIGGINSON.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

Faster than petals fall on windy days
 From ruined roses,
 Hope after hope falls fluttering, and
 decays,
 Ere the year closes.
 For little hopes, that open but to die,
 And little pleasures,

Divide the long, sad year that labors by,
 Into short measures.

Yes, let them go! our day-lived hopes
 are not
 The life we cherish;
 Love lives, till disappointments are forgot
 And sorrows perish.

No. 28—GRADATIM.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
 But we build the ladder by which we
 rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted
 skies,
 And we mount to its summit round by
 round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
 That a noble deed is a step towards
 God,
 Lifting the soul from its common clod
 To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under
 our feet,
 By what we have mastered of good or
 gain.
 By the pride deposed and the passion
 slain,
 And the vanquished ills that we hourly
 meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we
 trust,

When the morning calls us to life and
 light,
 But our hearts grow weary, and ere
 the night
 Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we
 pray,
 And we think that we mount the air
 on wings
 Beyond the recall of sensual things,
 While our feet still cling to the heavy
 clay.

Wings for angels, but feet for men!
 We may borrow the wings to find a
 way.
 We may hope and resolve and aspire
 and pray,
 But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
 From the weary earth to the sapphire
 walls;

But the dreams depart, and the vision
falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillar of
stone.
Heaven is not reached by a single
bound,

But we build the ladder by which we
rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted
skies,
And we mount to its summit round by
round.
J. G. HOLLAND.

HEAVEN.

Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy
Beyond death's cloudy portal. [skies,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
Where love becomes immortal,—

A land whose life is never dimmed by
shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy
air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo
there
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision;

For death, the silent warder, keeps the
key
That opes the gates Elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the
western sky
A fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noise-
lessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And, while they stand a moment half
ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure gates
afar,
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
Father all-wise, eternal!
Oh! guide these wandering, wayward
feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal!

No. 29—LOOK FOR THE BEST.

When work we had need do is over
And duty finds naught to regret;
When the soul takes a rest on its jour-
ney

To gather what strength it can get,
I never have found it so helpful
To search for the faults I might see,
As to look for the blossoms of goodness
Hung thick on humanity's tree.

And so, in our viewing each other,
'Tis pleasant to look for the best;
We all have our foibles and failings,
Which need not be hunted or guessed
So long as they hide and are quiet,
Shame-faced at their visages ill;
'Tis better; we pay our attention
To praiseworthy traits, or keep still.

But when evils rise in pursuance,
Of course we shall do as we must;
Fence off, but if still they keep crowding
Remorselessly strike to the dust!
A peace which is kept by encroachment

On honor, and manhood, and truth,
If broken by honest resistance
Can never work downfall or ruth.

So, friends, though the rule I would
follow

Is "Search for the noble and true,"
If I am confronted with brigands
I deal "to the devil his due;"
But if insects too petty assail me
A smudge of burnt sugar I make,
And if that proves too mild, all the ven-
gence

In sulphur and brimstone I take.
I never turn out of my pathway
For obstacles which I can lay,
Though 'twere Pleasure in armor of
silver

Who threatened or plead in my way;
And though I meet foes on life's journey
I had not expected nor guessed,
I never lose faith in the human,
But hope on, and look for the best.

EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

IMMORTAL.

He walked the world with bended head;
 "There is no thing," he moaning said,
 "That must not some day join the dead."

He sat where rolled a river deep;
 A woman sat her down to weep;
 A child lay in her lap asleep.

The waters touched the mother's hand.
 His heart was touched. He passed
 from land,
 But left it laughing in the sand.

That one kind word, that one good deed
 Was as if you should plant a seed
 In sand along death's sable brede.

And looking from the farther shore,
 He saw, where he had sat before,
 A light that grew; grew more and more.

He saw a growing, glowing throng
 Of happy people, white and strong
 With faith, and jubilant with song.

It grew and grew, this little seed
 Of good sown in that day of need,
 Until it touched the stars indeed!

And then the old man smiling said,
 With youthful heart and lifted head,
 "No good deed ever joins the dead."

JOAQUIN MILLER.

No. 30—TO A BEREAVED ONE.

She is not dead—
 Her lovely spirit free and beautiful,
 Yet lives, unrobed in native purity,
 Reborn in heaven.

She is not lost—
 Love fleeth not when earthly fetters fall,
 But ever faithful, clingeth closer still
 Unto its own.

An angel now,
 To guard thee in the conflict of thy life,
 No longer pleading for thy firm support,
 But strong to save.

Her gentle, voice,
 In lonely watches of the silent night.
 Will breathe sweet music to thy listening
 soul,
 To calm and bliss.

Near, ever near,
 Her spirit unto thine, with holy power
 Inspiring thee to bravely, nobly bear
 Thy cross on earth.

Her lot below
 To suffer, and in meek dependence live—
 Denied the joy of home's dear ministry
 To those she loved.

But oh, how changed!
 The mortal weakness to immortal
 strength;
 The wan and faded form all glorious now,
 Divinely fair.

God's gift of love,
 His first best gift He taketh not away,
 But safe within the Father's home she
 rests
 And waits for thee.

MARY A. WHITAKER.

JUST BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Just behind the curtain,
 Hardly out of sight,
 Dwell the loving angels
 In their homes of light.
 Now and then a mortal
 Hath the power to peer
 Just behind the curtain,
 And proclaim them near.

Just behind the curtain
 Are the household bands,
 Ever reaching toward us
 Loving, helpful hands,
 Here and there a pilgrim
 Threading life's dark maze,
 For a single moment
 Can the curtain raise.

Just behind the curtain—
 Oh! the blissful words—
 Are the precious children,
 Happy singing birds;
 Now and then their warbling,
 Musical and clear,
 Penetrate the curtain,
 Fall on human ear.

Just behind the curtain,
 Would that all might see,
 Loving household angels,
 Children in their glee;
 Would their tender voices
 Musical and sweet,
 Sounding through the curtain,
 Every ear might greet.

From behind the curtain,
Doth a voice reply :
" Patient be, my sister ;
In the by and by
Shall the mystic curtain,
Which now seems a pall,
Unto those who see not
Lifted be for all."

Just behind the curtain,
None will need to say,
When the world is lighted
By the Truth's clear ray ;
Face to face beholding.
All shall angels see.
In the time on coming,
In the yet-to-be.

KATE R. STILES.

No. 31—LITTLE FOXES.

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named—By-and-by.
Then set upon him, quick I say,
The swift young hunter—Right-away.
Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox, I-can't.
Then fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave—I-can !
No-use-in-trying—lags and whines
This Fox among my tender vines.
Then drive him low, then drive him high,
With this young hunter named—I'll-try.

Among the vines in my small lot,
Creeps in the young fox—I-forgot.
Then hunt him out and to his den
With—I-will-not-forget-again !
The little fox that, hidden there,
Among my vines is—I-don't-care.
Then let I'm-sorry—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines and you.
What mischief-making foxes ! yet,
Among our vines they often get.
But, now their hunters' names you know,
Just drive them out, and keep them so.

GOOD DEEDS.

True worth is in being, not seeming ;
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good thing, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And in spite of their fancies in youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.
We get back our mete as we measure,
We can not do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and feel pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,

The bush for the robin or wren ;
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.
We can not make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets ;
And sometimes the thing our life misses
Helps more than the thing that it gets ;
For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great or of small ;
But just in doing and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

ALICE CARY.

No. 32—OUR CALENDAR OF SAINTS.

Do you believe in saints ?
Yes, many orders of saints.
What do you mean by a saint ?
One who elevates his kind by his labor and self-sacrifice.
Name some religious saints.
Buddha, Zoroaster, Jesus, and Mohammed.
For what are these canonized by their respective followers ?
For uplifting the religious consciousness of their age.
Who are among the prominent saints of philosophy ?
Plato, Aristotle, Descartes, Bacon. Kant, Spinoza, and Spencer.

Who are saints of poetry?

Homer, Sophocles, Sappho, Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare, Shelley, Tennyson, Longfellow, and Whittier.

Who are saints of art?

Phidias, Angelo, Titian.

Who are warrior saints?

Cyrus, Epaminondas, Leonidas, Tell, William the Silent, Washington, and Garibaldi.

Who are the saints of science?

Archimedes, Laplace, Newton, Priestley, Darwin, and Wallace.

Of mechanical invention?

Watt, Stephenson, Morse, Wheatley, Arkwright, and Edison.

Have the saints been martyrs?

They have sealed their mission with their blood or great self-sacrifice.

Are they many?

The truth has thousands, from Socrates to Bruno, from Galileo to Paine.

Are there no women martyrs and saints?

A great number: Aspasia, Cornelia, Hypatia, Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, and Clara Barton.

Are these all the saints?

No; they are only a few from the great host who have wrought and died for our happiness.

Is the list closed?

It increases rapidly from year to year.

What do we learn by the contemplation of these saints?

The glories of the past, the wealth of the present, and prophecy of the future.

What is their prophecy?

That it is possible for us to become like them.

What offering should we lay on the altar of our saints?

Our affection, reverence, gratitude, and well-ordered lives.

What do they bestow on us?

Light, strength, and hope.

With what do they inspire us?

To strive to attain their lofty levels.

How will they reward those who thus strive?

By their sympathy and inspiration.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

DOES DEATH END ALL?

Yes, death ends all the puny feuds of man--	To meet some feeble purpose of the heart,
The earthly fevers and the strife for gold.	Then near the end--the blood grows thin and cold,
Which make life seem as some half- finished plan.	And then the soul, grown tired of Time and Art,
And look so little when the tale is told	Half forms the wish that it might soon depart.
Men strive awhile each circumstance, to mold,	

Death ends the platform quibblings of
the weak,
Who only caper to make mankind
stare.

Scant is the meaning in the words they
speak—

More scant the judgment in the creeds
they share;

But then this land is free as God's
own air,
And men are free to institute rare
schools,

To mock morality and sneer at prayer,
To perch themselves on scientific stools,
And mete out wisdom—or be simply
fools.

Death ends all doubting, doubt belongs
to earth—

We know so little of our own estate,
We grow impatient close upon our birth;
And few there be who know 'tis well
to wait.

Such small successes make the heart
elate,
That we despise the wide, unknown
abyss

Of God's deep wisdom, measureless
and great.

Our pigmy judgment sees the world
amiss,

And charges to His name—death ends
all this!

But what of man's sublimer part, the
soul;

Hath it no longing scarcely satisfied?
Does this life seem to it a mighty whole,
Or but a wave on the eternal tide—

A stream so narrow to a sea so wide?
Ah! still to reason, when life's ending
nears,

One thought is paramount o'er all be-
side—

A wish to rise to more exalted spheres,
And progress still through everlasting
years.

Whence comes this wish? Did the
Eternal One

Furnish all things the spirit fairly
knows

With tastes fulfilled, and leave the soul
undone?

Not so, towards the sun the leaflet
grows,

While from the sun the leaflet's living
flows

Thus shall the soul, though death's dark
shadows fall,

Find what it craves where'er its es-
sence goes,

And through the tear-clouds that sur-
round the pall

Behold this legend—death does not end
all.

WILLIAM LYLE.

No. 33—'TIS BETTER TO WHISTLE THAN WHINE.

While struggling along in the journey
of life,

No matter how hardly you're pressed,
Courageously hold up your head in the
strife

As though you were coming out best.
For the world you will find has no succor
to give

To the man who will sit and repine;
And the truth of these words you will
learn, if you live,

"'Tis better to whistle than whine."

If you haven't a cent to fatten your
purse,

Don't speak to the world of your lack,
'Twill only contribute to make matters
worse,

And set trouble loose on your track.
When it comes to the worst, spend the
very last cent

As though you were lord of a mine;

Even then you will find, when the last
dime is spent,

'Tis better to whistle than whine.

If standing alone in the cause you think
right,

Don't wail in a cynical strain,

Remember the soldier, who wins in the
fight,

Ne'er stops in the fray to complain.

But bravely march forth 'neath the flag
you may choose,

And throw out a bold picket-line;

The valiant *may* win where the timid
must lose—

'Tis better to whistle than whine.

Don't measure success by the fanciful
rule

That builded your "Castles in Spain;"

Life's early ideals cast strange ridicule
On the best that the soul can attain.

And though you have failed of the coveted goal

Your fancy has pictured so fine,
Remember the struggle has strengthened the soul,
'Tis better to whistle than whine.

Then bravely toil on, though discouragements dark
With shadows encumber the way;

Keep a stiff upper lip, and pull true for the mark,

No matter what weaklings may say.
This world yields her preference to courage and might,

Just show her you've pluck and design;
She will give you a lift that will set you aright,

'Tis better to whistle than whine.

G. F. McNEAL.

No. 34—BEYOND.

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to the strange country, the Beyond;

And yet not strange—for it has grown to be

The home of those of whom I am so fond,

They make it seem familiar and most dear,

As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies that, when my sight is clear,

I think I almost see the gleaming strand;

I know I feel that those who've gone from here

Come near enough sometimes to touch my hand;

I often think but, for our veiled eyes,
We should find Heaven 'right 'round about us lies.

I can not make it seem a day to dread
When from this dear Earth I shall journey out

To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones, so long dreamed about.

I love this world; yet shall I long to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand above a bier and see
The seal of death set on some well-loved face,

But that I think, "One more to welcome [me
When I shall cross the intervening

space
Between this land and that one Over There—

One more to make the Strange Beyond seem fair."

And so for me there is no sting or death,

And so the grave has lost its victory:
It is but crossing, with abated breath,

And white, set face, a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the

shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

ELLA WHEELER.

No. 35—THE DAWN OF REDEMPTION.

See them go forth like the floods to the ocean,

Gathering might from each mountain and glen,

Wider and deeper the tide of devotion
Rolls up to God from the bosoms of men.

Hear the great multitude, mingling in chorus,

Groan as they gaze from their crimes to the sky,—

"Father, the midnight of the death gathers o'er us;

When will the dawn of redemption draw night?"

Look on us, wanderers, sinful and lowly,
Struggling with grief and temptation below;

Thine is the goodness o'er every thing holy,

Thine is the mercy to pity our woe;
Thine is the power to cleanse and restore us,

Spotless and pure as the angels on high,—

"Father, the midnight of death gathers o'er us;

When will the dawn of redemption draw night?"

Gray hair and golden youth; matron and maiden,
 Lovers of mammon and followers of fame,
 All with the same solemn burden are laden,
 Lifting their souls to that one mighty name. [us;
 Wild is the pathway that surges before
 On the broad waters the black shadows lie.
 "Father, the midnight of death gathers o'er us;
 When will the dawn of redemption draw night?"

Lo! the vast depths of Futurity's ocean
 Heave with the pulse of the Infinite breath:
 Why should we shrink at the billow's commotion?
 Angels are walking the waters of death;
 Angels are mingling with men in the chorus
 Rising like incense from earth to the sky,—
 "Father, the billows grow brighter before us:
 Heaven, with its mansions eternal, draws nigh." J. G. CLARK.

No. 36—IO VICTIS.

Ising the song of the Conquered, who fell in the battle of life—
 The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
 Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
 Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame—
 But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
 Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
 Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,
 From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day,
 With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,
 With death swooping down o'er their failures, and all but their faith overthrown.
 While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its pæon for those who have won.
 While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun,

Gay banners are waving, hands clapping and hurrying feet
 Thronging after the laurel-crowned Victors—I stand on the field of defeat
 In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen, and wounded and dying—and there
 Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
 Hold the hand that is helpless and whisper, they only the victory win,
 Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;
 Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high:
 Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be to die.
 Speak, History! Who are life's Victors, unroll thy long annals and say—
 Are they those whom the world calls the Victors, who won the success of a day?
 The Martyrs, or Nero? the Spartans who won at Thermopylæ's tryst,
 Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates? Pilate, or Christ?
 W. W. STORY.

No. 37—OVER THERE.

Oh, the spacious, grand plantation,
 Over there!
 Shining like a constellation,
 Over there!
 Holy with a consecration,
 From all tears and tribulation,

From all crime and grief and care,
 To all uses good and fair
 Over there!
 Always brooding warm and golden,
 Shines the mellow sunshine olden,
 Over there!

Never blighting shadow passes On the silken, star-eyed grasses, Waving wide their flowing hair In the clear, translucent air,	Shed their odors manifold On the palpitating air, On the flower-laden air,
Oh, the grand encamping mountains,	Over there! Oh, the royal forest growing,
Oh, the sheeny, spouting fountains.	Over there! Breath o' balsam ever flowing,
Oh, the boundless starlit arches, Where the sun in glory marches, On a road forever tending Through bright legion world unending,	Over there! Pine trees sing their reezy chime, Palm trees lift their plummy prime In the ever Eden time,
Brilliant blossoms breathe and burn,	Over there! And a passionate perfume Fills the deep delicious gloom; While through forest arcades ringing, Lustrous birds are floating, singing,
Nectar drunken droops the fern By the tulip's early urn,	Over there! No salt tears the ground are drenching,
Orange-buds and passion-flowers Lattice sweet hymeneal bowers,	Over there! Faint with toil no thin forms blenching,
All the heavenly creatures born Of the breeze, the dew, the morn, In divinst beauty grow, Drape their purple, drift their snow, Don their crimson, shen their gold,	Over there! No more lifted hands outreaching With a frantical beseeching; No more desperate endeavors; No more separating evers, No more desolating nevers,

No. 38—A POEM TRANSLATED FROM THE ARABIC.

He who died at Azim sends This to comfort all his friends, Faithful friends! It lies, I know, Pale and white, and cold as snow; And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!" Weeping at the feet and head! Yet I smile and whisper this— I am not the thing you kiss; Cease your tears and let it lie, It was mine, it is not I.	The shell is broken—it lies there, The pearl, the all, the soul, is here. 'Tis an earthen jar whose lid Allah sealed, the while it hid That treasure of the treasury, A mind that loved him—let it lie! Let the shard be earth's once more, Since the gold is in his store.
Sweet friends! what the women lave, For the last sleep of the grave, Is a hut which I am quitting— Is a garment no more fitting— Is a case from which at last, Like a bird my soul has passed, Love the inmate, not the room, The wearer, not the garb; the plume Of the eagle—not the bars That kept him from those splendid stars.	Allah glorious! Allah good! Now thy world is understood! Now the long, long wonder ends! Yet ye weep, my erring friends, While the man whom ye call dead, In unspoken bliss, instead, Lives and loves you; lost 'tis true For the light that shines for you, But, in the light ye cannot see, Of undisturbed felicity, In a perfect paradise, And a life that never dies.
Loving friends, be wise and dry Straightway every weeping eye; What ye lift upon the bier Is not worth a single tear: 'Tis an empty sea-shell—one Out of which the pearl has gone;	Farewell, friends! But not farewell! Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell. I am gone before your face, A moment's worth, a little space. When ye come where I have slept, Ye will wonder why ye wept.

Ye will know by true love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death, for death,
Now, we know is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is all of life center.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above!
Be ye stout of heart and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La-il Allah! Allah la!
O love divine! O love always!
He who died at Azim gave
This to those who made his grave.

No. 39—THEIR ANGELS.

My heart is lonely as heart can be,
And the cry of my Rachel goes up from
me
For the tender faces unforgot
Of the little children that are not,
Although, I know,
They are all in the land where I shall go.

I want them close in the dear old way;
But life goes forward and will not stay;
And He who made it has made it right;
Yet I miss my darlings out of my sight;

Although, I know,
They are all in the land where I shall go.

Only one has died. There is one small
mound

Violet-heaped, in sweet grave-ground;
Twenty years they have bloomed and
spread

Over the little baby head:

And oh! I know
She is safe in the land where I shall go.

Not dead; only grown and gone away,
The hair of my darling is turning gray
That was golden once in the days so
dear,

Many and many and many a year,
Yet I know—I know—
She's a child in the land where I shall go.

My bright, brave boy is a grave-eyed
man,

Facing the world as a worker can;
But I think of him now as I had him
then,
And I lay his cheek to my heart again,
And so, I know,
I shall have him there where we both
shall go.

Out from the Father and into life;
Back to his breast from the ended strife,
And the finished labor. I hear the word
From the lips of Him who was Child
and Lord,

And I know, that so
It shall be in the land where we shall
go.

Given back—with the gain the secret
this

Of the blessed Kingdom of Children is!
My mother's arms are waiting for me;
I shall lay my head on my father's knee;

For so, I know,
I'm a child myself where I shall go.

The world is troublous and hard and
cold,

And men and women grow gray and old;
But behind the world is an inner place,
Where yet their angels behold God's
face.

And lo! we know,
That only the children can see Him so!

No. 40—THE WORLD'S OLD SONG OF RIGHTH AND WRONG.

When man first trod the face of earth,
And brutal force the mass controlled—
Ere reason scarce had had its birth.

Or words of love had e're been told—
The rude world sang the weird-like song
Of "I am right, and you are wrong."

When tribe 'gainst tribe its force com-
bined,

And plans to subjugate were laid;
When nations formed to gather strength,

And armies in the field arrayed—
The world still sang the cheerless song,
Of "I am right, and you are wrong."

When Christ, with meekness of a child,
The Golden Rule to life applied,
By Jewish priests he was reviled.

Betrayed, mocked, scourged, and cruci-
fied—

Then sang the world the bigot's song,
"Yes! I am right, and you are wrong."

Paul, Stephen, Peter, Justin, James,
And other martyrs to their faith,
Have left behind immortal names,
But paid the forfeit by their death,
Because the world e'er sang the song,
Of "I am right, and you are wrong."

When Huss and Luther dared oppose
The edicts of the Papal See;
When Murray from the Partialists
In public dared to disagree,
Loud rang abroad the hateful song,
"Oh! we are right, and you are wrong."

Sects have increased and multiplied,
As Father Time strode on apace;
Yet every sect claims excellence,
With more intolerance than grace,
And sings unto the gathering throng,
"Come! I am right—the rest are wrong."

Though Jesus bade him without fault
To be the first to cast the stone,
And taught the code of charity—
For none are sinless—no, not one—
The world sings now as then the song,
"Yes! we are right, and you are wrong."

When first some tender hearts were moved
In pity for poor Afric's slaves,
Though all now claim a friendship true,
Derision marked those moral braves;
They heard that self-complacent song,
Of "I am right, and you are wrong."

When Galileo proved the truth,
That grand old Earth itself turned round

By dint of force did he retract,
And, silenced, yield his vantage ground.

The world sang unto him the song,
"Oh! I am right, and you are wrong."

Albeit many now have learned
That news may flash across the sea,
Just hint that souls may send us back
A message from eternity,
The world sings loud the same old song,
"Oh, I am right, and you are wrong."

Whoever dares a step to take,
Advancing to a point in front
Of science or theology,

Must stand the buffet and the brunt,
And hear that constant, dismal song
Of "we are right, and you are wrong."

Thank God! though bigots think it strange

That, ne'ertheless, earth moves along,
God speed the day when man may change

That hackneyed, Pharisaic song,
And sing a wiser, better song,
"You may be right, I may be wrong."

When Churches practice what they preach,

And preach from heaven-taught,
liberal creeds,

The recreant sinner then may feel
The vital force of Christian deeds,
And sing, in time, a better song,
"You may be right, I may be wrong"

When all shall lend a willing ear
To doctrines new and still untried,
And pause awhile, ere they condemn,
To learn the truths of either side,
Then may be heard the better song,
"You may be right, I may be wrong."

So may the Universal Church
Of brotherhood be broad and strong.

As man may frankly own to man,
"I may, as well as you, be wrong."

Come, let us start that better song,
"You may be right, I may be wrong."

JOHN J. GLOVER.

No. 41—IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

"Qui Patitur Vincit."

"Who suffers conquers. He who would attain

That perfect peace, which fears not loss nor pain,

Through calm endurance must the victory gain."

Thus said the spirit—and my soul replied—

"With bleeding feet I walk o'er paths untried.

Oh sacred Patience! with my soul abide."

Long had I watched, and anxiously had fed

The lamp of life, for one whose pathway led

Down to the land of silence and the dead.

And now, while midnight, with its
shadows, lay
Across the pathway of the coming day,
The tide of life was ebbing swift away.

I knew that Death, with eyes of tender
gloom,
Whose hand so often plucks Life's fair-
est bloom,
Watched with me in the silence of that
room.

I feared him not, he seemed so calm and
still,
For did I count it as a deadly ill,
The perfect law Death waited to fulfill.

And yet Life's mighty problems vexed
me sore,
And ever as I scanned their meaning
o'er
The darkness deepened in my soul the
more.

I thought of all that made life desolate—
Of cold suspicion, and of cruel hate,
Of hope deferred, and help that came
too late.

Of feet, drawn downward to the temp-
ter's snare,
Of lips, that quivered with a voiceless
prayer,
Of souls that sat in darkness and
despair.

Of patient brows that crowns of suffer-
ing wore,
Of sad farewells that tender heart-strings
tore,
Of sweet young faces seen on earth no
more.

And, as I deeply mused thereon, I said
"If I were God, and he were in my
stead,
I would not rest till all were comforted."

Then through the lonely places of my
soul,

A sense as of a Living Presence stole,
Strong to sustain, and tender to console.

It spoke no language, and no voice was
heard,

Yet all my soul with eager longing
stirred,

To catch the import of that living word,

And thus it spake, "Seek thou to do and
be,

Life must be lived, before the soul can
see

The meaning of the Inner Mystery."

The morning came, and also came the
end—

I saw the great white calm of Death de-
scend,

And seal with peace the forehead of my
friend.

Then o'er my soul went surging to and
fro,

A nameless longing, to more surely
know

That which my doubting heart had
questioned so.

I gently laid my hand upon that head—
White with the snows the passing years
had shed—

"Was life worth living? Oh my friend!"
I said.

And lo! as kindred souls in silence blend,
He answered, "Be thou comforted. Oh
friend,

Life is worth living. Death is not the end.

What was, and is, and evermore shall be,
Enfolds us all in its eternity,
And blest indeed are those whom Death
makes free."

My soul was satisfied, I raised my eyes,
Filled with the tears that would unbid-
den rise,

And read life's lesson in the morning
skies.

LIZZIE DOTEN.

No. 43—IN MY BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

When the shadows of night gather over
the hill,

And the stars glisten out in the skies;
When the tumult of day has grown quiet
and still,

And the pure songs of vesper arise,
I fall into slumber enchanting and
sweet,

And my soul groweth radiantly bright,
For in dreams I then wander with glad,
willing feet,

Through a land that is glowing with
light.

I hear the sweet whispers of voices now
still,

I feel the dear touch of a hand
Whose gentle caresses my spirit e'er
thrill,
For they come from a heavenly land.
I see the glad greeting of immortal eyes,
Whose love-light with brilliancy
gleams,
And I visit the friends whom in memory
I prize,
In my dreams, in my beautiful dreams!

Oh! sweet is the moment when earth
fades away—

Its remembrance, its care and its pain;
Oh! sacred the hour when night follows
day,

And I dream of my darlings again.
There is hope, there is joy, there is
promise anew,

And the sunlight of love o'er me
streams,

When I enter the land of the holy and
true—

In my dreams, in my beautiful dreams!

Oh! life in the mortal, with sorrow and
woe,

Presses hard on the grief-stricken soul,
But through it our spirits in beauty may
grow,

And arise to a heavenly goal.

I learn that the pathway, most rugged
and steep,

Leads to regions where happiness
beams;

So I press on my way, though I falter
and weep,

To the land of my glorious dreams!
M. T. SHELHAMER.

PEACE, BE STILL.

Restless souls, your lot bemoaning,
Peace, be still;

You can make this earth an Eden,
If you will.

All you need is love and patience
For the work.

Rouse ye! lo, the dawn is peering
Through the murk.

Soon the sun of truth will brighten
All the sky,

Then no longer in the darkness
May you lie.

When he has dispersed the shadows
Hovering near,

Then the beauties of life's landscape
Will appear.

Ne'er presume God's earnest workers
To deride;

If you can not join their labors,
Stand aside.

Stand aside and with your love words
Cheer them on;

Tell them He hath given talents
To each one,—

Precious gifts, that wisely planted
In the field,

Strengthening food to craving natures
Soon may yield.

On your hearts imprint this lesson,
Wisdom rife:

Love and labor are the mainsprings
Of all life.

MRS. EMMA SCARR LEDSHAM.

No. 43—GUARDIAN ANGELS.

When daylight has departed and earth
is hushed to rest,

When little birds are folded safe within
the parent nest,

When on the closed flowers the blessed
night-dews weep

And stars look down in beauty upon the
slumbering deep.

Unseen by mortal eyes in the stillness
of the night

There are those who wander on the
earth in robes of airy light;

Sweet messengers of love and hope they
journey to and fro

And consolation follows in their foot-
steps as they go.

What are the heart's presentiments of
coming joy or pain

But gently whispered warnings of that
guardian angel train,

The signals of their sympathy, the
tokens of their care,

The sighings of their sorrow o'er the
woes that flesh must bear.

We hear them in our slumbers, and
waking fancy deems

That busy thought was wandering in
the fairy land of dreams,

But the low sweet tones we listed were
 strains that angels sing
 For ministering spirits with our souls
 were communing.
 And when morning breaks above us, and
 we wake to busy day,
 These angels go before to guide and
 keep us in our way;
 When our feeble footsteps falter all
 aweary and alone,
 In their arms they gently bear us, lest
 we dash against a stone.
 In our journeyings, in our restings, on
 the land or on the sea,

In our solitude and sorrow, in our gath-
 erings and glee,
 In the day of degradation, in the hour
 of joy and pride,
 Those pure and watchful ministers are
 ever by our side.
 O! Thou whom angels worshiped ere
 time or we began,
 And whose divine compassion gave
 their guardianship to man,
 Throughout this mortal warfare, let
 them still my champions be
 And in the last stern conflict, give them
 charge concerning me.

No. 44—THE WEB OF LIFE.

I thought to call thee Heaviness, O
 Life! whose name is Lightness.
 I said, "Thy pulse is bitterness," O
 Heart of honey sweet!
 When a sphere revolves in darkness,
 doth it know its central brightness?
 When the ages seem abortive, can the
 moments be complete?

I was weary, more than weary, on a
 sultry summer morning,
 As I filled Life's busy shuttle with
 Duty's iron thread:
 "Though the sum of my achievement
 all the world should hold in scorning,
 If the Over-Soul approveth, I am con-
 tent," I said.

"If the Over and the Under and the
 Inner Soul approveth,
 The great encircling Unity, the cen-
 tral All in All,
 I will sing despite my faintness, for the
 sake of Him who loveth,
 The frail things and the tender, the
 weak things and the small."

The golden thread of human love, full
 well had it been proven;
 I never have forgotten quite the rain-
 bows that it made;
 But alas for all the failure of the web
 when it was woven!
 The shame of noting, day by day, the
 glowing colors fade.

How my spirit flamed within me, in a
 grand and frantic fashion!
 I tore the mesh, and trampled on the
 falsely shining thread,

Till I rose serene and patient from the
 ashes of my passion,
 And flung the busy shuttle of Reality
 instead.
 I gave no ear to fancy, and I dallied
 not for Beauty,
 And faint as whispering echoes the
 voice of Pleasure rang;
 For me, I only cared to hear the clarion
 of Duty,
 And work my rhythmic treadles to
 the trumpet-song she sang.

On that sultry summer morning, some
 thing held me in its keeping,
 For a stupor came upon me, and I
 fancy that I slept;
 But the web of Life went onward,
 through the dreaming and the
 sleeping,
 And my weak hands at the shuttle
 their rhythmic movement kept.

And I thought celestial voices mur-
 mured down the ether spaces,
 And angel wings came noiselessly and
 stirred the summer air;
 And behind the cloud of glory were
 the loving spirit faces,
 And their talk with one another was
 a music sweet and rare.

"She endureth and is faithful;" (low
 and tenderly they spake it;)
 "She endureth and is patient, and she
 maketh no complaint;
 She knoweth not the tapestry she
 weaveth; let us take it,
 And reveal it to her vision, for her
 spirit groweth faint.

"She prayeth not for pity, yet her
heart delighteth ever

In the kindly deed of mercy and the
loving sacrifice;

Then let us gather up the sombre web
of her endeavor,
And in the true celestial light unfold
it to her eyes."

Then soft they floated downward, and
they spread before my vision

The web that I had woven, yet never
turned to see;

Oh! the harpers and the seraphim that
walk the field elysian,

That moment must have shouted a
song of praise for me.

A universe alone could voice my triumph
and my gladness;

For lo, the work my hand had
wrought, through weariness and
cold,

Was not a sombre tracery upon a ground
of sadness,

But beds of sweetest bloom embossed
upon a field of gold.

And there were living roses, for their
golden censers swinging

Were filled with honey-wine, embalm-
ing all the summer air;

And birds with burnished plumage were
'mong the blossoms singing,

And butterflies on wings of golden
flame were rocking there.

Then suddenly I awakened with the rap-
ture and the wonder,

And life was glory. I had read the
riddle of its task:

For the gold of Love Eternal is around,
above, and under:

And who or what is Duty, but Love's
angel in a mask?

AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

No. 45—AFTER ALL.

"Grief is strong, but joy is stronger;

Night is long, but day is longer;

When life's riddle solves and clears,

And the angels in our ears

Whisper the sweet answer low
(Answer full of love and blessing.)

How our wonderment will grow,

And the blindness of our guessing—

And the hard things we recall

Made so easy after all.

Earth is sweet, but heaven is sweeter;

Love complete, but faith completer;

Close beside our wandering ways,

Through dark nights and weary days,

Stand the angels with bright eyes.

And the shadow of the cross

Falls upon and sanctifies

All our pains and all our loss.

Though we stumble through and fall,

God is helping after all.

Sigh, then, soul, but sing in sighing,

To the happier things replying,

Dry the tears that dim thy seeing;

Give glad thoughts for life and being.

Time is but the little entry

To eternity's large dwelling,

And the heavenly guards keep sentry,

Urging, guiding, half compelling,

Till, the puzzling way quite past,

Thou shalt enter in at last."

MEMORY GEMS.

Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.—*Mme. de Stael.*

He that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemned:
And that drags down his life; then
comes what comes
Hereafter. —*Sea Dreams.*

So teach us to number our days,
that we may apply our hearts unto
wisdom.—*Psalms xc: 12.*

Honesty iz the poor man's pork,
and the rich man's pudding.—*Josh Billings.*

Goodness thinks no ill where no
ill seems.—*Milton.*

Nothing is impossible to industry.
—*Periander.*

The smallest worm will turn, being
coddled on.—*Shakespeare.*

There is no education like adversity.
—*Beaconsfield.*

A lie which is half a truth is ever the
blackest of lies—
A lie which is all a lie may be met and
fought with outright;
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder
matter to fight.

—*The Grandmother.*

Honesty is good sense, politeness,
amiableness, all in one.—*Richardson.*

Friends are good; good, if well
chosen.—*De Foe.*

All may have, if they dare try, a
glorious life or grave.—*Herbert.*

Whatever you lend, let it be your
money and not your name.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

The greatest of all faults is to be
conscious of none.

Often a man's angry pride
Is cap and bells for a fool.

—*Tennyson.*

Character gives splendor to youth,
and awe to wrinkled skin and gray
hairs.—*Emerson.*

Keep good company, and you shall
be of the number.—*George Herbert.*

To be worth anything, character
must be capable of standing firmly
upon its feet in the world of daily
work, temptation, and trial, and able
to bear the wear and tear of actual
life. Cloistered virtues do not count
for much.

Learning by study must be won,
'Twas ne'er entailed from sire to son.

Keep cool, and you command every-
body.—*St. Just.*

Be slow in considering, but reso-
lute in action.—*Bias.*

Destiny is but the phantom we in-
voke to silence conscience.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

What God wants is not "services"
but service. A Christian life is the
best argument for Christ.—*Rev. J. E. Johnson.*

Joy in one's work is the consummate tool.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Goodness is the only investment that never fails.—*Thoreau.*

Have no friends not equal to yourself.—*Confucius.*

The glories of the possible are ours.—*Bayard Taylor.*

How many men steal the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in.

I will be lord over myself; only he is worthy to rule, who is his own sure master.

Duly advised, the coming evil shun :
Better not do the deed than weep if done.

Every tub must stand on its own bottom.—*Ray's Proverbs.*

Early genius like early cabbage does not head well.—*H. W. Shaw.*

Affliction is but the shadow of God's wing.—*George Macdonald.*

Forgive! How many will say "Forgive,"
and find

A sort of absolution in the sound
To hate a little longer!
—*Sea Dreams.*

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them; and if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Devotion, like fire, goeth upward.
—*Zoroaster.*

Love is the golden ladder upon which the heart mounts to heaven.
—*Geibel*

The worst unbelief is unbelief in yourself.

It aint often that a man's reputation outlasts hiz munny.—*Josh Billings.*

He can never speak well, who knows not how to hold his peace.

Impose not a burden on others which you can not bear yourself.

Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone.

Nature is a revelation of God :
Art a revelation of man.

Some hae meat, yet canna eat,
And some would eat, that want it;
But we hae meat, an' we can eat
So let the lord be thankit.

Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.

We may live without poetry, music, and art,

We may live without conscience and live without heart,

We may live without friends and live without books,

But civilized man can not live without cooks.
—*Owen Meredith.*

Falsehood is cowardice: Truth is courage.

Debt is a trap which a man sets and bates himself, and then deliberately gets into.—*Josh Billings.*

The weakest go to the wall.

Self-will is so ardent and active that it will break the world to pieces to make a stool to sit on.

Ignorance too often mistakes conceit for dignity.

Dignity does not consist in possessing honors, but in deserving them.

A true friend is one soul in two bodies—*Aristotle.*

The principles of ethnics are not changed by the lapse of years.

If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it.

It is one of the precious mysteries of sorrow, that it finds solace in unselfish thought.

Every character is the joint product of nature and nurture.

Liberty can be safe only when suffrage is illuminated by education.

The life and light of a nation are inseparable.

True art is but the autotype of nature,—the embodiment of discovered Beauty in utility.—*James A. Garfield.*

Never be sorry

For doing good to all.

For speaking evil of none.

For hearing before judging.

For thinking before speaking.

For holding an angry tongue.

For being kind to the distressed.

For asking pardon for all wrongs.

For being patient towards everybody.

For stopping the ears to tale-bearers.

For disbelieving most of the ill reports.

Love all! there is no living thing

Which God has not created;

Love all! there is no living thing

Which God has ever hated.

O well for him whose will is strong;

He suffers, but he will not suffer long;

He suffers, but he can not suffer wrong;

—*Tennyson.*

Any form of selfishness is opposed to that which is Spiritual.

The great Judge of the world is inherent Justice.

The Supreme pierces into the heart, as light penetrates into a dark room. We must endeavor to be in harmony with this light, like a musical instrument perfectly attuned.—*Confucius.*

Behold a part of God himself within thee! Remember thine own dignity, nor dare descend to evil or meanness.—*Brahmic.*

O God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones
gone

For ever and ever by;

One strong still man in a blatant land,

Whatever they call him, what care I,

Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.

—*Tennyson.*

The little hearts that know not how to forgive:

Arise, my God, and strike, for we hold

Thee just;

Strike dead the whole weak race of venomous worms,

That sting each other here in the dust;

We are not worthy to live.—*Tennyson.*

Step after step the ladder is ascended.—*Ancient Proverb.*

There is no moment without some duty.—*Cicero.*

To live in fear is many times to die.

Health and cheerfulness beget each other.

For some must follow, and some command,

Though all are made of clay.

To-morrow is a satire on to day—and shows its weakness.

There are joys that come to us through sorrow.

For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is always won.

The way to gain a friend is to be one.—*Michelet*.

Make yourself necessary to somebody.—*Emerson*.

Life is the gift of God, and is divine.—*Longfellow*.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.—*Cicero*.

Women teach us repose, activity, and dignity.—*Voltaire*.

Light griefs are communicative:
Great ones, stupefy.

The only thing certain about the law is its uncertainty.

Gentleness and affability conquer at last.—*Terence*.

Good nature is stronger than tomahawks.—*Emerson*.

No thrall like them that inward bondage have.—*Sir Philip Sidney*.

The man who is not content with little is content with nothing.—*Epicurus*.

Dead scandals form good subjects for dissection.

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many.
And yet, she never gave enough to any.

He who has a thousand friends
Has not a friend to spare:
But he who has one enemy
Shall meet him everywhere.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot, that it doth singe yourself.

And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds
Death, the lean fellow, beats all conquerors.

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky!
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot.

How far one's eyes may pierce, we can not tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

True style can not be changed.
A man's own style is as much a part of him as is his physiognomy.

Hope is the poor man's bread.—*Thales*.

Hope and fear alternate chase our course through life's uncertain race.—*Scott*.

Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.—*Pope*.

Time is short; your obligations are infinite.—*Massilon*.

The region of the senses is the unbelieving part of the human soul.

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;
I think the Romans called it Stoicism.

It is excellent to have a giant's strength;
But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.

Take not away the life you can not give,
For all things have an equal right to live.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.—*G. Colman*.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.—*Sir H. Taylor*.

The deepest truths are best read between the lines; and for the most part, refuse to be written.

He that hath a house to put his head in hath a good head-piece.

Society is now one polished horde
Formed by two mighty tribes—the bores and bored.

And what is fame? The meanest have
their day;
The greatest can but blaze and pass
away.

To think is to act.—*Emerson.*

Exigencies create the necessary
ability to meet and conquer them.
—*Wendell Phillips.*

He lives in fame, who died in vir-
tue's cause.

Unblemished let me live, or die un-
known;
Oh! grant an honest fame, or grant me
none.

An open foe may prove a curse;
But a pretended friend is worse.

Low-breath'd talkers, minion lispers
Cutting honest throats by whispers.

Young men think old men fools;
Old men know young men to be so.

Men's thoughts are generally ac-
cording to their inclinations.

Ah! pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame:
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust.

All the way to heaven is heaven.
—*Canon Farrar.*

No man was ever scolded out of
his sins.—*Cowper.*

The heart that is soonest awake to the
flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the
thorns.

We see but dimly through the mists and
vapors.

Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

Home is where the soul finds rest.

Hope is the main spring of human-
ity.

He is not idle who does nothing,
but he is idle who might be better
employed.

Hasty people drink the nectar of
existence scalding hot.

He who labors for mankind has
already begun his immortality.

He who loves to read and knows
how to reflect, has laid by a perpet-
ual feast for his old age.

He who thinks his place below him
will certainly be below his place.

He that places himself neither high-
er nor lower than he ought to do,
exercises the truest humility.

Human nature is so constituted
that all see and judge better in the
affairs of other men than in their
own.

American Bands of Mercy teach
kindness, justice, and mercy to all
creatures, human and dumb, and so
make property more safe, life more
sacred, and the world a happier place
for all to live in.

Fill one little niche in life all day
yourself. Keep it dusted and in
order. Adorn it with the fruits of
industry, and never move to larger
quarters until you have filled the
smaller and need more room.

The poorest of all human beings is
the man who is rich in gold, but in-
tellectually and spiritually bankrupt.

It is not so much what a man does
that he is condemned for, as what
people think he does.

If a man dies and leaves his estate
in an uncertain condition the lawyers
become his heirs.

Let anyone be idle long enough and he will break out into some folly.

Nothing is more easy to do than mischief, and nothing more difficult to bear without complaining.

We create our own Heaven or Hell and walk an angel or a devil therein.—*Hudson Tuttle*.

Man is his own Savior.—*Tuttle*.

Have love for all men, but fear none.—*Luther*.

On April 1st, 1892, there were in America over 12,500 Bands of Mercy with above 1,000,000 members.

That man who is scrupulously polite and respectful to all women in public, but habitually saves coarse manners and vulgar language for his own wife and daughters, is no gentleman.

Genuine good manners and gentle breeding should begin at home. As a rule, the best men in the community are the best at home.

Never reflect on the past action which was done with a good motive and the best judgment at the time.

Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just.

Never call any one by an unwelcome nick-name.

Never was a sincere word utterly lost.

Never speak boastingly of your business.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Neglect not the mind while caring for the body.

No fool can be silent at a feast.

No legacy is so rich as honesty.

Nine-tenths of all our troubles come because we neglect to say no.

No man should part with his own individuality and become that of another.

Never covet high places, where it is difficult to stand, and dangerous to fall.

No reproof or denunciation is so potent as the silent influence of a good example.

Heaven is a place with many doors, and each one may enter in his own way.—*Hindoo Maxim*.

A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.—*David Garrick*

Heaven in sunshine will requite the kind.—*Byron*.

Let time, which makes you homely make you sage.

Impatience never commanded success.—*Chapin*.

The lazy man aims at nothing and generally hits it.—*James Ellis*.

Silent contempt is sharpest reproof.

Drinking water neither makes a man sick, in debt, nor his wife a widow.

Dependence is a poor trade.

To read an excellent book is like gaining a friend.

The only compensation for great evils is that they enforce great lessons.

Hunger is sharper than the sword.

The worst men often give the best advice.

Wisdom and goodness are twin-born :
one heart.

Must hold both sisters.

I beseech you to treasure up in
your hearts these my parting words :
Be ashamed to die until you have
won some victory for humanity.—
Horace Man.

License some mean when they cry
liberty.

One has many enemies, that know
not why they are so : but, like to vil-
lage curs, bark when their fellows do.

Be true, and thou shalt fetter time
with everlasting chain.—*Schiller.*

Deep rivers move in silence, shal-
low brooks are noisy.—*Ancient Pro-
verb.*

Amiability shines by its own light.
—*Horace*

All the sects differ from one ano-
ther because they are of man ; where-
as morality is everywhere the same
because it proceeds from God.—*Vol-
taire.*

A man with a forty-friend power
will be a millionaire at the treasury
of love.—*Theodore Parker.*

It is safer to affront some people
than to oblige them : for the better a
man deserves, the worse they will
speak of him.

A man who keeps riches and en-
joys them not is like an ass that car-
ries gold and eats thistles.

Order is heaven's first law : and that con-
fessed,
Some are, and must be, greater than the
rest.

Two of a trade seldom agree.—
Ray's Proverbs.

And what so tedious as a twice-
told tale.—*Pope.*

Nothing contributes to happiness
more than health.—*Dr. Geo. Dutton.*

The loss of our strength is much
oftener occasioned by the vices of our
youth than by the ravages of age ; it
is early intemperance and licentious-
ness that consign to old age a worn-
out constitution.—*Cicero.*

Thought does not create truth, it
discovers it. The fixed stars existed
before the telescope established the
fact of their existence.—*M. Cora
Bland M. D.*

The thinking woman aims to com-
mand the respect, rather than the
praise and admiration of man, and
asks at his hands, instead of flattery,
simple justice.

No man can be a perfect physician
to any but himself.—*Cornaro.*

Simple diet is best, for many dishes
bring many diseases.—*Pliny.*

He that would have a clear head,
must have a clean stomach.—*Cheyne.*

Strength and power command re-
spect the world over, while weakness,
in the very nature of things, excites
pity.

Our most eminent women are ex-
emplary wives and mothers.

Air, food, exercise are three great
factors of a healthy life.

Socrates had few friends, even in
Athens, and was finally compelled
to drink the deadly hemlock because
he was a philosopher.

CHORAL RESPONSES.

In these readings singing may be introduced at the points marked with *.

No. 1—ALWAYS A FUTURE.

I beheld a golden portal in the visions of my slumber,
And through it streamed the radiance of a never-setting day,
While angels tall and beautiful, and countless without number,
Were giving gladsome greeting to all who came that way.
And the gate, forever swinging, made no grating, no harsh ringing,
Melodious as the singing of one whom we adore;
And I heard a chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling;
And the burden of that chorus was Hope's glad word, "Evermore!"

*

And, as I gazed and listened, came a mortal wildly weeping:
"I have lost my hopes forever; one by one they went away:
The idols of my patient love the cold grave hath in keeping;
Life is one long lamentation; I know no night nor day!"
Then the angel, softly speaking, "Stay, mourner, stay thy shrieking:
Thou shalt find those thou art seeking, beyond that golden door."
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
"They whom thy sad soul loveth shall be with thee evermore!"

*

I saw the toiler enter, to rest for aye from labor;
The weary-hearted exile there found his native land;
The beggar there could greet the king as equal and as neighbor;
The crown had left the kingly brow, the staff the beggar's hand.
And the gate, forever swinging, made no grating, no harsh ringing,
Melodious as the singing of one whom we adore;
And the chorus still was swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
While the vision faded from me, with the glad word, "Evermore!"

REST FOR THE WEARY.

(Music on page 58)

In the angels' home in glory
There remains a land of rest:
There the loved have gone before us,
To fulfil their soul's request.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary
There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

They are fitting up our mansions,
Which eternally shall stand;
For our stay will not be transient
In that happy spirit land.

CHORUS.—There is rest, etc.

Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And its sting shall be withdrawn.
Shout for gladness, O ye mortals!
Hail with joy the rising morn,

CHORUS.—There is rest, etc.

*

No. 2—THE ANGELS.

The angels stand by the pure in heart in their transfigured beauty and surround them with a sphere of light and melody.

They come to lead the weary pilgrims from the rude scenes of life to mansions of inward rest.

*

Their presence is marked by an iridescent glory, and their footsteps are luminous long after they have passed.

They breathe a holy calm into the wounded heart.

*

The glory of their presence dissipates the darkness of the world; their smiles dissolve the frosts of years; they restore the springtime of the affections, and make life's barren wastes bloom like the gardens of Paradise.

*

S. B. BRITTON.

THE ANGEL ERA.

Lo, in the golden sky
We angel forms descry;
Celestial hosts descend to-day.
The friends of early years,
From their exalted spheres,
Walk with us on our earthly way.

No more we sigh and mourn
O'er loved and loving gone.
They throng around the path we go;
They bless us in our home,
Are with us where we roam,
Our conflicts and our triumphs know.

The grave hath lost its dread:
To us there are no dead;
But all do live and love as one.
Our doubts and fears depart:
In each and every heart
The holy will of God is done.

Thanks, grateful thanks, we raise
To Him who crowns our days
With blessings numberless and free:
In one united band,
As brothers, hand in hand,
Henceforth mankind in joy shall be.

JOHN S. ADAMS.

No. 3—THE BEAUTIFUL.

Beauty is the robe of divinity itself, the privilege of angels. There is a spiritual beauty gleaming from the features of the good and pure which transfigures them into a divine expression.

Beauty, cailed into being by the genial warmth of goodness, and inspired by the soft radiance of joy, expands into bloom only in the bland atmosphere of love.

*

Spiritual love gives grace to every movement, light to the eye, sweetness to the mouth, color to the cheek, and beautiful animation to the whole figure.

*

Absolute purity of heart and life is the richest human possession.

"Give ear," said the old Ayran of India, "to the instructions of prudence, and let the precepts of truth sink deep into your hearts, O my children! So shall the charms of your minds add lustre to the elegance of your forms; and your beauty, like the rose it resembles, shall retain its sweetness when the bloom is withered."

*

WALK WITH THE BEAUTIFUL.

(Chant on page 64)

Walk with the beautiful and with the grand:

Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter.
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her.

Walk with the beautiful.

I hear thee say, "The beautiful! what is it?"

Oh, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure.

'Tis no long, weary road its form to visit,
For thou canst make it smile beside thy door.

Then love the beautiful.

Ay, love it: 'tis a sister that will bless,
And teach thee patience when the heart is lonely.

The angels love it, for they wear its dress;

And thou art made a little lower only.
Then love the beautiful.

No. 4—IN KNOWLEDGE THERE IS SAFETY.

Who would tarry on the lowlands of ignorance? Are not the highlands of knowledge more broad, bright, and beautiful?

Let us go up where the breezes are fresh from sunlit mountain-peaks, and light floods the landscapes.

There are no teacherous pitfalls, but we may see and know that our feet are sure.

Wisdom smiles under her coronet of stars, and beckons our standard-bearers.

Lead us onward, O evangels of Truth!

*

There is no danger so appalling as that of ignorance. Groping in its darkness, we stumble upon all conceivable sorrows and follies.

The violation of the laws of physical existence fills countless graves with forms which the spirit should have worn much longer, for its highest good. In ignorance we unwittingly scar and stain our souls with sin which pain and weaken us here and in Heaven.

Lead us onward, O divine wisdom!

*

Ignorance involves nations in war, and lays low their champions of honor, amidst the wailing of broken homes and hearts.

Who can count the multitudes which have perished by her dusky hand?

Lead us onward, O divine wisdom!

*

THE SONG OF LEARNING.

(Tune—"We shall meet our friends in the morning." Page 48)

Blend your voices, full and strong,
In a grand redemption song,
And we'll sing the praise of noble, clear-browed learning.

How the night will fade away
In a bright and peaceful day
When we all can sing the pleasant song of learning!

CHORUS.—Oh, rally at her call!
She has laurels for us all,
Which time can not blight with decay.
We can wear them through the gate.
Where the guiding angels wait,
And point to the land far away.
Then join in the song of learning,
Then join in the song of learning,

Then join in the song of learning,
And march to the gates of day.

Oh! the world has suffered long
'Neath the crushing heel of wrong.
While Ignorance blocked up the road to
learning;

But her dusky form must fall;
For we rally, one and all,
Where the stars shine round the brow of
noble Learning.
CHORUS.—Oh, rally, etc.

EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

No. 5—REMEMBER THE POOR.

Do not call loudly upon God to remember the poor when thou art constantly forgetting their needs and their sorrows.

Benevolent actions are the most holy prayers; and he who giveth to the needy enriches his own soul.

*

Be just, as well as generous; be willing to remunerate labor honestly and fairly; then shall warm hearts know better days, sighing voices grow merry, and the old chains of want be broken.

*

Riches are the baggage of virtue; they can not be spared or left behind, but always hinder the march and sometimes lose the victory.

FRANCIS BACON.

Riches often slip away as silently and as irrevocably as the moments of life. They are evanescent and changeable; and only as far as they aid us in spiritual growth are they of lasting value.

HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE.

(Music on page 59)

Let us pause in life's pleasure, and
count its many tears,

While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger forever in
our ears—

"Oh! hard times! come again no
more."

CHORUS.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,—
"Hard times, hard times, come again
no more;

Many days you have lingered around my
cabin door,—

Oh! hard times! come again no more."

While we seek mirth and beauty and
music light and gay,

There are frail forms fainting at the
door;

Though their voices are silent, their
pleading looks will say—

"Oh! hard times! come again no
more."

CHORUS—'Tis the song, etc.

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the
troubled wave,

'Tis a wail that is heard upon the
shore,

'Tis a dirge that is murmured around
the lowly grave,—

"Oh! hard times! come again no
more."

CHORUS—'Tis a song, etc.

No. 6—HOME AFFECTIONS.

A country of true homes is a country of true greatness.

A beautiful home, musical with loving voices, is the nursery of Heaven.

Thou shalt rise up before the hoary-headed; thou shalt listen reverently to the wisdom of the aged; thou shalt honor thy father, and let thy words to him be full of tenderness.

Thy mother is the guardian angel of thy life: her virtues are registered

indelibly upon thy heart; preserve the integrity of her good name; bless her with kindness and sympathy.

*

Love thy brother as thou lovest thy own soul, and as often as pleasant emotions kindle to the word expressing thy relation, shalt thou feel that thou art not fighting life's battles alone and single-handed.

Thy sister is the playmate of thy youth. Let her purities be inspirations to virtue; her goodness thy emulation. If she is weak, be thou her defence; if weary, her refuge of peace.

*

LET US LOVE WHILE WE MAY.

(Music on page 10.)

Let us love while we may: for the storms will arise,	Let us love while we live; and our mem- ory will rise
As we sail o'er the dim waves of time;	Like a halo of light from the grave,
And the hopes of to-day may be hid from our eyes	As the day from the deep lends a glow to the eyes
By the noon-clouds that darken our prime.	That are guarding the gloom of the wave.
We may look for the lost hills of morn- ing, and grieve;	There's a life in the soul that is better by far
But the soft hush of twilight will come,	Than the glitter of glory or gold:
And our souls, on the rose-tinted billows of eve,	It may fade in the noon, but will shine like a star
Float calmly away to their home.	When the proud world is darksome and cold.

Repeat—Let us love while we may, etc.

Repeat—Let us love while we may, etc.
JAMES G. CLARK.

No. 7—COURAGE.

Every winter hath its spring, every ocean its glittering gems, every frost its shining crystals, every thunder-storm its compensating atmospheric purity.

Every cloud hath its silver lining, every ruin its growing vines, every wave-tossed ark its dove, every blood-stained cross its flower-wreathed crown; and for every Paradise lost, there are thousands to be gained.

There is a grandeur in the soul that dares to live out all the life God lit within it.

*

... Bearing peace within thy soul,
Take open ways, and brave the strife;
Dare even mockery and the scourge,
And wear the thorny crown of life.

This is true courage; not the brutal force
Of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve
Of virtue and of reason.

*

Keep pushing; 'tis wiser than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing, and waiting the tide
In life's earnest battle they only prevail
Who daily march onward, and never say fail.

In life's rosy morning, in manhood's bold pride,
 Let this be the motto your footsteps to guide:
 "In storm and in sunshine, whatever assail,
 I'll onward to conquer, and never say fail,"

*

The courage of the soldier, which makes him willing to kill or be killed, may be bought for gold; the courage which will face a wild beast in its lair is not rare: martyrs who could unflinchingly endure prison, wheel, or fagot, are not few: but that courage which denies itself for its own sake is rarest of all gifts, and of inestimable price. HUDSON TUTTLE.

*

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

(Music on page 57.)

There is many a rest in the road of life, If we only would stop to take it; And many a tone from the better land. If the querulous heart would make it. To the sunny soul that is full of hope, And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth, The grass is green, and the flowers are bright, Though the wintry storm prevaileth.	There is many a gem in the path of life, Which we pass in our idle pleasure, That is richer by far than the jewelled crown, Or the miserly hoarded treasure; It may be the love of a little child, Or a dear mother's prayer to Heaven, Or some lone wanderer's grateful thanks For a cup of water given.
Better hope, though the clouds o'er you hang so low; Ever keep the sad eyes still lifted: The sweet, sunny sky will be peeping through When the ominous clouds are rifted. There was ne'er a night that had not a day, Or an evening without a morning: The darkest hour, as the proverb goes, Is the hour before the dawning.	O! 'tis better to weave in the web of life The most beautiful golden filling, To do all life's work with a cheerful heart And with hands that are swift and willing, Than to snap the frail, tender, minute threads Of our curious lives asunder, And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends, And still sit and grieve and wonder.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

No. 8—VICTORY AT LAST.

Error reeleth; it staggereth like a drunken man. The windows of heaven are opened upon it, and angelic hosts assail it.

Good and evil meet and commingle upon the earth, as upon an arena or battle.

*

Be not affrighted, fear not.
 Good shall be triumphant, and vanquish her opposing armies.
 The terror of the conflict shall pass away as the cloud passeth, and
 sunshine and peace shall succeed it.

Quietness shall rest upon our valleys, and glory upon our mountains.

*

Righteousness shall flow in our streets, like a river, and human hearts shall be the temples where angels dwell.

Dawn breaks through rosy billows of clouds, and glides on into a broader blaze of glory.

*

T. L. HARRIS.

THE OLD AND NEW.

(Music on page 56)

Oh! sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal
right;

And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.
That all of good the past has had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here,—
The still, small voice in Autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood, the burning bush,

For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold:
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle-graves.

Through the harsh notes of the to-day,
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of
fear,

A light is breaking, calm and clear.
Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore:
God's love and blessing then and there
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

J. G. WHITTIER.

*

No. 9—SCATTER ROSES.

If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen.

Whoever recounts to you the faults of your neighbors will doubtless expose your defects to others.

*

Harbor the smile of childhood in your hearts, and in old age it will halo your careworn brow with the first glimpse of heaven.

*

"Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom."

*

LET US GATHER UP THE SUNBEAMS.

(Music on page 60.)

If we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load,
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby-fingers
Pressed against the window-pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,
Never trouble us again,
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, these little ice-cold fingers!
How they point our memories back
To the hasty word and action,
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by!

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort,
In the blessings of to-day
With a patient hand removing
All the briers from our way.

No. 10—*GLANCES BACKWARD*

When weary of looking forward into the unwrought Future, how pleasant to turn and look back into the still Past,—to the child-time of existence!

* We look like fairies playing in the sunshine, in the subtile picture.

* And, list! there were angels in our midst, dropping words of wisdom, teaching us lessons of integrity and bravery.

* They were our fathers, our mothers, and our friends, helping us along our new way.

* "The fate of the child is always the work of his mother," said the great Napoleon.

* If the treachery of the world has taught us duplicity and cunning, it is well to go back and take our child-time simplicity and purity again,—our love, our faith, our expectation.

* Where children are, there is the golden age.

CHILDHOOD.

(Tune, "The Old and New."—Page 56.)

Ye fairy days, when life in tune
Played round the heart in every air,
And every note was full of love,
And I was free from every care,

Oft have I thought of all the joys
Of early years so sweet and fair;
When every rose concealing thorns,
In after-years was sore and bare;

Whilst, in the blue of leafy June,
As wild birds sang their roundelay,
My senses revelled in the bloom
That richly decked the fragrant spray.
But now the angels from above,
Like birds of passage, oft return
And dewy beams of early morn
To sunny childhood ever turn.

DELPHIA A. CARSON.

No. 11—*LIBERTY AND REASON.*

Let Truth and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the
first in a fair and open encounter? MILTON.

Nature is the universal exponent of God; and reason is the eternal exponent of Nature: therefore nature and reason combined constitute the only true and reliable standard of judgment.

* Obey God manifest in thyself.

LET US LIVE BUT TO DO WHAT THE TRUTH MAY DEMAND.

(Music on page 44.)

With banners unfurled on the breezes of
heaven,
Let us press on to conquer the errors
of Time;
Let us shout in the van till the welkin is
riven,
And Truth stands revealed in its beauty
sublime.

Let us beard the old Error that mutters
its hate,
And curses the men who would turn
to the light
The errors of churches, of parties, of
state:
Onward, push on; let us rush to the
fight.

We may fall, but the banner we daunt- lessly bear Shall fall not, but, taken by mightier hands, Victoriously float on the dark sulphur air, Proclaiming the triumph of Truth's eager bands.	Let us live but to die in the struggle 'gainst wrong; Let us live but to do what the truth may demand: Then onward forever, forever! our song; Press on to the struggle with true heart and hand.
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HUDSON TUTTLE.

No. 12—CHILDHOOD MORALS.

Never kill or torture any living thing for amusement.

Whoever would inflict needless suffering on the weak and helpless is a cruel tyrant and an ignominious coward. Never rob the little birds' nests of their eggs, nor mar even the wing of a butterfly. He is in ignoble business who steals from his defenceless little friends, the birds: they can not bar their homes, nor conquer their enemies.

Be just in small things, and you will be just in great ones.

*

Treat all playmates as equals by right. We are all brothers and sisters; and there is no high, no low, except in spiritual attainments. Be generous to make others happy, even with playthings: they are childhood's treasures.

The bud of generosity in the child will unfold into the flower of benevolence in the adult.

*

Never throw stones at passing travellers, nor at innocent beasts or birds.

Never call any one by an unwelcome nickname.

Try in every way you can, to make the world a good and pleasant place to yourself and others.

Laugh, frolic, dance, and be merry, but be also innocent.

*

J. O. BARRETT.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

(Tune, "Home, Sweet Home.")

Be kind to each other:
 The night's coming on,
 When friend and when brother
 Perchance may be gone.
 Then, midst our dejection,
 How sweet to have earned
 The blest recollection
 Of kindness returned.

When day hath departed,
 And memory keeps
 Her watch, broken-hearted,
 Where all she loves sleeps,

Let falsehood assail not,
 Nor envy disprove;
 Let trifles prevail not
 Against those you love.

Nor change with to-morrow,
 Should fortune take wing;
 But, the deeper the sorrow,
 The closer still cling.
 Oh, be kind to each other!
 The night's coming on,
 When friend and when brother
 Perchance may be gone.

No. 13—*I CAN'T AND I CAN.*

As on through life's journey we go day by day,
There are two whom we meet at each turn of the way,
To help and to hinder, to bless or to ban,
And the names of these two are "*I Can't*" and "*I Can.*"
"*I Can*" is a giant; unbending he stands:
There is strength in his arms, and skill in his hands.
He asks for no favors, he wants but a share,
Where labor is honest, and wages are fair.

*

"*I Can't*" is a sluggard, too lazy to work:
From duty he shrinks; every task he will shirk.
No bread on his board, and no meal in his bag,
His house is a ruin, his coat is a rag.
"*I Can*" is a worker: he tills the broad fields,
And digs from the earth all the wealth which it yields.
The hum of his spindles begins with the light,
And the fires of his forges are blazing all night.

*

"*I Can't*" is a coward: half fainting with fright,
At the first thought of peril he sinks out of sight;
Skulks and hides till the noise of the battle is past,
Or sells his best friends, and turns traitor at last.
"*I Can*" is a hero, the first in the field:
Though others may falter, he never will yield.
He makes the long marches, he deals the last blow;
His charge is the whirlwind that scatters the foe.

*

How grandly and nobly he stands to his trust!
When roused at the call of a cause that is just,
He weds his strong will to the valor of youth,
And writes on his banner the watchword of Truth.
Then up and be doing! the day is not long:
Throw fear to the winds; be patient and strong.
Stand fast in your place, act your part like a man,
And, when duty calls, answer promptly, "*I Can.*"

*

WORK IS PRAYER.

(From "The Psalms of Life.")

Brothers! be ye who ye may,
Sons of men, I bid ye pray!
Pray unceasing, pray with might,
Pray in darkness, pray in light.
Life hath yet no hours to spare:
Life is toil, and toil is prayer!

Life is toil, and all that lives
Sacrifice of labor gives:
Water, fire, and air, and earth,
Rest not, pause not, from their birth.
Sacred toil doth nature share:
Love and labor! work is prayer.

Patriot! toiling for thy kind,
Thou shalt break the chains that bind;
Shake thy thought, and mould thy plan,
Toil for freedom, toil for man;
Sagely think, and boldly dare:
Labor, labor! work is prayer!

Brother! round thee brothers stand,
Pledge thy truth, and give thy hand,
Raise the downcast, help the weak;
Toil for good, for virtue speak.
Let thy brother be thy care:
Labor, labor! work is prayer!

DUGANNE.

No. 14—PEACE.

Wherefore the wisdom of civil law, binding us to rob, maim, starve, or destroy our fellow-men? Wherefore the moral worth of a Church or State that sacrifices life to preserve its authority? Wherefore the charge of guilt to him who slays only his neighbor, but the plaudits of glory to the hero who slays his thousands?

* The life of man is sacred. There is a higher law.

* The government is for the people, not the people for the government. Man is before and above his institutions.

* Suffer rather than inflict suffering.

Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.

ARE WE NOT BROTHERS?

(Music on page 53.)

Hushed be the battle's fearful roar,
The warrior's rushing call:
Why should the earth be drenched with
gore?
Are we not brothers all?

Want from the starving poor, depart!
Chains from the captive, fall!
Great God, subdue the oppressor's
heart!
Are we not brothers all?

Sect, clan, and nation, oh! strike down
Each mean partition wall;
Let love the voice of discord drown:
Are we not brothers all?

Let love, and truth, and peace alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That Heaven its work at length may
own,
And men be brothers all?

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

No. 15—THE HEREAFTER.

Tell me, my soul, why art thou restless? Why dost thou look forward to the future with such strong desires?

The present is thine, and the past and the future shall be.

Oh, that thou didst look forward to the great hereafter with half the longing wherewith thou longest for an earthly future!

This a few days, at most, will bring thee.

Look forward to the meeting of the dead, as to the meeting of the absent.

* Thou glorious spirit-land!

Oh that I could behold thee as thou art,—the region of life and light and love, and the dwelling-place of those whose being has flowed onward, like a silver-clear stream, into the solemn-sounding main, into the ocean of eternity!

LONGFELLOW.

* Wouldst thou learn how thy spirit may enter into the delights of Heaven? Learn then this lesson:—

Every noble deed of charity is heaven.
 Giving water to a thirsty pilgrim is heaven.
 Educating the orphan is heaven.
 Watching in midnight hours with the sick, to administer the healing
 panacea, is heaven.
 Placing a wanderer's feet in the right road is heaven.
 Removing thorns and stones from a brother's or sister's pathway is
 heaven.
 Shedding sympathy upon the unfortunate, and smiling in a brother's
 face, is heaven.
 Lifting up the fallen, and holding them till they can stand alone, is
 heaven.
 Leading our fellow-men into paths of virtue, and inciting them to
 deeds of charity, is heaven. J. M. PEEBLES.

*

THE MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.

(Music on page 46)

There's a land far away 'mid the stars, we are told, Where they know not the sorrows of time; Where the pure waters wander through valleys of gold, And life is a treasure sublime. 'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul, Where ages of splendor eternally roll; Where the way-weary traveler reaches his goal On the evergreen mountains of life.	When our spirits were torn with temp- tations and woes, And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows From the evergreen mountains of life. Oh! the stars never tread the blue hea- vens at night, But we think where the ransomed have trod; And the Day never smiles from his palace of light, But we feel the bright smile of our God.
Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land, But our visions have told of its bliss; And our souls by the gale from its gar- dens are fanned When we faint in the deserts of this. And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose,	We are travelling homeward through changes and gloom, To a kingdom where pleasures unceas- ingly bloom, And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb From the evergreen mountains of life. JAMES G. CLARK.

THE BAND OF MERCY.

As a method to further Humane Education it is desirable that a Band of Mercy be formed in every Lyceum and some time devoted to its objects. This may be done by giving every fourth Sunday for special work on that line or by allotting a little time at every session. Some member may be appointed to prepare and to give instruction on certain subjects pertaining to kind treatment of animals, etc., at specified sessions of the Lyceum, putting the tasks on different members. The literature for conducting this will be furnished, free of cost, if, when your Band is formed, you send a list of the names of members to Geo. T. Angell, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass. You will receive a monthly paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, free for one year, and a roll of tracts, addresses, songs, recitations, lessons, etc., enough to make your work plain, easy, and effective.

We are constantly in sight of numbers of dumb and helpless animals which can not speak for themselves, although their needs and nervous sensibility are scarcely less than our own. They can feel the pangs of want, but can not tell their needs in articulate language; they suffer and die, but can not accuse their destroyers, nor tell their wrongs to pitying or un pitying human ears.

Their gaunt forms, their pain-saddened eyes, their weary movements, their unnatural restlessness, speak, if we would only understand the pathetic language, of needs unsupplied, of hard tasks, of irregular care, of all the indescribable irritations to which slaves, whether man or beast, are subject. It is better to reform these things by awakening and enlightening than by censure and accusations, for if people understand aright they will not be slow to act righteously. Knowledge is the angel which will unchain our virtues and make us just to one another as well as to every living creature.

There is so much need of special, minute instruction in humane education, as the following true incident will illustrate, that it can not be given effectively to children in grand generalizations. We must come down to particulars, and let them talk as well as ourselves.

We have a bright German boy in our employ. One morning when the thermometer was below zero, he started out to harness the horses. "Be sure, George, you dip the bits in the water-trough, to take the frost out, before you put them in the horses' mouths," I said. "Oh, sure," he said, "I never forget that, for I tried it myself once. When I was eight years old, in Germany, one cold morning a man told me if I would go and put my tongue around an iron rod out on the gate, I could hear the Devil sing.

I wanted to hear him, so I tried it, and—oh my! my tongue stuck fast to the iron, and they had to bring water to pour on to loosen it, and the skin of it was left on the rod! I could not eat for several days without pain. I could not hear the Devil sing for screaming myself. Indeed I never put frosty bits in the horses' mouths, for I know how they feel."

You ask, what is the object of these societies?

I answer, to humanely educate people for the purpose of stopping every form of cruelty both to human beings and to the lower animals.

How do we hope to do it?

By enlisting teachers to carry humane instruction into the schools. By enlisting the newspapers to help form a public sentiment against every form of cruelty.

By inducing lecturers and clergymen to unite religious and humane education in their halls, churches, and Sunday-schools.

By distributing humane literature. By employing missionaries to form Humane Societies and Bands of Mercy in Lyceums, schools, and elsewhere similar to the twelve thousand now at work.

By showing the millions of youth in ways too numerous to mention that every kind word they speak, and every kind act they do, makes their own lives happier, and better prepares them for the life which is to come.

Great and dangerous conflicts between capital and labor are threatened. Crimes of violence and a spirit of lawlessness have grown alarmingly in the past two decades.

The coming conflicts must be fought in one or two ways: either mercifully with ballots and other humane measures, or brutally with bullets, incendiary fires, and all those destructive appliances which modern science has put into the hands of those who are being educated to use them.

Those who are to fight these battles, on one side or the other, are in our schools to-day, and we are educating them.

The quickest and most hopeful way of reaching the masses and leading them to settle political and social questions in merciful ways, is through immediate and wide-spread humane education.

No man or woman can find in the world a cheaper, quicker, or more effective way than through these Bands of Mercy, designed for the protection of both human beings and the lower animals, with their simple machinery, badges, and cards.

It is the duty of all good citizens to aid this work. Will you try to do so? The experiment will cost you nothing. Your Band may be as large or as small as you please, and you may give just as little or much time to it as you find by experience to be profitable. Children and youths are always deeply interested in songs, poems, and stories of mercy and chivalry; and in many schools, both of higher and lower grades, where Bands are already established, the happiest results are being obtained.

HOW TO FORM A BAND OF MERCY.

After talking it over with teachers and children, pass this or a similar resolution:—

Resolved, That we will form a Band of Mercy, the title of which shall be . . .
BAND OF MERCY.

OFFICERS. President, and if desired, also Secretary and Treasurer; and if desired, also an Executive Committee. Meetings to be held monthly, or oftener, evening or afternoon, or as a part of school or Sunday-school service; exercises to be such as the officers shall determine, which may include music, readings, recitations, anecdotes, or addresses, relating to kindness to ALL, and particularly to dumb creatures, and calculated to impress upon children and all present the wisdom, love, and goodness of God in the animal creation, our duty toward them, and the gratitude we should have to God. Get a small book in which to keep the names and addresses of members. Very handsome membership books at eight cents each; handsome cards of membership two cents each, imitation gold and silver badges at eight cents each, and ribbon badges at four cents each; and every other information may be obtained from the Parent Society's office, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Goddard Building, 19 Milk Street, Boston

THE COST.

It cost nothing to form a "Band of Mercy:" all that is required is this simple pledge:

I will TRY to be kind to all HARMLESS living creatures, and TRY to protect them from cruel usage.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

For meetings the following simple order of exercises has been considerably adopted:—

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy Hymn, and repeat the Pledge together.
- 2.—Remarks by President, and reading of report of last Meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy Marching Hymn.
- 5.—Brief addresses. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Marching with banners.
- 8.—Sing Band of Mercy closing song.

Band of Mercy Hymns.

INVOCATION

(Tune, "America," or England "National Anthem.")

God, help our loving Band,
Enable us to stand

In Mercy's cause.
O, give us great success,
In works of righteousness,
Thy creatures all to bless,
And keep thy laws.

O, may we ever find
Sweet joy in being kind,
A happy band.
We'll keep our pledge with care,
Do Justice broad and fair,
And Badge of Mercy wear
Throughout the land.

O, all our hearts inspire
With Heaven's own sacred fire,
To make us strong.
Thy Spirit's power we crave,
To make us true and brave,
And aid us those to save
That suffer wrong.

God, bless our growing bands,
Fulfilling Thy commands,
At Mercy's call.
O, grant Thy children grace,
On every land and race,
To join before Thy face,
Love Crowning All.

REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

DARE TO BE TRUE.

(Tune, "Dare to Do Right," or other P. M.)

Dare to do right! dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

Chorus.

Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you!
Stand by your conscience, your honor,
your faith,
Stand like a hero, and battle to death.

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Chorus.

Dare to do right! dare to be true!
God sees your faith, and will carry you
through;
Keeping His loving help ever in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and do right?

Chorus.

SOUND THE JUBILEE.

(Tune, "Hold the Fort," or other P. M.)

Hearts of love with hands of mercy
Hear our joyful song;
Highest hill and lowest valley
Roll the words alone.

Chorus.

Join our Bands; the word is spoken,
Mercy is our cry;
We will plead for voiceless creatures,
Victory is high!

See the countless bands of children
Marched on the plain;
Hear their happy voices ringing
In the grand refrain.

Cruel acts and dire oppression
Soon will be no more;
We will bear the law of kindness
To the farthest shore.

Come to-day, the world is moving!
Soon our eyes will see
Tenderness to all God's creatures;
Sound the jubilee!

MRS. F. A. F. WOOD-WHITE.

MARCH ALONG

(Tune, "Dixie Land.")

March on beneath the banner o' glory,
Tell its cause with song and story.

March along, march along, march
along, Happy Band.

Draw all, by love, to its heavenly feature,
Kindness to each living creature:

March along, march along, march
along, Happy Band.

Chorus.

For we all are working members,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
In Mercy's Band we take our stand
And speak and work for Mercy;
Always, always, always we work for
Mercy,
Always, always, always we work for
Mercy.

To save from wrong the weak of all living,
Right and mercy to all giving,
March along, march along, march
along, Happy Band.
It brings to all daily joys and pleasure,
To each heart a lasting treasure,
March along, march along, march
along, Happy Band. *Chorus.*

Sow wide the seeds of love, justice, beauty,
Let all bravely do their duty;
March along, march along, march
along, Happy Band.
Thus win the world to the Law of Kindness,
Driving out all wrongs and blindness;
March along, march along, march
along, Happy Band. *Chorus*

REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

WHAT WE LIVE FOR

(Tune, "Scatter Seeds of Kindness," or other P. M.)

We all live for those who love us,
And for those we know are true;
For the Heaven that smiles above us,
And awaits our spirits too:
For all human ties that bind us,
And the work that's brave and true,
For the bright hopes left behind us,
And the good that we can do.

Chorus—Then scatter Bands of Mercy,
Then scatter Bands of Mercy,
Then scatter Bands of Mercy,
For the reaping everywhere.

For we live to learn their story,
Who have suffered for our sake,
And to emulate their glory,
And to follow in their wake;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
Who now heaven's joys partake,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And all time's great volume make.

For we live for those that love us,
And for those that know us true,
For the Heaven that smiles above us,

And awaits our spirits too:
For the wrongs that need resistance,
And the cause of Mercy true,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that we can do.

ALICE CARY.

RING THE BELLS OF MERCY.

(Tune, "Onward, Christian Soldiers.")

Ring the bells of mercy,
Ring them loud and clear,
Let their music linger
Softly on the ear,
Filling souls with pity
For the dumb and weak,
Telling all the voiceless
We for them will speak.

Ring the bells of mercy
Over hill and plain,
Let the ancient mountains
Chant the glad refrain,
For where man abideth,
Or creature God hath made,
Laws of love and kindness
On each soul are laid.

Ring the bells of mercy
Over land and sea,
Let the waiting millions
Join the jubilee;
Peace on earth descending,
Fill the human breast,
Giving to the weary,
Sweet and blessed rest.

EMILY BRYANT LORD.

ENROLL THE WORLD.

(Tune, "Kind Words Can Never Die," or "There is a Happy Land.")

Kind words bless every ear,
Warm every heart,
Win love and bring good cheer,
Leaving no smart.
They live in after days,
They gain the truest praise,
They help the world to raise
To nobler life.

Chorus (First two lines of verse.)

Then join our Mercy Band
Give it your heart,
It needs your helping hand,
Do well your part;
To it win young and old,
In its work ever bold,
Until the world's enrolled
In Mercy's cause. *Chorus.*

REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

GO, LIVE THE STORY.

(Tune, "Tell Me the Old, Old Story," or other P. M.)

Tell me the old, old story
 Of mercy from above;
 Of how God in His glory
 Has bless'd the world with love:
 His wisdom in creation
 To living creatures see;
 His blessings for each nation,
 His love for you and me.

Chorus—Tell me the old, new story,
 Tell me the old, new story,
 Tell me the old, new story,
 Of mercy and of love.

Tell me the new, new story
 Of sweet, kind words and deeds;
 Which through time's ages hoary
 Have blessed all in their needs.
 Go, then, and live the story,
 Protect the weak and small;
 Win earth and heavenly glory,
 By kindness unto all.

REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

LIGHT IS BREAKING.

(Tune, "The Morning Light is Breaking.")

The morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears,
 The Bands of Mercy coming
 Will bless all future years;
 For, lo, the days are hastening,
 By prophet bards foretold,
 When, with the reign of kindness,
 Shall come the age of gold.

The morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears,
 Humanity is waking,
 And peace on earth appears;
 The winds shall tell the story,
 The waves shall wait it o'er,
 And now the age of glory
 Shall come to every shore.

The morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears,
 Good tidings to all nations,
 To set at rest all fears;
 And over every ocean
 The story shall be borne,
 Of kindness and protection
 To beast, and bird, and man.

GEORGE T. ANGELL.

JOIN IN OUR WORK.

(Tune, "Sweet By and-By," or other P. M.)

Come and join in our work of to-day,
 It is near us as well as afar;
 Come, walk bravely in sweet mercy's way,
 Take her Pledge and wear proudly
 her Star.

Chorus—In the sweet by-and-by
 We shall meet on the merciful shore;
 In the sweet by-and-by
 We shall meet on the merciful shore.

Let us sow seeds of mercy and love;
 In beauty and strength they will grow,
 Fitting lives for the mansions above,
 While blessing all creatures below.

Our Bands make us kind, thoughtful,
 true,

To make happy God's creatures they
 stand;
 They bring sunshine and blessings to all,
 They lead on to the merciful land.

REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

BLESS THY WORKERS.

(Tune, "Work, for the Night is Coming," or "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," or other P. M.)

God bless the little children,
 Wherever they may be!
 Out on the silent prairie,
 Down by the sounding sea—
 Flowers in the crowded cities,
 Birds in the forests free,
 God bless the little children,
 Wherever they may be!

God bless the little children,
 Wherever they may be,
 Whether they kneel at night-fall
 Beside a mother's knee,
 Or in some orphan refuge,
 Still tenderly pray we,
 "God bless the little children,
 Wherever they may be!"

LILLIE E. BARR.

SWEET BIRD

(Tune, "The Ninety and Nine," or other P. M.)

I followed a bird to the north and south,
 I followed it east and west,
 With the longing to call it at last my
 own,
 And hide it within my breast:
 But the bird flew on, and I sought in
 vain,
 Through sunshine and wind, the storm
 and the rain.

I entered the lists of the busy world,
 I took up its burden of care,
 Its wrongs to be righted, its sorrows to lift,
 Its mountains of trouble to bear:
 And wearied, I laid me at last to rest.
 I awoke—and the bird was within my
 breast. MRS. MAGGIE B. PEEKE.

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

(Tune, "Auld Lang Syne," or other P. M.)

Don't kill the birds, the little birds,
 That sing about the door,
 Soon as the joyous spring has come,
 And chilling storms are o'er.
 The little birds that sweetly sing,
 Oh, let them happy live.
 Oh, do not try to take the life
 That you can never give.

Don't kill the birds, the little birds,
 Do not disturb their play;
 But let them warble forth their songs,
 Till cold drives them away.
 Don't kill the birds, the happy birds,
 That cheer the field and grove;
 So harmless, tender, timid, mild,
 They claim our warmest love.

Then spread sweet Mercy's banner wide,
 Ne'er let the standard fall;
 Come children, gather side by side,
 Come to sweet Mercy's call;
 The Bands of Mercy girdle round
 All creatures large and small,
 Striving to follow in God's ways,
 Whose love encircles all.

MERCY UNTO ALL.

(Tune, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains,"
 "Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest,"
 or other P. M.)

Go onward, Bands of Mercy,
 All living things to cheer,
 Press onward in glad duty,
 Making all life more dear.
 The good and great all bless you,
 The weak, the dumb, the small,
 Both earth and heaven will help you,
 In mercy unto all.

We love you, Bands of Mercy,
 You seek the world to bless,
 You lead us to the lowly,
 To give them happiness.
 Then lift up hearts and voices
 In Mercy's worthy praise,
 Until the world rejoices
 In kinder, nobler ways.

REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

BE KIND TO ALL CREATURES.

(Tune, "Home, Sweet Home," other P. M.)

Be kind to dumb creatures, be gentle,
 be true,
 For food and protection they look up to
 you;
 For affection and help to your bounty
 they turn,
 Oh, do not their trusting hearts wantonly
 spurn!

Chorus: Kind, kind, oh, be kind!
 Be kind to all creatures, both human
 and dumb.

Be kind to dumb creatures, nor grudge
 them your care,
 God gave them their life, and your love
 they must share,
 And He who the sparrow's fall tenderly
 heeds.
 Will lovingly look on compassionate
 deeds.

The brave are the tender,—then do not
 refuse
 To carefully cherish the brutes you must
 use;
 Make their life's labor sweeter, not
 dreary and sad,
 Their working and serving you, easy and
 glad.

He made them and bless'd them, the
 least are His care,
 The swallow that wings her swift flight
 through the air,
 The dog by your hearthstone, the horse
 in your barn,
 The cow in your pasture, the sheep on
 your farm.

BE BRAVE.

(Tune, "How I Would Die," page 22.)

Stand by the weak and small,
 And speak up for the right;
 Be as God's sunbeams everywhere,
 And make the world more light.

On streets, in homes, and schools,
 Be loving, gentle, brave;
 Be to yourselves and others true,
 From wrong God's creatures save.

Be courteous, kind to all,
 Keep on life's bright, true side;
 Spread honor, truth, and kindness round,
 In peace and love abide.

REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

The Greeks, from whom, in spite of our boasted modern civilization, we have still so much to learn, appreciated more fully than any other nation since their time the importance of physical culture, which they made the foundation of their whole system of education. They were not "ashamed of their bodies;" but rather glorified in them as tenements worthy of the indwelling soul. All the young men of the nation were trained in manly exercises. The simple crown of green leaves which was placed upon the brow of the victor in their noble athletic games, under the eyes of his assembled countrymen and countrywomen, was more coveted by the Grecian youth than the diadem of the king. It was not only a crown of glory for himself, but gave renown of the city in which he was born.

It was in the gymnasium, and at the Pythian, Nemean, and Olympic games, that the sure foundations of an integral development were deeply and strongly laid in the most complete and systematic bodily culture. Philosophy, oratory, poetry, music, painting, and sculpture, formed a fitting superstructure. It was also in the gymnasium and at the national games that Plato, Aristotle, and the other philosophers, lectured and taught, conversing with their pupils as they rested from their exercises, carrying along mental with physical training.

And now, to bring it to the true test, what was the result of the Greek educational system? Undoubtedly the finest race the world ever saw grew up under it,—the strongest and the bravest men, and the most beautiful women (for the physical culture of the latter was not neglected),—philosophers, poets, orators, and sculptors which the modern world has never equalled.

CALISTHENICS.

This term is derived from two Greek words, signifying beauty and strength, and embraces those gymnastic exercises more especially adapted to the public hall, or school. Their introduction into the Lyceum has several objects in view. They throw off the physical restlessness of the children, while furnishing them with amusement; they teach the grand lesson that physical and mental culture should go hand in hand; they harmonize the minds of the participants, and provide the means for the thorough education of the muscles in graceful movement to the mandates of the will. Half of education is to give the mind this perfect flexibility; ease of action depends upon it; awkwardness results from its deficiency. In no manner is it possible to attain this result so perfectly as by calisthenic movements simultaneously executed to music. Although the exercise is practiced but once a week, it tones the muscular system for the entire intermediate period; and those who comprehend its purpose can practice at any time. The conductor

should impress the members with the necessity of promptness, decision, and grace in all the movements. If executed in an awkward, thoughtless manner, their influence is not only lost, but pernicious.

The exercises here introduced have been selected and arranged from various sources with the view to give only such as the most fastidious could not object to. They have been tested in the Lyceum by long experience, and found desirable. Practically, any movement which is in itself ungraceful and distorting can not be introduced. Shrugging the shoulders, kicking, or twisted positions of head or body, will not be received by the higher groups, and in the public hall are offensive to refined taste.



Correct Pose for Elocutionary and Calisthenic Exercises.

Head erect; hips well backward; chest forward; shoulder blades almost touching; weight of body thrown forward on balls of feet; heels scarcely touching the floor.

This is the expression of health, strength, hope, enthusiasm, love, and it is the attitude of the body which places all the internal organs in proper position and allows to them entire freedom of action.

The lungs, heart, stomach, liver, etc., are unimpeded in their functions and gain strength by the exercises, which will result in enabling one to attain, and maintain this correct and healthy pose, not alone during Lyceum drill, but habitually, as it is normal in perfect health. This is the pose recommended in the work "Psycho-Physical Culture," by Julia and Annie Thomas, of New York, and is used in their conservatory. We recommend this most excellent work to all who are looking for a book on this subject, which is easy to work from without a teacher. It may be obtained of Edgar S. Warner, New York City.

Well-directed exercises, in elocution introduced before the recitations, are most useful and invigorating muscular tonics. They call into activity most of the muscles of the trunk, and in using and undulating the voice, the diaphragm and abdominal muscles are called into use and stimulate the stomach and other internal organs. They also compel correct breathing, which is the basis of physical culture.

It is refining and cultivating to memorize and recite the best thoughts of good authors. The varied attitudes, facial expressions, movements of hands and limbs required to give correct renderings, promote grace and beauty which can be acquired in no pleasanter way.

Good elocution is the delivery of thought (our own or others') understandingly, correctly, and effectively, says Miss Thomas.

The first thing to make sure of is *good articulation*: that is to give distinct utterance to the oral elements in syllables and words. Therefore blackboard exercises should be practiced on the tonics, sub-tonics; and atonics, pronouncing words of which they form a part until the whole Lyceum, adults and children, can give them clear and correct. Every Lyceum can afford to own *one* good book, from which exercises can be taken, and put on a blackboard, for the use of the whole school. I know of none better than the one I have mentioned. Even fifteen minutes each session used thus will yield great benefit.

CALISTHENIC PRACTICE.

Three strokes of the bell call all to their feet. The members should stand far enough apart not to interfere with each other, and in straight lines not only across the hall, but in the opposite direction.

1st *Command*.—ATTENTION. Take proper pose.

2d *Command*.—FOLD ARMS.

3d *Command*.—REVERSE ARMS. (Arms folded at back.)

4th *Command*.—REST ARMS. (See Figure No. 5.)

5th *Command*.—ARMS FREE. (By the side.)

We have divided the exercises into four series, each of which is preceded by the *Wand Movement*. They can be used in their order for the four Sundays of the month, or two or more at the same session, as the

conductor may judge best. While promptness and perfection is desirable, the object of the Lyceum is not wholly to learn Calisthenics and Marching. They are only means to certain ends, and should not occupy more than fifteen minutes each, at the extreme.

WAND MOVEMENTS.

6th *Command*.—POSITION FOR WAND MOVEMENTS: Position erect, with the right hand resting in the left, as seen in Fig. 1, at *d*.

The music now plays the first strain of some tune written in double or quadruple time. This it repeats; and, at the first beat of the repeat, the right arm is extended to *a*; at the second, to *b*; at the third, to *c*; at the fourth, returned to first position. This is repeated. The left hand is then carried through the arcs *a'*, *b*, *c'*, and returned. Then both hands execute these movements simultaneously, and repeat.



FIG. 1.—POSITION FOR WAND MOVEMENTS.

The hands should move in curves, as represented in the figure. At *a a'* the palms should be horizontal; at *c c'*, their inner edge should be presented in front, at *b*, the palms should be in front, the fore-fingers and thumbs brought nearly in contact. The body should participate in the movement of the arms.

FIRST SERIES.

7th *Command*.—POSITION FOR CALISTHENICS: Position of a soldier, except the hands are clenched on the breast.

1. Music plays the first strain, and repeats. At the first beat, the right hand is thrust downward to *a* (Fig. 2); at the second, returned; at the

third, down; at the fourth, returned. This movement should be executed by bending the arm only at the elbow.

At the next beat, thrust the left hand down to *a*; at the second, return. Repeat.

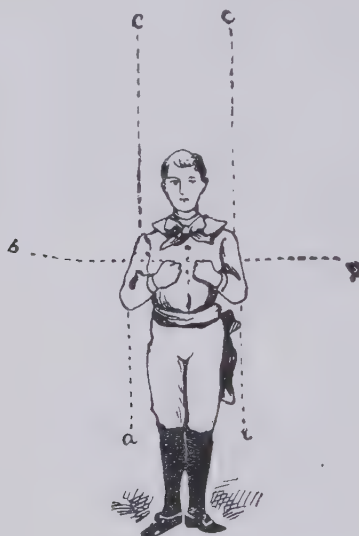


FIG. 2—POSITION FOR CALISTHENICS.

At the next beat, thrust the right hand down to *a*; at the next, bring it to position, and thrust the left down to *a'* simultaneously; at the next, reverse by thrusting the left to position, and thrusting the right down; at the fourth; bring the right to position. *This is the alternate movement.* At the next beat, thrust both downward simultaneously to *a a'*; return; repeat.

2. Extend the right arm horizontally to *b*; return. Repeat. Left arm the same to *b'*; return. Repeat. Alternate twice; simultaneously twice.

3. Extend right arm directly upward to *c*; return; repeat. Left arm the same to *c'*. Alternate twice; simultaneously twice.

4. Extend right arm directly in front; return. Repeat. Left the same. Alternate twice; simultaneously twice.

5. Thrust the right arm down to *a* (Fig. 2); return; thrust it upward to *c*; return. Repeat. Thrust the left downward to *a'*; return. Thrust it upward to *c'*; return. Repeat. Alternate twice; both down simultaneously; return. Both up; return.



FIG. 3.

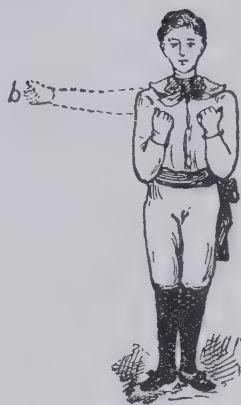


FIG. 4.

6 Thrust the right arm to the left (Fig. 3), *a*; return; thrust to right as seen in Fig. 4, *b*; return. Repeat. Left arm the same.

7. Turn to the right, thrusting both arms to right, keeping the feet firmly in place and twisting the body; return. Turn to the left, thrusting the arms in that direction. Turn to the right, thrusting the arms as before, twice; to the left, twice.

8. Return to position. Thrust both down; return. Both out. Both up; return. Both front; return to position of *Attention*; bow twice.

SECOND SERIES.

Position.—REST ARMS, as in Figure 5.



FIG. 5.

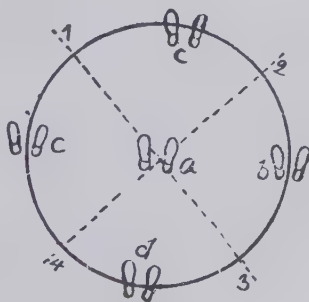


FIG. 6.

1. Step to the right with the right foot,—from *a* to *b*, in Fig. 6,—follow with the left; return with left; follow with the right. Repeat four times.

2. Step to left with the left foot,—from *a* to *c*; follow with the right; return with right, and follow with the left. Repeat four times.

3. Step backward with the right foot,—from *a* to *d*; follow with left. Return with right foot, and follow with the left. Repeat four times.

4. Step forward with the right foot,—from *a* to *c*; follow with the left. Return with the right foot, and follow with the left. Repeat four times, at the last beat returning to positions shown in Figure 7, bringing the points of the fingers in a line with, and pointing towards, the shoulders. The shoulders should be thrown well back.



FIG. 7.



FIG. 8.

5. Extend the right arm to *a*; return; repeat four times. Left, the same to *a'*. Alternate four times; simultaneously four times. At the last beat, bring the palms of the hands together; directly in front, the arms being extended forward horizontally, as in Figure 8, *a*. Then, keeping the arms rigid, except at the shoulders, swing them through the circle,—the first beat from *a* to *b*; the second, from *b* to *a*; repeating.

6. Reverse the motion, passing from *a* to *b* in the opposite direction; repeating four times. At the last beat, bringing the hands to breast, as in Figure 4.

7. At the next beat, extend both down, simultaneously,—repeat, out,—repeat; up,—repeat; front,—repeat.

8. Slap the hands four times, and bow twice.

THIRD SERIES.

Position.—REST ARM. Figure No. 5.

1. At the first beat, step with the right foot back (Fig. 6, from *a* to *d*), follow with the left; return with right, and follow with left. Repeat.
2. Step forward with right foot (from *a* to *c*), followed with the left; return with right, follow with left. Repeat.
3. Oblique step, backward to right, with right foot (Fig. 6, from *a* to 3), follow with left; return with right, and follow with left.
4. Oblique, backward to left (from *a* to 4).
5. Oblique, forward to right (from *a* to 2).
6. Oblique, forward to left (from *a* to 1). Movements 4, 5, 6, are performed similarly to No. 3.
7. Beat twice with the right heel; charge to the left; return. Repeat. The position of charge is shown in Figure 9.



FIG. 9.



FIG. 10.



FIG. 11.

8. Beat twice with the left heel, charge to the right; return. Repeat. The two positions are perfectly explained in the above diagrams. At last beat bring hands to the breast (Fig. 2).

9. Thrust the right arm downward; at the second beat, open the hand; at the third, clench the hand; at the fourth, return to position. Repeat. The same with the left arm. Simultaneously. The same movement, outward, upward and forward. At the last beat, bring the palms of the hands in contact, the arms thrust horizontally forward as in Figure 11, *b*.

10. Keep the arms rigid except at the shoulders, and at the next beat carry them directly backward, so that their backs may touch as near as possible, as at *a*, in Fig. 11. Return at the next beat. Repeat four times, on the last beat returning to position for the wand movement, and completing the measure by slapping the hands.

FOURTH SERIES.

Position.—ATTENTION.

1. At the first beat, throw the hands upward, as in Figure 12. At the second, return. Repeat four times. At the last beat, clasp the hands behind the back.

2. Thrust them downward; return. Repeat four times. At the last beat, clasp the hands on the breast.

3. Carry them down as far as possible without unclasping; return. Repeat four times. At the last beat, bring the hands to position of Rest Arms (Fig. 5).

4. Stamp the right foot, then the left; step out with right foot in position of charge (Figs. 9 and 10); return. Repeat four times.

5. The same with the left foot.



FIG. 12.



FIG. 13.

6. Draw the right elbow back as far as possible, throwing the chest forward and inhaling. Repeat. Left the same. Alternately twice. Simultaneously twice. At the last beat, bring the hands to the breast as in Figure 2.

7. Thrust the right arm down, with the back of the hand in front; twist the hand outward; back; return to first position. Repeat. Left hand the same. Alternately twice. Simultaneously twice. Same movements outward, upward, and front. At the last beat, extend the arms in position represented in Figure 13.

8. At the next beat, bend to the right, as presented in Figure 14, *c d*; at the next, to the left, as in *a b*. Repeat four times, bringing the hands into position of Rest Arms at the last beat (Fig. 5).

9. Turn the body to the right, partially bowing in doing so; return. Repeat. Turns to the left. Repeat. Alternate once, bringing hands to the side at the last beat.



FIG. 14.

10. Bow to complete the measure.

NOTE.—Singing while executing the wand movement, Calisthenic exercises, or while marching, produces a very pleasing effect. There are several songs in the collection suitable for this purpose; but “Sing All Together,” on page 47, has been prepared expressly for wand movements, or Calisthenic.

CONSTITUTION.

PREAMBLE.

For intellectual and moral progress, and the social improvement of our children and ourselves, we organize under the name of THE PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM, and adopt the following Constitution :—

ART. I.—MEMBERSHIP.

Any person can become a member of this Association by subscribing his or her name to this Constitution.

ART. II.—OFFICERS.

The officers shall consist of a Conductor, a Guardian of Groups, a Watchman, a Librarian, a Treasurer, a Secretary, a Musical Director, three Guards, and a corps of Leaders. All offices may be filled by either sex.

ART. III.—OFFICERS—HOW ELECTED.

All officers shall be elected by a majority of votes, cast by ballot by the members of the Lyceum. The Conductor shall announce, the two Lyceum Sessions immediately preceding that on which his term of office expires, that on that day the election of officers will take place.

ART. IV.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

SECTION I. The Conductor shall act as the presiding officer. His duty during the Lyceum Session shall be to announce the order of exercises, superintend the recitations, lead in the calisthenic exercises, and otherwise perform such duties as his office involves.

SECT. 2. The duty of the Guardian of Groups shall be to superintend the several groups during the Lyceum sessions ; distribute the badges ; lead the responses in the recitations ; lead in the march, bearing the Guardian's banner ; and to keep a journal of the names of members, and of the sessions.

SECT. 3. The duties of the Watchman shall be to keep everything in order. He is, as his name indicates, a watcher, constantly on the alert, caring for all the details of the session.

SECT. 4. The duty of the Librarian shall be to take charge of the books, papers, and other business connected therewith, for the Lyceum.

SECT. 5. The duty of the Treasurer shall be to receive and account for all moneys of the Lyceum, from whatever source received, and pay to the orders of the Secretary, countersigned by the Conductor. He shall make a quarterly report to the Conductor.

SECT. 6. The duty of the Secretary shall be to make a record of all meetings of the Lyceum, all business transacted, and attend to its correspondence.

SECT. 7. The duty of the Musical Director shall be to take charge of the musical requirements of the Lyceum, and lead the musical exercises of its sessions.

CONSTITUTION.

SECT. 8 The Guards shall take charge of the hall and ante-rooms ; extend civilities to visitors ; prepare the banners for the marches ; arrange the seats, and otherwise assist, as the Conductor may require.

SECT. 9. The Leaders shall be the instructors of their respective Groups ; keep group-books, and aim to be evangels of love and truth to the minds under their care.

ART. V.—THE EXECUTIVE BOARD.

The Conductor, Guardian, and Librarian constitute an Executive Board, having in charge the property of the Lyceum These, with all the other officers, constitute a Board of Managers.

ART. VI.—SUSPENSIONS AND EXPULSIONS.

No amendment or law shall ever be passed, affecting the religious opinions or social standing of any officer or member ; and no officer or member shall be expelled or suspended, except for insubordination or neglect of duty.

ART. VII.—VACANCIES.

Shall be filled *pro tem.* by the conductor ; permanent vacancies shall be announced to the Lyceum by the Conductor, and new officers elected to the position in the same manner as at the general election.

ART. VIII.—AMENDMENTS.

This Constitution may be changed or amended by presenting the proposed change or amendment in writing at a session of the Lyceum ; at the second session thereafter it shall be acted on ; and, if it receive a two-thirds majority of the votes of all members taken by ballot, it shall be adopted.

GENERAL BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE 1. The officers of this Society shall be elected annually, on the day the incumbent's term of office expires.

ART. 2. The officers of the Lyceum shall meet for the transaction of business pertaining to the Lyceum, at least once a month. The Conductor can call such a meeting whenever he thinks desirable.

ART. 3. At such meetings it shall be lawful, whenever a majority of officers are present to appoint a Secretary, pass by-laws, and transact all business connected with the Lyceum. The proceedings, however, must be submitted to the next session of the Lyceum, and cannot be adopted except by a majority vote of members.

ART. 4. Such system of finance may be adopted as receives the approval of a majority of the members.

ART. 5.—The Conductor, Guardian, Librarian, and Musical Director can choose their own assistants.

Practical Suggestions.

Have the assembly-room neat and orderly at every session : a filthy and disordered hall breeds filthy morals. If possible adorn the walls with pictures, significant mottoes, and other symbols of truth. Flowers are wonderfully cheering and beautiful : bring them in their season.

By practical example, teach the beautiful rules of courtesy : good manners are the blossom of good sense.

Let parents and guardians encourage the Lyceum by their presence at each session, and by taking part in the exercises. No person can be a dutiful Lyceum member and not grow in wisdom and in love. Expansion is for all, eternally.

Have the school well drilled in music. During the singing exercises, stand erect, holding your book nearly horizontal in front of the breast, low enough so that if it were raised to perpendicular it would not quite touch the chin ; take the same position for reading.

Instruct the members in deep breathing : it is impossible to sing or read with good effect, unless the lungs are amply supplied with air ; replenish them when the *pauses* occur.

Do not fear precision in your department : it is more conducive to grace than a slipshod, careless manner. In going to the rostrum to read or recite, go quietly, but with alacrity ; not as though you were in torture, and made your offering grudgingly : such a deportment will mar the pleasure of your listeners. Be glad to do what you can, and show this feeling in your face. Do not forget a respectful bow to your audience.

It is well for the young groups to commit to memory and repeat moral maxims occasionally, or, if thought desirable, at every session.

Procure, if possible, special instructors occasionally to lecture, using designs, etc.

A reading by a good artist will stimulate talent wonderfully, and be thus useful. Bring cultivated singers before your Lyceum now and then. A good concert is one of the most enjoyable and elevating entertainments, and by a little painstaking can be furnished.

Cultivate the dramatic : make the Lyceum the theatre of whatever ennobles the character. Spiritual dramas are both appropriate and refining on Sunday evenings. Rightly managed, this essential feature in the Lyceum system may be not only a source of financial revenue, but of reform.

An entertainment worth paying for, and sure to win patronage, almost any Lyceum may give. It may consist of short dramas, tableaux, recitations, music, charades, and a few Lyceum exercises. "The March of the Angels," may be performed by thirty girls, more or less, dressed in white, ornamented with gauze, flowers, etc.; the manner and changes in the marching can be arranged to suit the hall. They may march around it, and over

the rostrum if there is sufficient room, performing various pleasing variations. Calisthenics in pretty costumes are fine, performed at exhibitions. Flag exercises may be made exceedingly beautiful.

Do not forget to give the Lyceum at least one picnic during the season.

When you hold "Children's Sociables," attend with them and make them as interesting as possible.

See that the children are home at not too late an hour.

Never get discouraged at cruel words from those who are not of your belief. Have faith in truth, and remember that all can not see alike. If anyone should be unkind to you, you can not afford to return it to him, since every sinful action stains your life.

LEADERS' MEETING. At least once each month, and oftener if desirable, a meeting of the officers and most interested members should be held. Before this meeting all questions for the conducting of the Lyceum should come for consideration. If there is any conflict of opinion, a harmonious understanding should be arrived at, so that when the Leaders go before the Lyceum there will be no jar or discord. All business and plans of action should come first before the Leaders' meeting; and not be brought to the attention of the Lyceum in session, until fully matured; then, if desirable, the vote of that body may be taken.

DISCUSSION. The Lyceum is not a debating club, and in the consideration of all questions it should be laid down as an absolute rule that in speaking, or in giving answers to questions before the Lyceum, all must give their own thoughts, without making personal reference to what has been said before. The point to be constantly held in mind is, what *you* think on the subject under consideration, not what *anyone else* thinks, or has expressed.

UNITED INVESTIGATION thus pursued makes all friends; while *discussion*, which is usually combatting others' opinions, antagonizes and produces inharmony.

A united search after truth is the legitimate work of every Lyceum session.

Methods of Instruction.

A few suggestions may be of value to leaders. The position of teacher is often exacting, and the success of the Lyceum depends on the self-sacrificing labor of a few, mainly its officers. But they are repaid many-fold, for while they are instructing others they are educating themselves as they can in no other schools. In no other way can they possibly gain more rapid mental growth.

They have the whole realm of nature, and the literature of the world from which to select their lessons.

Object lessons are doubtless the best method of conveying instruction to the understanding of children; they directly appeal to the senses, which are avenues of knowledge. We therefore respectfully recommend that the ingenious Leader open for inspection the vast arcana of nature and art, and at each session have something new and interesting; always endeavoring to be thorough, leaving the young mind impressed with a recognition of a divine purpose in all things, that the tender affections may be moulded in the likeness of a sweet morality and angelic character. Crystals, pebbles, leaves, grasses, grains, flowers, birds, butterflies, insects, drops of water, colors, odors, fruits of all kinds, fossils, petrifications, corals, pictures, organs of the human body,—indeed, anything suggestive of practical thought, are ever appropriate themes of study and discourse in the Lyceum. As an example of this method the Conductor before the whole Lyceum, a leader before her group, holds up a thistle. After it has been thoroughly examined he asks; “What is this? what are its parts? color? appearance? Where does it grow? Then taking one of the expanded heads he takes out a seed with its downy wings. What is this? A seed. What is the wing for? That the wind may blow it away and scatter the seed. If this seed should be blown into your garden what would happen? A great prickly thistle would grow up there. You all have a garden where you keep your thoughts. What is it called? The mind. What corresponds in the moral world to weeds? Bad thoughts. What then happens when the seeds of bad thoughts find a place in your minds? Immoral actions. How would you destroy the thistle in your garden? Cut it up with a hoe. How would you dislodge bad thoughts? Cut them down with the sword of truth.

Discussions often exert an unsalutary influence upon the affections: they are apt to be combative, and tainted with the pride of mere opinion. The more natural and conversational our talk with children, the more complete is the harmony of all concerned.

BADGES.

A full description of the badges designed for the officers and members is herewith given.

If more convenient, a less expensive badge, and one equally significant may be made with ribbon, one and a half inches wide, of color corresponding to the group, or uniform in color, with LYCEUM printed on in black or gold. This may be plain for members, and for officers have a gold fringe. It is pinned to the left breast with a silver star, or adults may use the sunflower badge pin; it is less conspicuous.

An effective badge may be made as follows: Cut yellow satin ribbon, $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch wide, in pieces 3 inches long; have the word Lyceum printed on each in black. Back this with another ribbon, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches length, of the sentiment color of the group; notch one end of each, leaving the other straight. Fasten the top ends together neatly, so the wider ribbon shows on the sides and bottom behind the yellow. Pin it on the left breast with a silver star, and you have something pretty and inexpensive.

Where the BAND OF MERCY is a part of the Lyceum, as it ought to be, its Star can be used for beauty and effectiveness is preferable to any other. (These badges may be obtained of Geo. T. Angell, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.)

CONDUCTOR.—A gold or gilt Sun, surrounded by a silver circle, touching the longest rays; velvet ribbons, green and red,—dark, rich shades.

BADGES.

GUARDIAN.—A silver or pearl five-rayed Star, in the centre of a blue velvet or silk rosette, with two streamers.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR.—A Harp, from under which fall green velvet streamers.

GUARD AND WATCHMAN.—An eagle holding a sceptre suspended by a chain in his beak; ribbons brown,—russet.

LIBRARIAN.—A silver book; buff and pink ribbons.

SECRETARY.—A gold book, with emerald ribbons.

TREASURER.—Two gold links depending from a bar; white ribbon streamers.

LEADER.—A silver shield, the sentiment of which is "Truth, the protector," from which depend two streamers of the sentiment color of the respective Group standards.

The badges for Group members may be the same as their Leaders', or simply a ribbon rosette of the Group.

Colors and Their Correspondencies.

That color has an intricate and mysterious relation to life, and the qualities of the mind, once considered fanciful, is now proven to rest on the foundation of fixed laws, every color is found to have a significance, and correspondence in quality of the spirit.

This correspondence is expressed as follows :—

Gray.—Mind is without any distinguishable character,—Innocence.

Lilac and Pearl.—The first flush of aurora; objects are sensed in the dim, mental haze of uncertainty,—Trusting, Unsuspecting.

Pink and Rose.—The rising mental light defines the world with a silvery edge of beauty, but stripes the earth with shadows dark and foreboding,—Modesty, Diffidence.

Red and Crimson.—The mind is absorbed in a sensuous life,—Ardor, Zeal.

Russett and Maroon, or Wine Color.—Active and self-reliant,—Power and Ambition.

Purple and Violet.—When the spirit shall see that power and ambition are all vanity and vexation, and strive for a better life, the result must be,—Aspiration.

Blue and Indigo.—When love shall do for love's sake,—Combining, Unity.

Green and Citrine.—Unity is accomplished in the harmonious connections of the lower with the higher attributes. In music, the bass with the treble; the colors of the light with the shaded side of the spectrum; the reds and yellows of earth with the blue and heaven. A mind that can view things terrestrial and celestial from this central point, rests in,—Harmony.

Emerald and Light Olive.—Faith in the power of truth,—Truthfulness, Fidelity.

Orange and Dark Orange.—The channel of energy,—Endurance, Perseverance, Will.

White and Blue-White.—Characteristic expression of purity through victorious struggling,—Purity.

Yellow and Gold.—The spirit “born into the glorious liberty of the sons of God.” This is the golden radiated halo of archangels and is,—Inspirational.

The following table shows a scale of colors, with their corresponding groups :

COLORS AND THEIR CORRESPONDENCIES. 161

ATTRIBUTES.	COLORS and their LANGUAGE.		GROUP.	NOS. AGE OF MEMB'RS	
NEUTRAL--with- out character and subordinat- ing the influ-	Light Gray	Innocence	Fountain	1	{ 6 years and under
	Gray	Germ of Hope	Aurora	13	
	Lilac	Trusting	Stream	2	7 years
	Pearl	Unsuspecting	Sunbeam	14	7 "
ence of RED,— which is physi- cal energy and sensuous expe- rience, reaching into the influ-	Pink	Modesty	River	3	8 "
	Rose	Diffidence	Lawn	15	8 "
	Red	Ardor	Lake	4	9 "
	Crimson	Zeal	Grotto	16	9 "
	Russet	Pride	Sea	5	10 "
	Maroon	Self-Reliance	Glen	17	10 "
	Purple	Restraint	Ocean	6	11 "
	Violet	Aspiration	Sylvan	18	11 "
ence of BLUE,— intellectual and mental energies combining by affinity; and blending with the influence of	Blue	Combining Pow- er	Shore	7	12 "
	Indigo	Love of Unity	Valley	19	12 "
	Green	Harmony	Banner	8	13 "
	Citrine	Concord	Floral	20	13 "
	Emerald	Truthfulness	Star	9	14 "
	Light Olive	Fidelity	Garland	21	14 "
	Orange	Will	Excelsior	10	15 "
	Light Orange	Firmness	Mountain	22	15 "
YELLOW, — the inspiring ener- gy of light and spirituality, pro- ducing a perfect character, — the arch-angelic.	White	Purity	Liberty	11	16 and 17 yrs.
	YellowWhite	Chastity	Temple	23	16 and 17 yrs.
	Yellow	Inspiration	Summer	12	{ 18 years and upwards.
	or Gold	Spirituality	Evangel	24	

The above is the full scale intended for a Lyceum that is large enough to maintain twenty-four groups. It is better to begin with the first twelve, or even six, uniting Fountain and Stream, River and Lake, etc.

There is nothing arbitrary about the groups, and they may be dispensed with, in small Lyceums; but when there is a large attendance, the division is of great advantage in preserving order and systematizing the work.

The standards should be in place to mark the groups, and for decoration, even if the Lyceum is not classified strictly according to age.

All the symbols of the Lyceum should correspond with the principle on which it is founded,—unity in diversity.

STANDARDS AND BANNERS.

GROUP STANDARDS.

The staff should be constructed of light, durable wood, from six to seven feet long, three-fourths of an inch thick, projecting eight or ten inches above the shield, terminating with a walnut ball. The shield is supported at the top by an arm at right angles with the staff, extending two inches on each side beyond the shield, having walnut balls upon the ends.

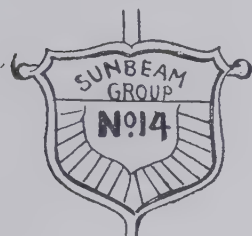
On the front, at the top of the SHIELD, light-gray colored silk is used for all the Standards except Fountain Group, where *white* should be used, the gray of the shield being the sentiment color, on which the name of the Group is put in gilt letters. The centre color below is the one for sentiment: the color surrounding it is the one which subordinates or complements it, and should, as near as possible, be combined according to their numbers, if contrasted; but if by analogy, arrange to suit taste. Then bind it with a silk cord, nearly a quarter-inch in width, of a steel-gray color, and from the nicks of the arms, near the balls, let the cord swing half-way down the shield upon the back, and upon the staff, at the top of the shield, tack the cord in three loops; then swing round to arms again, as seen in the drawings. The sentiment color covers the whole of the back, upon which is placed the number of Group, and, if you choose, the language of the color.

FIGURE OF STANDARD.

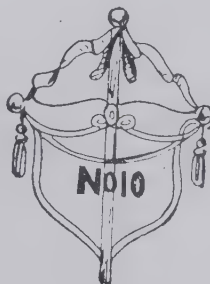
Cut the shield from *card-board*, then fasten it by a few small tacks, driven through against a flat-iron, so they will clinch without breaking, to a thin strip of board, to which you must have already glued the balls. The paper and wood boards are fastened together at the centre; where the staff rises put two wire loops through the boards about half an inch from the top. Be sure to have the ends clinched in the boards, so they may not loosen, and wear the silk. Have these wire loops lean towards each other, extending scarcely above the top of the shield, and be about three-fourths of an inch apart. With these loops suspend the shield to the staff by two very small screw-eyes, correspondingly spaced on the staff; a little opening is filed in the eye at the stem to admit the wire loop; then the standard can swing or be fastened by a ribbon at the bottom of the staff.

After sewing the gray piece of silk (it should be about five inches wide) to the sentiment color, double it, lay the shield upon it, and mark with a pencil; be sure not to get the silk too small, so as to warp the card-board, nor yet too large, or it will appear baggy and slovenly made. Before inser-

Board with Wire Loops.



Front of Standard.



Back of Standard.

ting the board in its silk covering, sew on the complementary color, as seen in the drawing. Paste white paper over the board to cover the tack-heads or any dark spots. You will find the lower part of the shield too large to pass the narrow part of the silk sack : to avoid any strain, press with the fingers the two edges of the shield, making the large part concave, while another slips the sack on ; then sew up the top, and bind it with cord, tacking tightly around the wire loops, leaving them projecting above.

The pattern for the shield is about the width of dress silk, cutting to good advantage, adjusted to be a little longer than wide. The cord used for binding should be deeper gray than the silk upon which the letters are placed, and the tassels the same shade. This harmonizes with all the other colors.

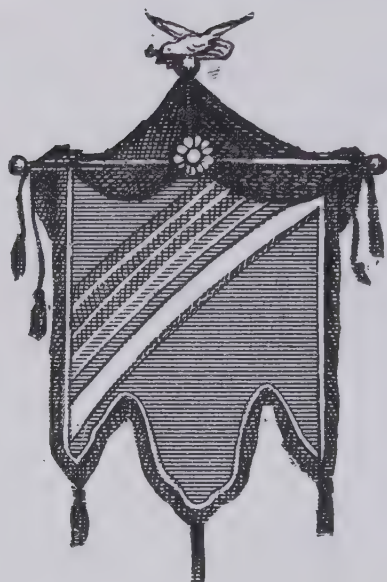
It will require but a few evenings for the leaders to construct the standards. Their brilliant effect in the Lyceum will amply repay for all the labor and cost.

BANNERS.

We give engravings, of a set of Banners, with the appropriate colors, and symbols. All Lyceums may not be able to procure them, for they are necessarily somewhat expensive. One of each may be procured for the Leaders. The American flag is beautiful, appropriate, and to be recommended in place of any other. The Leaders' flags should be larger than those used by the children, and of silk. The size of the flags should vary in size with the groups, FOUNTAIN having the smallest.

A beautiful Lyceum banner, to be placed in front of the Conductor's stand, and borne in front on festive occasions, is made by a combination of colors.

The ground is blue, across which is a rainbow, emblem of peace and good will. At the shoulder of the standard is a gilt sun, above a gilt ball, and silver dove with olive branch in its beak.



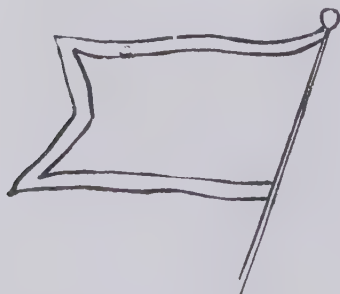
THE LYCEUM BANNER.



THE GUARDIAN'S BANNER.

The drapery is green or magenta, with binding, and tassels to correspond. Across the rainbow "Progressive Lyceum" may be placed.

The Guardian's flag is light cream, with deep purple fringe, and tassels dependent from top of staff. The following are the flags for the first twelve groups, if preferred to the national stars and stripes.



FOUNTAIN GROUP.

COLORS—Light gray, with scarlet border.
SENTIMENT—Innocence.



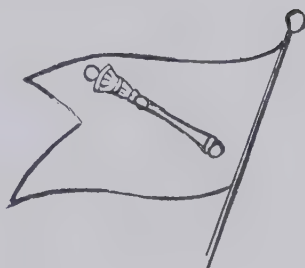
LAKE GROUP.

COLORS—Red, blue within the half circle.
SENTIMENT—Ardor.



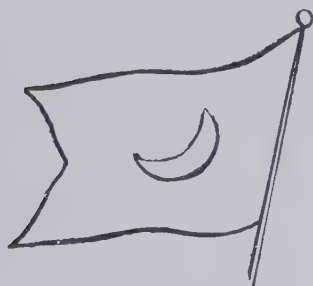
STREAM GROUP.

COLORS—Lilac ground, with white crescent.
SENTIMENT—Trustfulness.



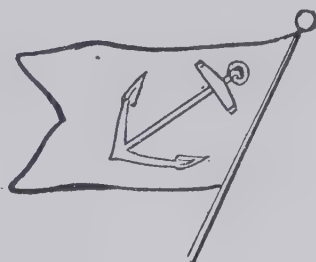
SEA GROUP.

COLORS—Russet ground, the sceptre gilt or yellow.
SENTIMENT—Authority.



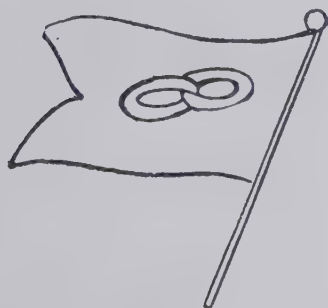
RIVER GROUP.

COLORS—Pink ground, the half orb lilac or pearl.
SENTIMENT—Modesty.



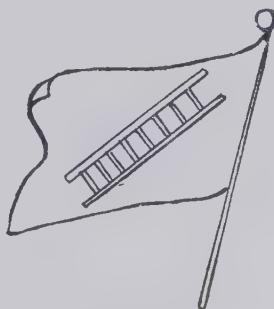
OCEAN GROUP.

COLORS—Purple ground, the anchor white.
SENTIMENT—Aspiration.



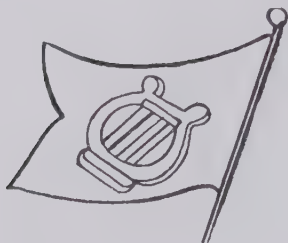
SHORE GROUP.

COLORS—Blue ground, the links brown.
SENTIMENT—Unity.



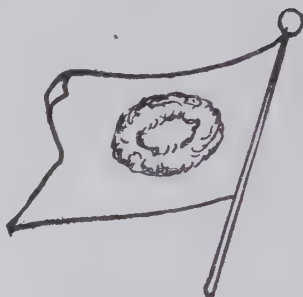
EXCELSIOR GROUP.

COLORS—Light orange, the ladder in deep orange.
SENTIMENT—Will.



BANNER GROUP.

COLORS—Green ground, the harp light brown.
SENTIMENT—Harmony.



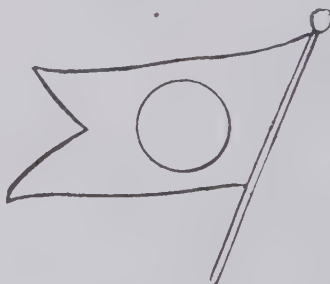
LIBERTY GROUP.

COLORS—White ground, the wreath gilt.
SENTIMENT—Purity.



STAR GROUP.

COLORS—Emerald green, star pale yellow.
SENTIMENT—Truthfulness.



SUMMER GROUP.

COLORS—Yellow, the sun silver or pearl.
SENTIMENT—Inspiration.

Program for a Lyceum Session.

PART FIRST.

1. At the bell-signal, the groups assemble, and all officers at once take their respective places.
2. The Guardian and her Assistant distribute the Group Books, Badges, and the books used by the school.
3. New names entered, badges put on, books in hand.
4. Singing by the whole Lyceum.

PART SECOND.

1. Golden Chain Recitations, or Choral Responses.
2. Calisthenics.
3. Conversation on the lesson, throughout the groups.
4. Reports from the groups on the question before the assembly.
5. Proposal and adoption of questions or subjects for new lessons.

PART THIRD.

1. Elocution drill, declamations; brief readings; music, vocal or instrumental, by individual members.
2. A lecture or lesson on some educational topic, by the Conductor, Guardian, or some chosen person. Band of Mercy work. Repeat Pledge in unison.
3. The removal of the badges.

PART FOURTH.

1. Leaders select Standard-bearers for the grand march, who quietly take positions in the aisle at the head of the groups they respectively represent, in line.
2. The Guardian, with her banner, having taken her place opposite the Standard-bearer of the highest group, marches, at the signal of the Conductor, down the aisle, the Standard-bearers falling in as she passes them, one after another.
3. At the bell-signal, all arise; and, as the Guardian and Standard-bearers pass, join successively in the march, commencing with the highest group. The Guards give out the banners while the school is marching, and they are returned to the same while marching in rank, just before counter-marching in front of the Conductor's stand.
4. Singing or Recitation.
5. Adjournment.

REMARKS ON THE PROGRAM.

Part First. Be prompt but quiet in obeying the signals. Be respectful to your Leaders, and willing to do as they recommend you in taking part in the exercises. Take your places every session, resolved to learn all you can, and *do* all you can to interest and instruct others. Do not neglect your duty as a Lyceum member, of *taking part in all the exercises*, because you may have a mood of disinclination. There should be unity of soul and action.

The singing should be general. If you *can not* sing, be one in soul with those who are singing; find the song in your book, look over, try to learn.

Part Second. The Golden Chain Recitation is executed by the alternate reading of the Conductor, the groups, and other officers; the Conductor leading, and the rest responding, led by the Guardian. Care and practice should be given to effect the utterance of the responses in unison.

The Leaders should stand at the head of their classes during Calisthenics, forming a straight line down the hall.

The Leader should converse affectionately and with simplicity on the topic with the group under his charge, drawing out their opinions encouragingly, and, if the general question is beyond their understanding, select one more simple. It is desirable that each member give a brief answer to the question; the member should arise in his seat, and report to the Conductor in a distinct, courteous manner, so that all in the hall may hear. The responses are often more interesting than the most learned lecture. It is a very good way to secure carefully selected subjects for lessons, to have one person chosen every Sunday to bring in two or three questions for consideration, which are presented to the Lyceum, and the one desired chosen by vote. Then there is no danger of having trifling and unprofitable questions accepted in consequence of haste and carelessness.

Part third. In many places, particularly country places where the societies are small, it is impossible to provide a good lecturer every Sunday; the expense is too great, and can not be borne. By effort and study, the Lyceum may afford a rich intellectual feast at each session, and prove a means of growth as well as pleasure. Learn to render your readings and declamations artistically. You can get books which will teach you these things at home, if you have patience to study them. A beautiful song or a piece of instrumental music is always acceptable. How many times the strains of music are reproduced in our minds during the week, always softening and sanctifying us. Much and careful attention should be given to the internal growth of societies: it is this which will make them healthful and permanent.

Punctuality should be inculcated. The Conductor should call the Lyceum to order at precisely the appointed time. There should be promptness and decision in all the exercises, and no delay by which the sessions are made tedious.

It is more interesting to have diversity, and not the same routine for every session, when there are full responses to the subjects and recitations, the Calisthenics or marching may be omitted. Let every session be a surprise.

MARCHING.

The object of marching is not only to afford amusement, but to inculcate promptness of action, and grace of movement. Like Calisthenics, it should not be made an end, but a means; and the officers of the Lyceum should be very careful that neither are introduced in excess. Fifteen minutes should be the extreme time consumed in marching. When these exercises are given more time, it must be done at the expense of the intellectual, the most important, object of the Lyceum sessions. The temptation is very strong, as at first they are amusing, but very soon weariness is produced, and apathy takes the place of interest. The marching admits of almost endless diversity; and the Conductor can vary it to the necessities of his Lyceum, or the capabilities of his hall. The methods here introduced are only suggestive. The main points are to teach accurate time in keeping step, precision in direct marching and the appropriate manner of carrying the banners, so that in procession, and on all public occasions, proper order and beauty may be preserved.

The banners should be placed to the right of the Conductor's stand; the banners of the Leaders to the left. The Guards hand them out as the members pass. The banner should always be received with the left hand, then grasp the end of the staff with the right, which bring straight to the side, the staff touching the shoulder. This should be strictly enforced, as nothing gives the marching a worse appearance than having the flags carried in a disorderly manner.

The Standard-bearers may execute a march first, and, depositing their standards, receive banners with the others; or they may march around the hall once, and then the members of the Lyceum follow them. In the latter case, the Conductor gives this order: STANDARD-BEARERS, TO POSITION. They, having been already selected by the Leaders from their respective groups, advance to the right aisle, from their position in the centre of thier groups, and stand facing the Conductor in a line; at the command, MARCH, the Guardian who is by the side of the Standard-bearer of the highest group advances, and is followed by the Standard-bearers in double column; when they have passed nearly around the hall, three strokes of the bell calls all to their feet, and the groups join the procession as it passes, in double column. When it approaches the Conductor, one of the Guards hands the Leaders their banners; and, as it passes, other Guards hand the members theirs. A great variety of movements will suggest themselves; and, if the Lyceum is fortunate in the possession of a large hall, these may be varied to almost any extent.

The Arcade of Standards

is thus formed: when the Standard-bearers pass the Conductor's stand, he commands, HALT. STANDARD-BEARERS, ATTENTION. FORM—ARCADE.

At this command, the right column steps one step to the right; the left one step to the left, elevate their standards, and bring them in contact overhead. The command is now given, **DEPRESS BANNERS—MARCH!** and the procession passes through the arcade. The space between the Guardian and the procession must be preserved; and, when she again passes through, it will just approach the entrance. Then the command is given, **STANDARD-BEARERS, MARCH;** and they fall into rank.

Another beautiful movement is thus executed: the command is, **HALT. RIGHT COLUMN ONE STEP TO RIGHT,—LEFT TO LEFT. GUARDIAN, ABOUT FACE. RIGHT AND LEFT, COUNTER-MARCH.** It is fully explained by the command.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN.

To execute this, the procession is formed in single file, and one of the Guards numbers the members thus, as they pass: the first is one, the next two, the next one, the next two, and so to the last. The command is given: **FIRST RANK.—ONE STEP TO RIGHT.** At this order, all those whose number is one step to right. At the next command, **FIRST RANK,—COUNTER-MARCH,—**the column thus formed moves forward, while the second remains stationary, following the Guardian, who passes to the left of the first, the right of the second, the left of the third, and in this manner to the last, when she counter-marches to the left, bringing the column into its first position, and halts. The next command is, **SECOND RANK, COUNTER-MARCH;** when the Guardian leads them through the same winding course between the members of the first, bringing them to position in the same manner. This march is emblematical of the fraternal regards and blending of feeling between the members, and is extremely beautiful. When the platform will admit, counter-marching executed thereon is also very beautiful. The seats in the hall must be movable, and the Guards set them aside. Counter-marching, or marching in single, double, or quadruple file, can then be easily executed.

When the time assigned for marching has expired, the Guards receive the banners as the procession passes, and it counter-marches in front of the Conductor's stand. He then orders, **FRONT FACE;** and a song or golden chain being executed, five strokes of the bell, twice repeated, dismisses the Lyceum. This pre-supposes that the marching is the last exercise; which, for reason of the removing of the seats, it is most convenient to make it. If it is not, and the seats have not been removed, the procession may march to their respective places.

When the seats are arranged with a central and side aisles, a fine effect may be produced by the Conductor *and* Guardian, or Assistants, leading the procession in double column up the central aisle, dividing, and each separate column passing down the side aisles, meeting again at the point from whence they started, or by dividing right and left by twos; at that point they unite in fours, and march in that manner up the central aisle.

There should be as few commands as possible; and, after the Lyceum is thoroughly drilled, the commands will not be sufficiently noticeable to give a disagreeable military impression to the exercise.

The conductor should insist on promptness, precision, and order. The time should be marked by the step, at least one strain, before the command, MARCH, is given. A triangle accompaniment is very useful, or the spring-bell will answer every purpose in marking time.

THE BELL.

A spring-bell is indispensable in the Lyceum. It not only calls to order; its silver tone is the easiest method of preserving it, and its signals the most readily given and understood. The following signals will be found serviceable:—

Five strokes of the bell	calls all to order.				
Four	"	"	"	"	to be seated.
Three	"	"	"	"	to their feet.
Two	"	"	"	"	officers to their feet.
One	"	"	"	"	is the signal for order.
Five	"	repeated, dismisses the Lyceum.			

BANNER EXERCISES.

The Lyceum should be drawn up in two lines facing each other; counter-marched in paralld columns and ranks in front of the Conductor, or, if on exhibition, on the platform. It must be remembered, that in these exercises, as well as in marching, the first word of the command is preparatory; and sufficient pause should be made before the final word, which is the real command; no movement should be made until this last is given, unless otherwise directed.

1. *Shoulder—Banners.*—The feet are brought near together, the toes turning slightly outward; the body erect; shoulders thrown back; the arms hanging by the sides; the right hand holding the end of the staff between the thumb and forefinger after the manner of a pen; bringing it firmly against the shoulder in a perfectly erect position.

2. *Present—Banners.*—Grasp the centre of the staff with the left hand; at the command, move the right, so as to bring the staff directly in front, preserving it in perpendicular manner.

3. *Shoulder—Banners.*—Carry it back to its first position, then drop the left arm to the side.

4. *Support—Banners.*—Bring the right hand just below the left breast, preserving the perpendicularity of the staff; bring the left fore-arm across the staff at nearly right angle; at the last word, drop the right hand to place.

5. *Shoulder—Banners.*—Grasp the end of the staff with the right hand; drop the left to place, and bring the banner to position.

6. *Order—Banners.*—Grasp the staff in the centre with the left hand, at the preparatory word; bring the right hand to the top, and, at the command, bring the end of the staff to the floor, slightly in front, keeping it erect.

7. *Parade—Rest.*—Step back with the right foot, bringing it to a slight angle with the left, and lay the left hand on top of the right.

8. *Attention.*—Resume position of *Order Banners*.

9. *Shoulder—Banners.*—Grasp the staff in the centre with the left hand; drop the right to place; bring the banner to position; grasp it with the right, and drop the left to place.

10. *Carry—Banners.*—Raise the right hand to hip, preserving the staff erect.

11. *Shoulder—Banners.*—Drop the right arm to place.

12. *Parry—Banners.*—Raise the staff in a horizontal position a little higher than the eye, with the right hand, which holds it by the end. The flag-end of the staff must be thrown slightly forward to avoid interference with the one on the left.

13. *Shoulder—Banners.*—Carry banners in a circle over the head, bringing to position.

14. *Trail—Banners.*—Grasp the staff with the left hand, near the flag; bring the right hand up to it; drop the left hand to place, and carry the right down to its position.

15. *Shoulder—Banners.*—Bring the right hand up to the hip; grasp the staff above it; slide the right hand down to the end of staff. At the word *Banners*, drop left arm to place, and bring staff to position.

16. *Depress—Banners.*—Let the staff slide downward through the hand until its top is just above the shoulder.

17. *Shoulder—Banners.*—Grasp staff with left hand, raise it to place, and return to position.

18. *Port—Banners.*—This can only be executed when marching in double columns. The staffs are crossed in the centre, just below the banners.

19. *Shoulder—Banners.*—Bring banners to position. These exercises may be executed by the Standard-bearers, and form an interesting diversion.

Celebrations and Funeral Services.

ANNIVERSARY.

The Anniversary of the Lyceum is an auspicious occasion. To close the old and enter upon the new, invigorates every latent force and inspires fresh ambition for improvement. It should therefore be commemorated with exercises that recall the trials and victories of the past, and kindle loftier purposes for the future.

MEMORIAL DAY.

A Memorial Day should be observed each year, in loving memory of arisen members.

CHRISTMAS,

As a day celebrated from the time when the pyramids were young, and by our Norse ancestors before they came under Christian rule; as a day symbolical of peace, good will, and fraternal love, should be observed, and a tree bear the full load of the gifts of members to each other.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

A few suggestions may be offered concerning the method of conducting funerals, which are based on the principles of Spiritualism and the reality of life beyond the grave.

If the departed be a member of the Lyceum, or if it be requested that the mortal part be buried with Lyceum ceremonials, let the emblems and external tokens be first arranged.

The standard of the Group from which the member has ascended may be draped with white crape, fastened with evergreen, and white flowers.

The members of the Group, and the Leader, may wear a knot of white fastened on the left breast with a sprig of evergreen; or, if it be thought best, the entire Lyceum may do so as well as the Group. During the service, two of the Guards should sit, one at the head and one at the foot of the casket, facing the assembly. They should not take part in the reading or singing of the occasion, but be silent and watchful, tenderly guarding the deserted body. The exercises may commence with appropriate singing, which may be followed by Golden Chain Recitations.

A not too lengthy lecture, touching on things which breathe to the mourning hope and consolation, and remind us of the beautiful beatitudes

which death bestows upon mortals is desirable. A song, and then the last look on the face of the departed, are next in order. The Lyceum should march to solemn music with depressed banners to the grave where the burial service is performed. The Conductor should take his place at the head of the grave, the Guardian and Assistant at the foot, the Leaders on each side, with their respective Groups.

The Conductor reads alone, the Guardian leads the Lyceum in the responses.

SERVICE.

CONDUCTOR.—We gather around the casket containing the form once radiant with life, but now cold in death, to express our sympathy, and bestow the last tokens of respect to one who was by us most dearly loved. We can not say, as we lower this form into the bosom of mother Earth, “Ashes to ashes and dust to dust.”

MEMBERS OF THE LYCEUM.—Only to the physical body.

CON.—For the spirit has arisen in beauty and power, as an eagle freed from the broken bars of the confining cage.

M. L.—Not here must we seek our dead, for he (she) has arisen to a higher life, the continuity of this, but more exalted and refined,

CON.—Whither we are all going,

M. L.—But not into darkness.

CON.—Rather into eternal light, and the infinite unfolding of our spiritual nature.

M. L.—It is human to weep, and in our selfishness we mourn our irreparable loss.

CON.—Yet we are assured that the dark angel standing by the portal of life, with inverted torch, will gently lead the departing spirit through the frowning gateway and become transformed into the angel of the resurrection;

M. L.—And over that gateway whereon is written DEATH, in letters hung with the weeds of woe, when we pass through and look from the other side, will flame in letters of light, IMMORTAL LIFE.

CON.—Life and death complement each other. We live that we may die.

M. L.—We die that we may live, and enter into the inheritance which is our birthright, where we shall have only begun the evolution of the possibilities which are ours, when this world has perished with age, the sun ceased to shine, and the stars broken in dust on the farthest coast-line of time.

CON.—(casting a flower or spray of evergreen into the grave.) Shall we say farewell to———(supply name)?

M. L.—(Approaching the grave and casting flowers or evergreen, with which they have been provided, into the grave, each saying “farewell.”)

The Guardian then leads.—Only let us say farewell to the broken shard, the form of clay on which the peaceful silence and repose of death has fallen. The form which we knew we give to the arms of night, deep and fathomless.

CON.—And the spirit,

M. L.—Indestructible and deathless lives in the light of Heaven, growing more blessed and resplendent forever and forever.

CON.—Oh death! forever old, forever irresistible!

M. L.—One by one generations follow thee into the land, where sweet lips turn not to dust, nor dear eyes to ashes.

CON.—Oh! beautiful, beautiful land!

M. L.—Where death has lost its sting and the grave its victory.

CON.—Oh! angel dwellers in light!

M. L.—To your care we commend the spirit we could no longer keep.

CON.—Bless it with the treasure of your stainless love.

M. L.—And while we turn tearfully from this parting, it is with confidence in the life beyond these fleeting shadows.

CON.—And the abiding love of our spirit friends and their continual guardianship.

M. L.—After this fleeting life is over, we shall meet again in the morning on the evergreen shore, where there will be no parting forever and forever.

CON.—With this prayer: may we be true to ourselves, and the angels guide and guard us, we say to all that is mortal of (name) Farewell.

M. L.—But upon the liberated spirit we bestow our undying love, and entreat that our memories be cherished in the immortal life to which we are all hastening, where our arisen one has received a loving welcome.

ALL.—To the mortal, farewell; the spirit has received a joyful

“Welcome Home!”

(NOTE. This service is prepared not only for the Lyceum, but for general use. It may be read continuously by the same person, or by two, one reading the responses.)

PARLIAMENTARY RULES.

The Conductor, as the presiding officer during the sessions and official meetings of the Lyceum, is governed by parliamentary rules. A summary of the most essential usages is here inserted, compiled from authentic sources. These rules have been adopted because experience has taught their value, and should not, under any circumstances, be departed from. By adhering strictly to them, the association not only learns the rules maintained in all public bodies,—an important and useful lesson,—but order and regularity are preserved as they can be in no other manner.

The duty of the presiding officer is to preserve order, present the business of the meeting if not otherwise introduced, recognize the speakers, and put all properly seconded motions to vote.

When any member desires to speak, he is to stand up in his place, and address the presiding officer, who calls him by his name.

When a member stands up to speak, no question is to be put, but he is to be heard unless the assembly overrule him.

When two or more arise, the presiding officer recognizes the first, and the others must sit down. They may appeal to the assembly.

When the chairman arises to speak, all members should sit down. No one is to disturb another in his speech, by hissing, coughing, spitting, speaking, whispering, moving, or walking across the floor.

But should a speaker find, by the general indulgence of his auditors in such incivilities, that they do not wish to hear him, it is his duty to sit down.

No person, in speaking, should speak of another, who is present, by name.

If repeated calls do not produce order, the chairman calls the offender or offenders by name. The assembly may then require his withdrawal. He is then to be heard in exculpation, and is to withdraw.

No person can be present when any business concerning himself is debating.

A question of order may be adjourned to give time to look into precedents.

The only case when a member has a right to insist on any thing, is when he calls for the execution of the order of the assembly. It is the duty of the chairman to carry this into execution.

When such order is made to transpire on a certain day, when the time arrives a question is to be put, when it is called for, whether the assembly is ready to proceed with the matter.

Orders of the day may be discharged at any time, and a new one made for a different day.

No motion shall be debated before seconded.

A motion must be re-stated by the chair as often as a member demands.

A motion can not be withdrawn without the consent of the assembly.

No motion can not be made without rising and addressing the chair.

When a question is under debate, no motion shall be received but to adjourn, to lay on the table, to postpone indefinitely, to postpone to a certain day, to commit, to amend; which several motions shall have precedence in the order they stand arranged, and the motion for adjournment shall always be in order, and decided without debate.

Motion to adjourn can not be received after another question is actually put, and while the assembly is engaged in voting.

These questions are subject to the common principle, "first moved, first put," except when, amendment and postponement competing, the last is first put; and amendment and commitment, commitment must be put first.

The previous question is not allowed after motion to postpone, commit, or amend the main question.

The previous question can not be amended.

An amendment may be moved to an amendment, but not in a higher degree.

When a blank is to be filled with a sum, or with a certain duration of time, the largest sum and longest time must be put first.

When a motion to strike out or agree to a paragraph has been made, motions to amend are to be put first, before a vote is taken on striking out or agreeing to.

A question of order arising out of any other question, or a matter of privilege, reading papers relative to the subject under discussion, or leave to withdraw a motion, must be put before the principal question.

When any question is before the assembly, any member may move the previous question, "Whether that question (called the main question) shall now be put?" If it pass in the affirmative, then the main question is to be put immediately; and no man may speak any thing further to it, either to add or alter.

On an amendment being moved, a member who has spoken to the main question may speak again to the amendment.

Amendments may be made so as totally to alter the nature of the proposition.

Tellers of votes are appointed by the chair.

No one can vote after the decision is announced by the chair.

While the assembly is telling, no member may speak or move out of his place.

A motion to adjourn, simply, can not be amended but must be put simply "that the—do now adjourn."

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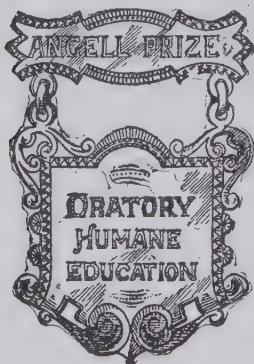
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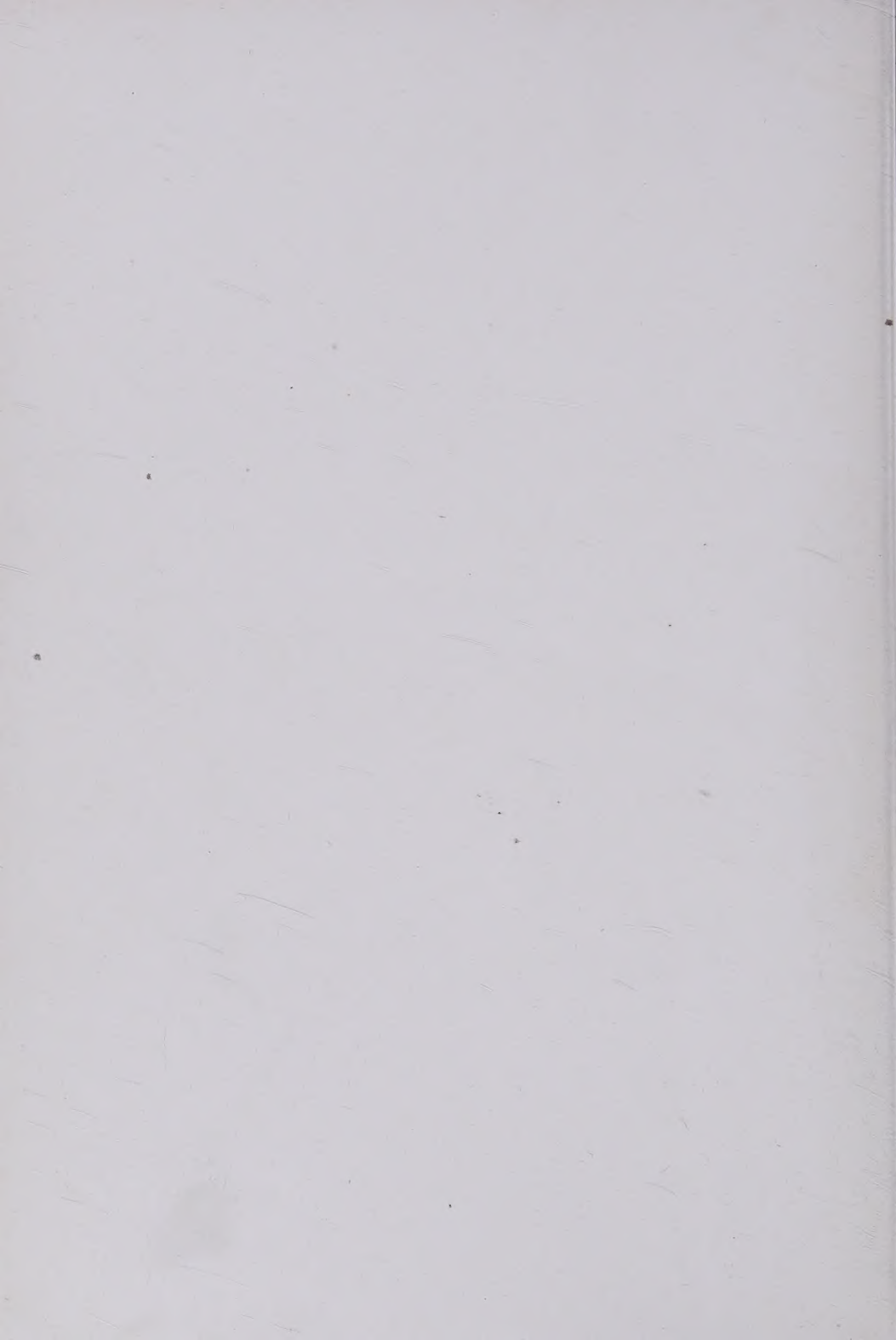
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